

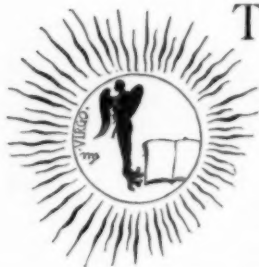
# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## ELY CATHEDRAL.



THE little town of Ely and its enormous cathedral church stand on what I hardly dare to call a hill, so certain is the word to convey too large an image. Nowhere but in this vast, low, and monotonous fen-country would so gradual a rise in the ground to so gentle an elevation, be fitted with the term. Only the sea is broader, flatter, more uniform than the fen-lands,—only the sea from whose inroads and saturations they were themselves so slowly and so painfully reclaimed. In elder days the ships of the Northman or the Norman could come up nearly to the base of the church; and the River Ouse was but the largest of the many waxing and waning streams that wound their sluggish way through bogs and pools and marshes. Now the Ouse itself is shrunken almost to a rivulet, and the wide quagmires are cultivated fields. But “the fen-country” and the “Isle of Ely” are still names in current use, and without effort imagination can reconstruct conditions which made them literally appropriate.

### I.

If the railway brings us northward from Cambridge we follow almost the line of that old Roman Akeman Street which for long after it was built must have been a causeway rather than a road through a great part of its course. This approach to Ely is too direct for the cathedral to be seen until we have nearly reached it. But if we come westward from Norwich, it looms up on the horizon as a

great solitary ship looms up at sea. As we draw nearer, it preserves its isolated distinctness of outline, lifted visibly above the plain, yet so little lifted that its bulk seems all the greater, being very near the eye. As we leave the outlying station and drive into the town, still the church appears to grow in size. It is one of the very largest and most imposing, one of the most individual, and distinctly the most varied, in England, while the town is quite the smallest that is dignified by the name of a “cathedral city.” The census gives Ely seven thousand inhabitants, but it seems a mystery where they house themselves, for the casual eye would not guess a third as many. A short and narrow main street with three or four others opening out of it; a little market-place; one medieval church in addition to the cathedral; the ecclesiastical dwellings with an adjacent grammar-school; a pretty, ancient-looking group of almshouses; a few mills, and then the limitless low plain with sparsely scattered modest suburban homes,—that is all there is of Ely. All the houses, though of stone, are low and simple, and few have any touch of that quaint picturesqueness for which we always hope in England.

But though it is so little and so simple, Ely is a neat, bright, cheerful place, with the most spotless inn that ever went by the spotless name of “The Lamb.” And we would not have it bigger or braver, lest the church’s look of entire supremacy should have a less splendid accent. It is big enough to surround the church with an atmosphere of happy human companionship, and this atmosphere is increased by the unusually intimate way in which church and town are grouped together. Unlike the west porch of Peterborough, the west porch of Ely is not set back behind gates and greensward, but opens directly on the main street, which cuts through the Close. The chief

portions of the Close lie immediately around the building, to south and east and north. But on the other side of the street stretches a triangular lawn, bordered by great trees and on one side by the bishop's palace. So the close association of the cathedral with the town does not deprive even its western front of a typically English foreground of green.

Though the town of Ely has always been thus insignificant in itself, its name, as the name of its powerful bishopric and of the powerful men who ruled it, has had a mighty sound in English history. No English see save Durham only had greater temporal power than Ely; and its bishops almost without exception were through all the Catholic centuries among the foremost priests and statesmen of their times.

## II.

SUCH a district as the fen-country offered peculiar attractions to the founders of monasteries. Long before the coming of the Danes it rivaled, both in the number and in the sanctity of its "houses," even that far south-western district where Glastonbury's house was chief among so many. Thorney, Ramsey, Peterborough, Crowland, and Ely were but the wealthiest and most populous of the eastern monaste-

ries. Ely was one of the first of them to be established and one of the earliest to grow to greatness, its founder being a saint of wide renown. Ethelberta, a princess of the East Anglian house, had had from her childhood a leaning towards the religious life. Her domestic experience with two successive husbands was therefore somewhat stormy. The first gave her the Isle of Ely by way of dower. Hither, aided by many miracles, she finally succeeded in escaping from the second — King Egfrid of Northumbria — and here, in the year 673, she founded a home for ecclesiastics of both sexes, and was herself installed as abbess.

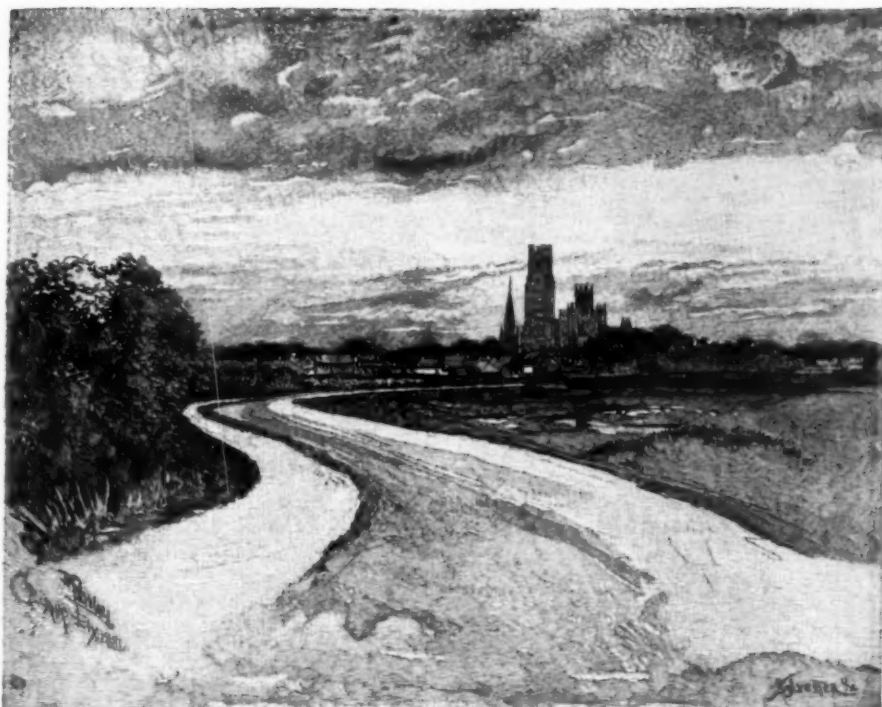
When, two centuries later, the Danish rovers came, the holy women who dwelt beneath St. Ethelberta's roof were scattered and slain like the "merry monks of Croyland" and of Peterborough. A small body of secular clergy was soon installed in their stead, but the place was unimportant for a hundred years. Then it was restored to greatness by the same hands that at the same time were restoring Peterborough. Here also a large body of Benedictines were settled, and here also King Edgar's piety was lavishly expressed.

Ely now rapidly grew again in wealth and power until its abbots were thought worthy to alternate with those of Glastonbury and of St. Augustine's at Canterbury in holding the high



WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL AND THE BISHOP'S PALACE.





THE CATHEDRAL AND THE SPIRE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

office of Chancellors of the court. Canute seems to have taken it under his special protection, and modern children still learn the verse he improvised when he heard the monkish chanting from his boat upon the Ouse.\* Most of the tales which profess to explain the tragic fate of his step-son Alfred point to Ely as the place of the boy's confinement, blinding, death, and burial. On the altar of Ely Edward the Confessor was presented as an infant, and within its walls he spent some of his childish years.

When the land was torn by insurrections against the Conqueror's new-gained power, Ely became conspicuous in a military way. From 1066 to 1071 the Isle was the best stronghold of the English, being so easy to defend, so difficult to approach, through its treacherous watery surroundings. Here, was that famous "Camp of Refuge" which, under the rule of Hereward and of Abbot

Thurstan, made a last long desperate resistance to the Norman. Only William's advent in person brought about its capture in 1071, and only when it was captured was his hold upon his new realm so far secured that he could venture upon a visit to his old realm across the straits. Most of the defenders of the camp were taken and executed. But Thurstan made his peace with William, and Hereward seems to have escaped. There are numerous vague and contradictory tales about his after career; but he vanished out of even half-authentic history at the taking of the Isle of Ely.

The monastery itself was not disturbed by William, and ten years later Simeon, its Norman abbot, began the construction of a new and larger abbey-church.

## III.

THE site of this new church—which gradually grew into the building of to-day—was chosen a little to the eastward of the old English structure. How much actual work was done by Simeon we do not know. But choir and transepts and central tower were complete

\* This, I believe, is the earliest extant version of Canute's words, written down some two centuries later than his day:

"Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely  
Tha Cnut ching rew ther by.  
Rowe ye cnites noer the lant,  
And here we thes Muneches sæng."

in the time of his successor Richard, who, in 1106, removed the bodies of St. Ethelberta and of three other canonized abbesses, her corresponding end of the opposite aisle in 1550. These, of course, are in the Perpendicular style and the last named in its very latest phase.



ACROSS THE FENS.

relatives, from the old church to the new. At about the same time, in the reign of Henry I., the bishopric of Ely was created and the abbey-church became a cathedral.

In later Norman days the nave was built. As the Norman style was passing into the Early English, the western end was constructed with its single great tower in the center of the façade and its spreading transept-wings and turrets. When the Early English style was in its fullest development a porch or "Galilee" was built out in front of the west door, and the whole east limb was pulled down and greatly enlarged. About a hundred years later—in 1332—the central tower fell, carrying with it the four adjacent bays of this new choir. Reconstruction was begun in the same year (the Decorated style being now in use) and was finished soon after the middle of the century, by which time a wholly new Lady Chapel had also been completed. A large chantry or sepulchral chapel was built into the east end of one choir-aisle in 1500, and another into the

Thus we see there is no medieval fashion whatsoever that we may not study in some important part of Ely's mighty frame.

## IV.

THE Galilee or western porch is 43 feet in depth. With its rich outer and inner portals, its capitals carved with delicate curling leafage, its side arcades in double rows of trefoiled arches, and the profuse but exquisitely refined "dog-tooth" enrichment of its moldings, it is one of the loveliest things that man ever built and one of the most individually English in its loveliness. Yet less than a century ago an Englishman who was pleased to call himself an architect and a "restorer" advised its destruction, together with that of the western transept, saying that they were things "neither useful nor ornamental and not worth preserving!"

When we have passed the inner doorway of this porch, we find ourselves in another ves-

tibule, beneath the western tower. Double tiers of richly arcaded galleries run around it, and to the south the transept stretches out, with a chapel in its eastern face. The northern arm of the transept is gone, as our view of the west front shows. There is no record to tell when or why it perished; but it cannot have stood more than a hundred and fifty years at longest, for there are signs to prove that a reconstruction was begun in the Decorated period.

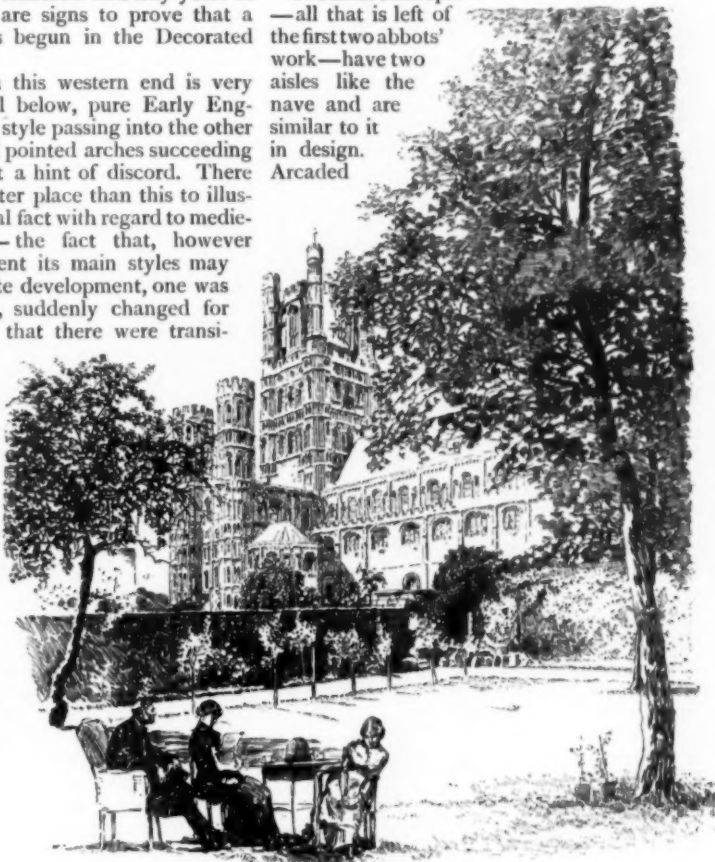
All the work in this western end is very rich—Transitional below, pure Early English above, the one style passing into the other very naturally, and pointed arches succeeding semicircles without a hint of discord. There could not be a better place than this to illustrate a great general fact with regard to mediæval architecture—the fact that, however distinct and different its main styles may be in their complete development, one was never deliberately, suddenly changed for another; the fact that there were transitional times between them when each grew out of the foregoing by a slow process of natural development.

Through the great inner arch of this vestibule—lowered and widened by Perpendicular alterations—we see the long perspective of the Norman nave most effectively emphasized. Again, as at Peterborough, the contrast with the luxuriant Transitional work we are leaving behind us is very great. Here,

indeed, it is an even greater contrast; for the nave is still simpler in design—the great triforium openings not being subdivided by coupled lower arches—and is even less embellished by the chisel. Here, there are not even zigzags on the moldings; nothing but fluted cushion capitals and a single line of hatched decoration on the lower string-course. It is not quite so fine a nave as Peterborough's, for the vastness of the triforium openings, showing so plainly the roughly boarded aisles-roofs behind them, gives it a somewhat emptier air. But it has the same

general effect of grandeur and supreme solemnity, and the same almost tunnel-like length and narrowness. If we are used to continental planning, a narrow Anglo-Norman nave has more the look of a superb approach to some huge sanctuary than the look of an integral part of the sanctuary itself.

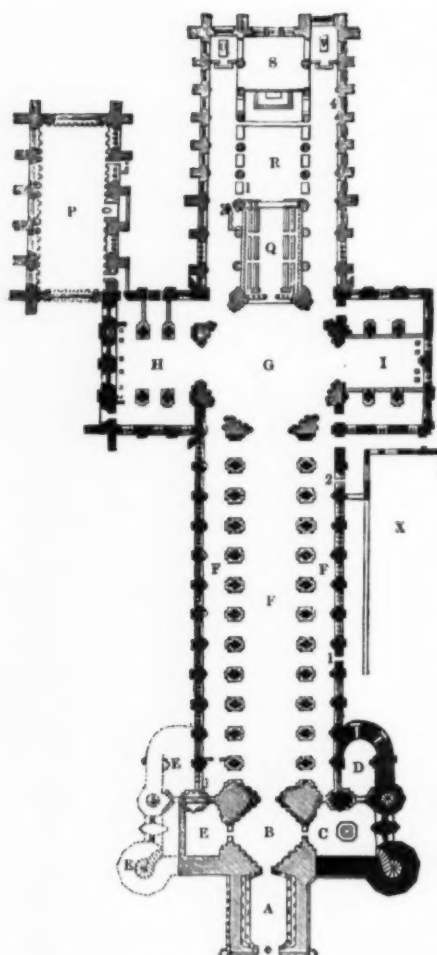
The main transepts—all that is left of the first two abbots' work—have two aisles like the nave and are similar to it in design. Arcaded



WESTERN PART OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM A GARDEN IN THE CLOSE.

galleries along their ends, however, give these portions a much richer accent.

The eastern parts of the choir—the presbytery and retro-choir, the parts that were uninjured by the falling of the tower—form as admirable a specimen of Early English (Lancet-Pointed) work as the island has to show. Each of the great stone piers between central alley and side aisles is set about with eight slender isolated dark-marble shafts, the capitals of the whole group uniting in a wreath of lovely knotted foliage. The arches are molded with an infinite intricacy of hollows and ridges,



PLAN OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

A. Galilee. B. Vestibule under western tower. C. South-west transept. D. Chapel. E, E. North-west transept and chapel (destroyed). F, F, F. Nave and aisles. G. Octagon. H, I. Main transept. P. Lady Chapel. Q. "Choir of the singers." R. Presbytery. S. Retro-choir. U. Bishop Alcock's chantry. V. Bishop West's chantry. X. Remains of Cloisters, with monks' and priors' doors at 1 and 2. 4. Bishop de Luda's tomb.

infinitely effective yet delicate in their contrast of dark and brilliant lines. None of the openings in the outer walls are traceried;\* but the inner triforium-arcade, over the main arches, has each of its great openings filled by two smaller trefoiled lights resting on marble shafts; and between the heads of these are bold open quatrifolds. The clere-story windows are in tall lancet groups of three. The ribs of the vaulted stone roof are continued in great clusters down the wall between the triforium-

\* I speak of the original scheme; — all through the church very many of the outer windows, both in the

arches till they rest upon long corbels, carved as masses of rich foliage, which insert themselves between the arch-heads of the main arcade. Such corbels as these are purely English features. In France we find instead true vaulting-shafts which spring from the great capitals. The French device is certainly the more "constructional." But when the English is as beautifully used as it is at Ely, it has infinite richness and a sufficient expression of stability as well.

But it is the east end which is most thoroughly English and most beautiful — a great flat wall filled with tall lancet groups. Below are three immense and richly molded lights of equal height; and above are five smaller lights, diminishing in height from the center out. These five are set in the outer face of the thick wall, and its inner face is worked into a corresponding open arcade. As the curve of the vault impinges somewhat upon the side lights of this arcade, their heads are curiously flattened into an irregular shape. How naïve, how frankly bold were these medieval artists, even at a day when their art had grown so elaborate, so refined, so subtle! A modern architect would scarcely dare to tamper with his forms in such a way — and yet it is a way which, despite the awkward curves that it produces, does not really distress the eye. Its reasons are too immediately apparent and too valid.

V.

Now, having seen what are the four arms of the cross, let us see what is the place where all four meet. Beautiful as is all the rest of its fabric, individual as are many parts of it, the crossing is Ely's great feature — at once its most unique and its most triumphantly successful. Peterborough's great feature, as I have said, is undated, and the name of its builder is unknown. But at Ely we are more fortunately instructed.

When the old tower fell John Hotham was bishop of the see, and under him as sub-prior and sacrist of the convent was one Alan of Walsingham. Hotham is entitled to the credit of securing funds to begin the reconstruction and of bequeathing great sums to complete it. But the sacrist was his executive; and the credit of conceiving the freshest and grandest idea that ever took concrete shape on English soil is Alan of Walsingham's.

A glance at the ground-plan will show what this conception was.

Walsingham did not rebuild in their original place the four great angle-piers which had sustained the tower and connect them again by four arches parallel with the walls of the church

upper and in the lower stages, were filled with traceried at a time long after they were built.

and of equal width with its four central alleys only; he swept away the remains of the old piers and made eight angle-piers instead of four, strengthening for this purpose the final piers of those arcades which mark off the side aisles in each of the limbs. The central space thus became an octagon, and, taking in the whole breadth of the church instead of the breadth of the central alleys only, its area became three times as extensive as before. Eight arches surrounded it, four opening into the main alleys on either hand and four opening slantwise into the aisles. The former are, of course, immensely wide; and they are proportionately tall, rising as high as the main roofs and having their heads filled in with open tracery. The intermediate ones are much narrower and are low. But above each of them rises a solid space of wall, ornamented with a rich arcade for statuary; and above this again, free over the aisles-roofs, an immense traceried window whose top corresponds in height and shape with the top of the four larger arches. Between the heads of these windows and large arches rise great clusters of vaulting shafts converging inward for a space and then bearing aloft a tall central lantern, also octagonal and also pierced with wide traceried windows.

Thus Alan of Walsingham, as Ferguson says,\* "alone of all the architects of Northern Europe, seems to have conceived the idea of getting rid of what in fact was the bathos of the style,—the tall narrow opening of the central tower, which, though possessing exaggerated height, gave neither space nor dignity to the principal feature." Thus, he adds, he formed "the only Gothic dome in existence, though Italian architects had done the same thing and the method was in common use with the Byzantines."

Certainly Walsingham's scheme is a splendid improvement upon the usual English interior scheme, whether we consider it for pure beauty of effect, for practical convenience, or for expressional potency. Certainly it forms the only Gothic dome in existence, if we mean by a dome a circular or polygonal roof which upholds a central lantern pierced for light. Other Gothic domes there are which form a simple unbroken, unpierced sweep above our heads. They are very few, but there is one in Portugal, and there is a splendid one at Prague with a clear reach from wall to wall of 75 feet, somewhat more than the floor measure of the octagon at Ely. There is also one about two-thirds as large in England itself, in the chapter-house at York. But this last is built of wood, while the continental examples are of stone.

I must hasten to confess, that Alan of Wal-

\* "History of Architecture."

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singham's dome is also of wood—the clusters of vaulting-shafts, the vault, the upper octagon with its traceried lights; everything, in fact, above the crown of the great arches. Of course the contrast between wood and stone was hidden by the painter's brush; but the impressiveness, if not the charm, of the construction is lessened when we know its substance.

Apart from this, the execution of Alan's work is as beautiful as its conception is fresh and strong. Nowhere in all the vast treasury of mediæval art do we find features more graceful in themselves, more harmonious with each other, better fitted in size and shape and relative richness for the service they must render. Nowhere is there more variety or a more complete unity. Nowhere is there a more organic air of growth from foundations to summit, a more complete yet unexaggerated expression of verticality. As in all perfect Gothic work, the roof "governs everything"—has dictated every line and form below. The vaulting shafts are not borne by corbels as in the less "constructional," more typically English way, but start from the floor in groups of three great rolls which, at the level of the minor arches, are subdivided into many smaller moldings that rise to the capitals of the greater arches and there bear similar capitals, which in their turn support the incurving clusters of the ribs that form the vault itself. The breaking-up of the three lower rolls into many is beautifully masked by great projecting canopied niches for statues, which compose most effectively with the arcaded niches on the plain walls below the windows.

Puritan hands worked havoc with this wonderful piece of art, and modern hands have not been very skillful in restoring it. The new statues which fill the old niches are fairly good; but the glass in the windows is not good, and the vault is painted in a gaudy pattern where magenta "swears at" vivid green. But even so, the main conception is uninjured, and enough details remain to tell what must once have been the effect. There is no spot where an architect may better study what was meant, in the very greatest days of Pointed architecture, by a fine idea, perfectly carried out and exquisitely adorned.

## VI.

THE three choir bays next to the octagon (those ruined by the fall of the old tower) were rebuilt as soon as the octagon itself was finished. They are also in the Decorated style; but their unlikeness to the earlier work is so apparent that one can hardly think Walsingham designed them, though one knows he was still alive and still high in honor in the convent.



The later work is often cited as the most perfect and splendid example of Decorated Gothic in all England. It is indeed very splendid, and is very perfect as regards its execution and details. But in its general scheme it

of view. Then each successive generation of builders showed so wise a regard for the original scheme that the string-courses come everywhere at the same level, and the height of the arcades is everywhere alike; and this fact pre-



THE OUSE.

is not really so fine, so *good*, as the work in the octagon. Grace and richness are conspicuous in both; but in the octagon they are subordinated to strength and simplicity, while in the choir they show plainly as the first things that were considered. The arches are a little weak in outline, and the gorgeous traceries that fill the upper tiers are so elaborate and fragile-looking that they seem more like frost-work than like carven stone. The result has almost a cloying richness, almost a pretty loveliness. There is a certain kind of painting which studio slang calls "sweet"; and I think there is just a touch too much of "sweetness" in this very beautiful part of Ely.

Diverse in style as are the several parts of this interior, its general effect is far more harmonious than is usually the case under similar conditions. The octagon distinctly separates, yet vitally connects, the newer portions with the older, and forms a dominant center towards which the eye returns from every point

vents any look of inorganic patching, greatly as forms and details have been made to differ.

The choir and the aisles are vaulted, in some parts very elaborately; but the nave is covered by a wooden ceiling. Once it was flat; but it had to be raised in the middle to accommodate Walsingham's tall arch, and now shows steeply canted sides with a flat central portion. It was decorated some twenty-five years ago by a non-professional artist whose soft pale tints are exceptionally harmonious.

The Lady Chapel is another work of Walsingham's. Such a chapel was commonly given the most honorable place in the church—eastward of the presbytery, where it formed a retro-choir often of enormous size. But when there was a local saint of especial sanctity the Virgin was sometimes displaced. Thus it was at Canterbury where St. Thomas claimed the retro-choir, and thus it was at Ely where it was given to St. Ethelberta. In both these cases the

Lady Chapel was built out eastward from the north arm of the transept.

At Ely it is what we might call a beautiful great room rather than a chapel,—a rectangle 170 feet in length with five windows on each side and a single huge window at each end. The west window was inserted in 1374; but even the east window, which was contemporaneous with the walls (1321-1349), shows in its tracery the near approach of Perpendicular fashions. All the other details, however, are pure Decorated and are incomparably rich. Or, to speak more truly, they were incomparably rich before the Protestants laid hands upon them. The ceiling is a delicate net-work of small ribs, intertwined in complicated patterns. All along the walls beneath the windows run elaborate arcades with little canopied niches, and between the windows are similar niches of the most intricate loveliness. Traces remain to show that the reredos which stretches across beneath the east window was once connected with it by a wide raised platform; and on this platform, relieved against the translucent splendor of the glass, doubtless stood that great figure of the Virgin which is often mentioned in the monastery records. A myriad of smaller figures once filled all the niches, but the Puritans left not one remaining and grievously shattered the dainty foliage and moldings which supported and enshrined them. The stone from which all the carvings were wrought is pure white and very soft—almost like chalk in texture. Naturally it yielded but too easily to axe and hammer; and only a few fragments remain of the beautifully intermingled tints of soft red and blue and green which once set off or wholly sheathed its whiteness.

#### VII.

GREAT names begin very early to appear on the list of Ely's bishops. The second holder of the title, Nigel,—appointed in 1133,—had been Treasurer to Henry I., and like his uncle Roger, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, was a prominent actor in the wars of King Stephen's reign. Personally extravagant and politically ambitious, he robbed his see with the boldest hand, and even stripped the shrine of St. Ethelberta of its silver covering. At first for Stephen and then for Matilda, he was besieged at Devizes, and would again have stood a siege in Ely itself had not Stephen surprised the Isle before its defenses were complete. But when the troubles were over he made his peace with Stephen, and after the accession of Henry II. became one of the Barons of the Exchequer. The castle he built at Ely has wholly disappeared.

Next to him came Geoffrey Ridel, who was

also a Baron of the Exchequer, also a prominent statesman, and so strong a supporter of the king against the archbishop that after Becket's murder he was forced to clear himself under oath from charges of complicity. At Ely one forgets his worldly deeds, remembering him as the constructor of the west façade.

Then came William Longchamp, Chancellor and Grand Justiciary of Richard I. During his life the temporal power of the bishops of Ely rose to its highest point, for when the king went a-crusading the bishops of Ely and of Durham were severally intrusted with the rule of the kingdom north and south of the Trent. But even half a loaf of supreme authority was not enough for Longchamp, who arrested his colleague and, "assuming the utmost pomp and state, treated the kingdom as if it were his own, bestowing all places in Church and State on his relations and dependants." Prince John resisting him, he shut himself up in the Tower of London, but was forced to flee, was captured at Dover, and exiled to Normandy. Forgiven by Richard on his return, he was Chancellor until his death.

The next bishop of Ely, Eustace, was the next Chancellor too. His chief merit was the stand he took for national freedom, opposing King John and being one of the three bishops who published the interdict of the Pope. Yet the merit of building the Galilee at Ely adds a further luster to his name.

Three bishops followed Eustace who were not quite so prominent, and then in 1229 came Hugh of Northwold, who went as ambassador on various royal missions, and sumptuously entertained royal guests when he had brought the Early English choir of his cathedral to completion and was once more "translating" the bodies of the sainted abbesses; as a reward for all of which, one supposes, he was buried at St. Ethelberta's feet.

William of Kilkenny followed—another Chancellor—and then Hugh of Balsham, who in 1280 founded the first college at Cambridge and dedicated it to St. Peter. Then came John of Kirkby, treasurer of the realm, and so little of an ecclesiastic that he stepped from deacon's to priest's orders only after his appointment to the see and only the day before his consecration.

The next bishop was William de Luda, "a lordly man and eminent in the sciences," one of the commissioners who settled peace with France for Edward I., and the chief mediator between the clergy and this king. The tomb in which he was buried is one of the most magnificent in Ely.

In 1316 came that Bishop Hotham whose name I have already cited. Even his great architectural labors must have seemed unim-



DISTANT VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH.

portant to his contemporaries compared with the greater public labors which filled his life. He was first Treasurer and then Lord Chancellor. He took the field against Robert Bruce and narrowly escaped capture at Mytton-upon-Swale. He arranged the subsequent truce with Scotland and then was sent to settle the affairs of Gascony. The Great Seal was again confided to him after the abdication of Edward II. This, one might think, was work enough for any man. Yet Ely never had a more devoted incumbent than Hotham. He not only caused the rebuilding of the crossing and the construction of the Lady Chapel, but left much money in his will for the restoration of the choir; and he also secured legislation which vastly profited the revenues of the church, and purchased for it great tracts of land adjoining that manor of Holborn, which one of his predecessors had given to the see—great tracts that are now in the very heart of London. He too was buried in a splendid tomb that still stands in the cathedral.

One of the richest and most powerful of English sees, Ely was naturally one of those with whose affairs the popes were most constantly interfering. Often we read of some

papal *protégé* made bishop in opposition to local wishes; and though as a rule no issues seem deadlier to-day than these (except, of course, as illustrating that great conflict with Rome upon which so much of England's history hinges), one such act of papal interference still excites a living interest, a poignant, if sentimental, regret. This was the act which excluded from Ely's *cathedra* Alan of Walsingham, whom the monks had previously elected prior and whom they now desired for bishop.

Bishop De Lisle sat in his stead, and we reap sentimental consolation from the fact that he proved "a haughty and magnificent prelate, little in favor either with his convent or with the king," had a vexed career, and died at Avignon, whither he had fled to the shelter of the papal wing.

After him came Simon Langham and John Barnet, each successively Treasurer of England. During Barnet's time the king restored and restocked certain manors belonging to the see which had been denuded by De Lisle and the king himself. The wealth possessed by such establishments is shown by the list of these manors which, too, were only the chief among others: the palace at Ely; Ely House

in Holborn; Bishop's Hatfield and Hadham in Hertfordshire; Balsham and Ditton in Cambridgeshire; Somersham in Huntingdonshire; Downham, Wisbech Castle, and Doddington in the Isle of Ely. The nature of the average incumbent of the time is as clearly illustrated by the fact that every subsequent bishop on the day of his enthronization was obliged to take oath beneath the west door of Ely that

Yet so much stronger is the voice of art than the voices of history and topography combined, that most of us know Morton only as "My Lord of Ely" whom Richard asks for "good strawberries" from his Holborn garden.

This man of science was succeeded by a man of art,—John Alcock. Very often the ecclesiastic who was the reputed builder of great works



THE LANTERN, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

he would transmit unimpaired to his successors the wealth now given him in charge.

Bishop Arundel was Lord Chancellor and rebuilt the palace in Holborn. Bishop Fordham was Lord Treasurer under Richard II., and is the *Ely* who sings second to the *Archbishop of Canterbury* in the opening scenes of Shakspeare's "Henry V." Then came Bishop Morgan, still another statesman, and then Louis de Luxembourg who had been Archbishop of Rouen and a faithful friend of the English in France. Next to him in the line stands Thomas Bourchier, and next but one to Bourchier stands John Morton. Both of these are actors in the scenes of "Richard III."—Morton as actual bishop of Ely, Bourchier as then promoted to be Primate of all England.

Morton was a very skillful engineer and one of the first systematically to attempt the draining of the great north fens. He cut a canal forty miles from near Peterborough to the sea, and built a big brick tower on top of which he often sat to superintend the work. The canal is still called "Morton's Seam."

really deserved no higher title than their architect's paymaster or employer. But Alcock seems to have been himself an architect. He was Controller of the Royal Works and Buildings under Henry VII., and we shall see on another page how much he built at Ely.

It is hard to omit any name from this long list of bishops, so incessantly do the great names follow one another. In 1515, for example, was appointed Nicholas West, who had been a famous lawyer and a frequent ambassador; who had gone with Henry VIII. to the Camp of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and who afterwards braved his master and took a bold stand for Catherine of Aragon; who, although a baker's son, was the most sumptuous prelate of his day, having more than one hundred servants, and the most charitable, feeding two hundred paupers daily at his gates; and who is appropriately sepulchered in that very lovely chapel which speaks the last word of English Gothic art.

Then there was Bishop Goodrich, who was also a great legal authority and had sided with Henry against his queen; who supported



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE LADY CHAPEL, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

the Reformation and destroyed the shrines of those holy Ely women whom so many of his predecessors had delighted to honor; who helped to revise the translation of the Bible and helped to rule the kingdom as Chancellor for the young king Edward.

There was Bishop Thirlby, who was appointed by Queen Mary and went as her ambassador to Rome to swear anew England's allegiance to the Pope. He performed the ceremony of degradation over Archbishop Cranmer, but was man enough to weep as he did it. He was man enough, too, to submit to ten years' confinement at Lambeth rather than take the oath of ecclesiastical submission to Elizabeth.

Next to him came Richard Cox, who helped to draw up the Thirty-nine Articles and who long and valiantly resisted the queen's encroachments upon the Church — especially as they threatened his own rich manor of Holborn. It was to Cox and with reference to this manor that the queen wrote the famous letter:

"PROUD PRELATE,—You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you.—ELIZABETH."

Eighty years later than Cox — in 1638 — Matthew Wren was installed at Ely, "an excellent hater of Puritans," a loyal supporter of Laud, a "man of sour, severe nature," a stern ecclesiastical disciplinarian, and an occu-

pant for eighteen years of the Tower of London,—chiefly individualized to us as that uncle of Sir Christopher Wren whose merits and woes are sympathetically referred to in the *Parentalia*.

While Wren sat in the Tower—between the two terms when he sat at Ely—the power of Cromwell rose and fell. At Ely it did not work quite the havoc it worked elsewhere—but this is not to say that it worked little. Ely was the scene of that incident which Carlyle relates with such infinite gusto. It was the Rev. Mr. Hitch of Ely to whom Cromwell had unavailingly written that he should "forbear altogether the choir-service, so unedifying and offensive, lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the cathedral church." It was under the octagon of Ely that Cromwell therefore appeared in person, "with a rabble at his heels, and his hat on," to shout "'leave off your fooling and come down, Sir,' . . . in a voice . . . which Mr. Hitch did now instantaneously give ear to."

Since the Reformation there have been many good men and true in the chair of Ely—scholars, theologians, preachers, and patrons of learning; men doubtless much better as regards the heart, which no man seeth, than most of their mighty forerunners. But those deeds of theirs which man can see have



had no such significance, either political or architectural, that their names need be cited here. The great days of prelatical influence and the great days of constructive art saw their suns set together.

by still further illumining her name and extending her influence, and by constantly bequeathing her the riches they had gained in the outer world.

Let us go back now to the cathedral for a



ELY, FROM UNDER THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

On the other hand, the mighty men whose names we have just read have not had a tithe of their varied distinctions told. The duties they had performed, the honors they had reaped, before they became bishops of Ely, have barely been referred to; and their after careers have scarcely in a single case been suggested. Many of them were bishops of other sees before or after their appointment to Ely. Several of them were cardinals of Rome. Some of them were distinguished in literature as well as in worldly affairs, in science, and in art. Death hardly removed more of them than promotion; there was no more prolific nursery of archbishops than the Isle of Ely.

The power of a see, in medieval times, vastly assisted but did not make the power and fame of the men who bore its title. Even a bishop of Ely, if a weak man or a dull man, was not loaded with secular dignities and bidden to control the destinies of England. Yet the power of Ely is illustrated none the less by the frequency with which the names of leading statesmen are associated with her own. If her chair was not the sole source of her prelates' fame, it was one of England's chief rewards for fame, and one of the surest stepping-stones to still higher eminence. The assistance given was mutual, of course. Ely helped her bishops on in life, and they helped her on

moment and see what there remains to speak of some among them.

#### VIII.

THE great architectural labors of the earlier bishops have already been mentioned. By the middle of the fourteenth century there was nothing left to do for the cathedral save to add minor features and to make minor alterations. The alterations mostly took the form of changes made in the windows for the insertion of more splendid glass; and the minor features usually took the shape of tombs destined to receive their builders or constructed to do honor to their immediate predecessors.

The most conspicuous tombs are those square chapels or chantries which finish the choir aisles to the eastward. The one to the north was built by John Alcock—the bishop-architect—for his own use. Completed by 1500, it is in a late version of the Perpendicular manner, though it contains the early-Deco-

rated windows which had stood in the aisle-end before the chapel was formed. The walls are covered all over with complicated tabernacle-work, and the roof has elaborate fan-vaulting. The sculptured details show a wealth of curious fancies, and here and there occurs the bishop's device, a cock standing on a globe,—a punning representation of the syllables of the name such as one often finds in medieval art of every age.

Nothing could be intrinsically lovelier than this little chapel; and it gains additional interest from the character of its design. It dates from the middle of the sixteenth century, and shows Renaissance mingled with the Gothic details. Work of this sort is not very common in English churches, for most of it was put into monuments and accessory features which fell a prey either to the Reformation or to that modern devastator, "restoration," which in Eng-



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH.

The south chapel is that of Bishop West, the baker's magnificent son. It too is paneled throughout with tabernacle-work, which still shows rich leafage designed on the smallest scale yet with infinite vigor and spirit, and which once had each tiny niche filled with a figure that was not more than a few inches high. Two or three heads are all that remain, thanks, of course, to the Reformers. But these are quite enough to show that the figures, too, were instinct with life and force and character, despite their minute scale. The whole is carved of the same soft white stone which was used in the Lady Chapel, and seems to have been colored in a way which left the figures white against tinted backgrounds and encircling ornaments.

land has had so stupid and cruel a hatred for everything that it does not think "pure" in art,—that is, for everything which is not medieval. Even when such work is found it is seldom attractive, for English hands rarely used early-Renaissance motives well. The great loveliness of this chapel, therefore, its infinite grace and delicacy, its supreme refinement, the extraordinary skill with which medieval and classical elements are blended into a coherent and harmonious design,—all these qualities give color to the tradition that it was carved by Italian hands and perhaps by the hands of Torrigiano, who lived long in England and whose most famous work is the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster.

In each of these chapels is the tomb of its founder, ruined by the Puritans.

In the choir is a splendid series of other episcopal tombs, whose rich canopies were fortunately respected even when the bodies and the effigies of those who lay beneath them were disturbed and the accessory saints' figures were annihilated. One is the sepulcher of the "lordly" De Luda — an elaborate canopy with trefoiled arches and great groups of pinnacles at each end. It has been atrociously colored in modern times and, the tomb itself being gone, the central space is used as a door-way by which one passes from the aisle into the choir!

This is a thirteenth-century tomb, and near it is a fine one of the fourteenth century, — Bishop Barnet's. Bishop Hotham's still more splendid fourteenth-century sepulcher — a tomb proper surmounted by a lofty shrine — stood practically intact till a hundred years ago, when the same vandal who counseled the destruction of the Galilee-porch broke it in two. The tomb now stands on one side of the choir, and on the other stands the vacant shrine with its open lower and its closed upper story, the latter having once been richly carved and arranged to support a seven-branched candlestick. Bishop Redman's Perpendicular monument, on the contrary, is almost perfect. A paneled tomb supports his recumbent figure beneath a canopy with three lace-like arches and complicated open paneling above. Bishop Northwold's and Bishop Kilkenny's Early English and Louis of Luxembourg's Perpendicular sepulchers also stand, the last-named with a mutilated headless figure of its tenant.

But I cannot go through the whole list of the tombs and brasses, episcopal and lay, which fill the choir of Ely so full of architectural and historic charm. I can only note the superb range of choir-stalls designed by Alan of Walsingham, and then make place for an epigrammatic epitaph, cut on a small brass plate, which has now disappeared but was legible not many years ago. It dated, I believe, from the seventeenth century:

	{	Tyndall by birth,
Ursula		Coxee by choice,
		Upcher in age and for comfort.

#### IX.

It is time now that we should glance at the exterior of the cathedral.

There are more beautiful west fronts in the world than this, but there is none in England so imposing; and in all England there is none the least like it among cathedral fronts and none quite like it in any church of lesser rank. Parish churches often have a single western tower, but no other cathedral church has; and

I think no parish church shows such a tower supported by these wide spreading wings and these angle turrets. The upper lantern of the tower, added in the Decorated period, had originally a tall slender wooden spire; but this was removed in the course of the last century's "restorations."

The north side of the church is as varied as it is beautiful. Its long Norman nave has had rich later traceries inserted in many of its windows. Then come the transepts, Norman again, and the Decorated Lady Chapel; and then the lovely Decorated and Lancet-Pointed reaches of the choir, each buttress crowned by a lofty fretted pinnacle. Here we get a good view of the octagon.

Marking how well its low broad rich bulk contrasts with the tall sturdiness of the western tower, we feel the reasons for two facts. We see why other architects were not likely to reproduce Walsingham's design, and we see why he himself could be content with it. His scheme is incomparably beautiful inside the church, but no tall and massive tower could have been borne by such a substructure. A long low English church absolutely needed such a tower. Only here at Ely — only here where there was a single great western tower — was a broad, light lantern preferable. Here it would have been hard to build a central tower which should rival the western one. Even had this been accomplished, the effect of two such features, set in the same line and striving for preëminence, would have been far from happy. Fine though it is, the outline of Ely suffers by comparison with such outlines as Canterbury's, as Salisbury's, as Lichfield's, or Lincoln's. But it is the finest that could have been secured by a builder working under Walsingham's conditions. He was exceptional indeed among English builders in having such a chance to think most of his interior effect — to think most of this and yet do the best that could be done for exterior effect as well. His octagon with its lantern was the best possible feature for Ely — but of no other English church would the same words be true.

The east end of the church is even more beautiful without than within. For outside the two ranges of lights which showed from within are topped by a higher range, still differently grouped, which illumines the space between ceiling and outer roof, and by a group of quatrefoils in the gable-point. All the ranges are completed by the arcades which adorn the tall turret-like buttresses. The Decorated window of Bishop Alcock's chapel and the Perpendicular window of Bishop West's add variety to, but scarcely hurt the unity of, this beautiful composition.

## X.

ALL about the church the greensward comes close up to the foundations and stretches away in broad level lawns. To the south lie the main portions of the Close, like a thickly wooded park, and the many fragments of the old conventual buildings.

Of the cloisters which formed a square contiguous to the nave only a piece or two remain. But we still have the Monk's and Prior's Doors, which gave access to the south aisle of the nave. Both are Norman, and the latter is extremely rich and lovely, with elaborate jambs the carving of which seems to show a lingering Celtic influence, and with a figure of Christ supported by angels in the tympanum that has an almost Byzantine air.

The Chapter House has wholly perished, but parts of the late-Norman Infirmary remain, ingeniously built in, like similar parts at Peterborough, to form the modern canons' houses.

The plan of an old conventual hospital was like the plan of a church. A nave formed the main hall; two aisles were subdivided into chambers for the sick, and a chapel was thrown out like a chancel at one end. The Infirmary nave at Ely now forms a roofless passage-way between the modern houses, spanned still by the chancel-arch; and the piers and arches which marked off the aisles form part and parcel of their walls on either hand. One house has been made with but little alteration from a separate hall that was designed by Walsingham for the use of convalescents.

The Deanery has been constructed out of the old thirteenth-century *Guesten Hall*. Near it was the Prior's house of which certain parts remain, together with a lovely little chapel. This bears Prior Crawdon's name, but in all likelihood was another work of Walsingham's. It is now the chapel of the grammar-school or college which was founded by Henry VIII. and which still flourishes under ecclesiastical control. The school itself and its masters are housed in a long range of buildings, forming the western boundary of the south Close, into which are built multitudinous fragments of the ancient convent. Off to the southward is "Ely Porta," once the main entrance to the

monastery. In its present form, a wide archway with a large room above, it dates from about 1400.

The bishop's palace, facing on the isolated lawn which lies west of the cathedral, dates chiefly from the time of Henry VII.—that is, from the time of Bishop Alcock. The turreted wings which still stand are his, but the huge hall and galleries he built have disappeared. I believe it was one of his galleries which bridged the street and united the palace with the church at the corner of the south-western transept.

It is a beautiful, quaint, and stately pile, this palace; and Prior Crawdon's chapel and all the adjacent school-buildings are infinitely picturesque,—not imposing like the palace, but low and vine-clad, gray and lovely, wholly and peculiarly English in their charm. Even a hurrying school-boy whom we met one sunny afternoon could see the pleasure in our eyes. It seemed only natural that he should exclaim, amid many pretty blushes, "You are quite welcome to sketch the houses if you want to—almost everybody does!"

One of the best views of the cathedral is from the railroad station whence we look north-westward and, seeing it in the near middle-distance, realize its enormous length and the stern majesty of the tall tower that rises like a great cliff in a land where man might well build cliffs since nature had built none. Another is from a mound called Cherry Hill in the south Close, whence we see it stretching over massy sweeps of foliage. Still another is from an elevation where the water-works of the town have been erected, some two miles towards the west.

But one need hardly seek for best points of view at Ely. There is no spot whence the great queen of the fen-lands may not be well seen, until we get so far away that it drops behind the horizon's rim. Wherever, however we see it, it is always imposing, always superb, always tremendous,—from far or near, from north, south, east, or west. Nowhere is there a more magnificent piece of human handiwork, and nowhere does nature seem more wholly to efface herself that human handiwork may profit.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*

## INTERPRETATION.

A SORROWER went his way along,  
And I heard him sing and say:  
The noon is bright, but soon the night  
Will come, the grave of the day.

Then I smiled to hear his woful song  
And sent this word for nay:  
The noon is bright, but the blackest night  
Cradles another day.

*Richard E. Burton.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

### THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

#### THE CABINET CABAL.



VERY soon after the effort to unite the cotton-State governors in the revolutionary plot, we find the local conspiracy at Charleston in communication with the central cabal at Washington. It is necessary to bear in mind that at the time of which we write, James Buchanan of Pennsylvania was still President of the United States, and that his Cabinet consisted of the following members: Lewis Cass of Michigan, Secretary of State; Howell Cobb of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; John B. Floyd of Virginia, Secretary of War; Isaac Toucey of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy; Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior; Joseph Holt of Kentucky, Postmaster-General; and Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General. It was in and about this Cabinet that the central secession cabal formed itself. Even if we could know in detail the successive steps that led to the establishment of this intercourse, which so quickly became "both semi-official and confidential," it could add nothing to the force of the principal fact that the conspiracy was in its earliest stages efficient in perverting the resources and instrumentalities of the Government of the United States to its destruction. That a United States Senator, a Secretary of War, an Assistant Secretary of State, and no doubt sundry minor functionaries were already then, from six to eight weeks before any pretense of secession, with "malice aforethought" organizing armed resistance to the Constitution and laws they had sworn to support, stands forth in the following correspondence too plainly to be misunderstood. As a fitting preface to this correspondence, a few short paragraphs may be quoted from the private diary of Secretary of War Floyd, from which longer and more important extracts appear in a subsequent chapter. Those at present quoted are designed more especially to show the names of the persons composing the primary group of this central cabal, and the time and place of their early consultations and activity.

#### EXTRACTS FROM FLOYD'S DIARY.\*

"November 8th, 1860. . . . I had a long conversation to-day with General Lane, the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Breckinridge. He was grave and extremely earnest; said that resistance to the anti-slavery feeling of the North was hopeless, and that nothing was left to the South but 'resistance or dishonor'; that if the South failed to act with promptness and decision in vindication of her rights, she would have to make up her mind to give up first her honor and then her slaves. He thought disunion inevitable, and said when the hour came that his services could be useful, he would offer them unhesitatingly to the South. I called to see the President this evening, but found him at the State Department engaged upon his message and did not see him. Miss Lane returned last evening from Philadelphia, where she had been for some time on a visit. Mr. W. H. Trescott, Assistant Secretary of State, called to see me this evening, and conversed at length upon the condition of things in South Carolina, of which State he is a native. He expressed no sort of doubt whatever of his State separating from the Union. He brought me a letter from Mr. Drayton, the agent of the State, proposing to buy ten thousand muskets for the use of the State. . . .

"November 10th. . . . Beach, Thompson, and Cobb came over with me from Cabinet and staid, taking informally a family dinner. The party was free and communicative; Toucey would not stay for dinner. Mr. Pickens, late Minister to Russia, came in after dinner with Mr. Trescott, Assistant Secretary of State, and sat an hour, talking about the distracted state of public feeling at the South. He seemed to think the time had come for decisive measures to be taken by the South.

"November 11th. I spent an hour at the President's, where I met Thompson, Robert McGraw, and some others; we sat around the tea-table, and discussed the disunion movements of the South. This seems to be the absorbing topic everywhere.

"November 12th. Dispatched the ordinary business of the department; dined at 5 o'clock; Mr. Pickens, late Minister to Russia, Mr. Trescott, Mr. Secretary Thompson, Mr. McGraw, Mr. Browne, editor of the 'Constitution,' were of the party. The chief topic of discussion was, as usual, the excitement in the South. The belief seemed to be that disunion was inevitable; Pickens, usually very cool and conservative, was excited and warm. My own conservatism seems in these discussions to be unusual and almost misplaced."

#### TRESCOTT TO RHETT.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 1st, 1860.  
"DEAR RHETT: I received your letter this morning. As to my views or opinions of the Administration, I can, of course, say nothing. As to Mr. Cobb's views, he is willing that I should communicate them to you, in order that they may aid you in forming your own

\* Printed on pages 791 to 794 in "The Life and Times of Robert E. Lee," etc. By a distinguished Southern journalist. (E. A. Pollard, author of "The Lost Cause.")



judgment; but, you will understand that this is confidential — that is, neither Mr. Cobb nor myself must be quoted as the source of your information. I will not dwell on this, as you will, on a moment's reflection, see the embarrassments which might be produced by any authorized statement of his opinions. I will only add, by way of preface, that after the very fullest and freest conversations with him, I feel sure of his earnestness, singleness of purpose, and resolution in the whole matter.

"Mr. Cobb believes that the time is come for resistance; that upon the election of Lincoln, Georgia ought to secede from the Union, and that she will do so; that Georgia and every other State should, as far as secession, act for herself, resuming her delegated powers, and thus put herself in position to consult with other sovereign States who take the same ground. After the secession is effected, then will be the time to consult. But he is of opinion, most strongly, that whatever action is resolved on should be consummated on the 4th of March, not before.

"That while the action determined on should be decisive and irrevocable, its initial should be the 4th of March. He is opposed to any Southern convention, merely for the purpose of consultation. If a Southern convention is held, it must be of delegates empowered to act, whose action is at once binding on the States they represent.

"But he desires me to impress upon you his conviction, that any attempt to precipitate the actual issue upon this Administration will be most mischievous — calculated to produce differences of opinion and destroy unanimity. He thinks it of great importance that the cotton crop should go forward at once, and that the money should be in the hands of the people, that the cry of popular distress shall not be heard at the outset of this move.

"My own opinion is that it would be well to have a discreet man, one who knows the value of silence, who can listen wisely, present in Milledgeville, at the meeting of the State Legislature, as there will be there an outside gathering of the very ablest men of that State.

"And the next point, that you should, at the earliest possible day of the session of our own Legislature, elect a man as governor whose name and character will conciliate as well as give confidence to all the men of the State,—if we do act, I really think this half the battle,—a man upon whose temper the State can rely.

"I say nothing about a convention, as I understand, on all hands, that that is a fixed fact, and I have confined myself to answering your question. I will be much obliged to you if you will write me soon and fully from Columbia.

"It is impossible to write you, with the constant interruption of the office, and as you want Cobb's opinions, not mine, I send this to you. Yours,  
"W. H. T." \*

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"CHARLESTON, 3d Nov., 1860.

"On the 22d of last month I was in Washington, and called upon the Secretary at War, in company with Senator Wigfall of Texas, to make inquiries as to the efficiency and price of certain muskets belonging to the United States, which had been altered by the Ordnance Department from flint to percussion. They will shoot for 200 yards as well as any smooth-bored gun in the service, and if rifled will be effective at 500 yards. But if the conical ball will be made lighter by enlarging the hollow at the base of the cone, the effective range may be increased to 700 yards. Should your Excellency give a favorable consideration to the above, I can have the whole of what I have stated authenticated by the board of ordnance officers,

who inspected and reported to the Secretary at War upon these muskets. If 10,000 or more of these muskets are purchased, the price will be two (\$2) dollars each; for a less quantity the charge will be \$2.50 each. If a portion or all of them are to be rifled, the Secretary says he will have it done for the additional cost of (\$1) one dollar per barrel. As this interview with Mr. Secretary Floyd was both semi-official and confidential, your Excellency will readily see the necessity, should this matter be pursued further, of appointing an agent to negotiate with him, rather than conduct the negotiation directly between the State and the Department. . . . I unhesitatingly advise purchasing several thousand of them. . . . There are many other important facts in connection with the above that I could disclose, but will reserve them for some other occasion, that I may give them verbally as soon as I can find a day to wait upon your Excellency in Columbia.

"The State of Texas has engaged twenty thousand (20,000) of these muskets, and the State of Kentucky purchased several thousand last summer." †

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"CHARLESTON, 6th Nov., 1860.

"I have only within a few hours received yours of the 5th inst., authorizing me to purchase from the War Department at Washington 10,000 rifles of pattern and price indicated in my letter to your Excellency of the 3d inst.

"I accept the appointment and will discharge the duty assigned to the best of my ability and with the least possible delay. For I feel that the past and present agitation are ruinous to our peace and prosperity and that our only remedy is to break up with dispatch the present Confederacy and construct a new and better one. I will communicate with Mr. Secretary Floyd to-night and have the rifles put in preparation so as to have them for use at an early day. . . .

"I would wish that my agency in this transaction be kept private until I reach Washington, or indeed till I write to say the arms are on their way to Columbia. . . ."

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"CHARLESTON, 8th Nov., 1860.

"I have just received your letter of the 7th inst., and I think I can render you all the information you desire, without resorting to any agent. If my ability can only be made to keep pace with my zeal, I hope yet to render some service to the dear old State of South Carolina." †

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"CHARLESTON, 16th Nov., 1860.

"I have been most reluctantly detained here by an accidental fall, and also by business of an urgent kind associated with the railroad. My absence from Washington, however, has not delayed the execution of your order for the rifles: the Secretary of War has had the preparation of them in hand for some time.

"When I write to you from Washington, had I not better address you through your private secretary . . . Please address me at Washington to the care of Wm. H. Trescott, Esq. . . . I will give strict attention to your letter of the 7th inst., and hope to furnish you with much of the information you desire, for I am quite sensible of the importance of knowing the views and policy of the President at this juncture." †

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"WASHINGTON, 19th Nov., 1860.

" . . . I called this morning upon the Secretary of War to make arrangements for the immediate trans-

\* Lossing, "Civil War." Vol. I., p. 44.

† MS. Confederate Archives, War Department.

mission of the rifles to Columbia, but much to my astonishment he informed me that since he had looked over the report of "Small Fire-arms" (now inclosed) that he found he had labored under an error in stating to me that the 10,000 rifles I had engaged were ready for delivery when called for by me. He said he could have them rifled, but it would take 3 or 4 months to execute the contract, but suggested that we should purchase the 10,000 smooth-bored muskets instead, as a more efficient arm, particularly if large-sized buckshot should be used, which, put up in wire case capable of containing 12 of them, would go spitefully through an inch plank at 200 yards. I was much astonished at the result of my interview with Governor Floyd to-day, for he had not only informed me that the rifles would be ready for me on my arrival, but told Mr. Trescott so likewise, and that if I had been in Washington last Saturday I could have got them. . . . If you will be satisfied with the smooth-bored muskets like the specimen forwarded to you, I will purchase them. Better do this, although not the best pattern, than be without arms at a crisis like the present. Colonel Benjamin Huger can give you much information about these muskets. This is derived not only from Mr. Floyd, but also from General J. E. Johnston, Quartermaster-General, who was President of the Ordnance Board who had these muskets changed from flint to percussion, and also from smooth bore to rifle, and he says that for our purposes the smooth-bored musket is preferable to the altered rifle. The why I cannot explain to-day. . . . I also send you a letter from Mr. Trescott, in reply to certain inquiries from me. I am unable to make any comments upon them nor to add other facts which I will forward you more leisurely to-morrow. . . ."

TRESCOTT (ASST. SEC. STATE) TO DRAYTON.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 19, 1860.

"(Private, Confidential.)

"MY DEAR DRAYTON: It is difficult to reply specifically to your inquiries, partly because I do not believe that the exact course of the Administration has been yet determined on, and partly because my knowledge, or rather my inference, of its intentions is derived from intercourse with its members which I am bound to consider confidential. I do not regard it of serious importance to you to know the individual opinions of either the President or the Cabinet. No action of any sort will be taken until the message has been sent indicating the opinions of the Executive, and that message, whatever it be, will find our legislature in session, and the convention on the point of meeting. I think it likely that the President will state forcibly what he considers the grievances of the South, that he will add that he does not think, if the right of secession existed, it would be a wise policy for the State to adopt, and that he does not think the right to secede does exist, and then refer the whole matter to Congress; what he will do when the State does secede, he has not said, and I do not know, nor any man, I believe. He will do, as we will, what he believes to be his duty, and that duty, I suppose, will be discharged in full view of the consequences following any line of action that may be determined on. But I think that, as long as Cobb and Thompson retain seats in the Cabinet, you may feel confident that no action has been taken which seriously affects the position of any Southern State.

"I think that I may safely rely upon my knowledge of what will be done, and you may rely upon my resignation as soon as that knowledge satisfies me of any move in a direction positively injurious to us, or altering the present condition of things to our disadvantage. When you pass through on Wednesday, however, I will speak to you more fully. Yours, W. H. T."

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"WASHINGTON, 19th Nov., 1860.

"Mr. Buchanan, while he can discover no authority under the Constitution to justify secession by a State, on the other hand he can find no power to coerce one to return after the right of secession has been exercised. He will not allow entry or clearance of a vessel except through the Custom-house, to be established as soon as secession is declared, upon the deck of a man-of-war off the harbor of Charleston. He will enforce the collection of duties, not by Navy, but by a Revenue Cutter, as our Collector now would do if his authority was resisted. I will write to you more fully when I return from New York, where I go to-morrow at daylight, at the suggestion of the Secretary of War, who deems it important that I should go there to make arrangements for shipping the arms (should you still want them) from that point instead of this city. . . . Do send a copy of the list of arms at the Arsenal to H. R. Lawton, Milledgeville, Ga. I am getting some smooth-bored muskets for Georgia, like the specimen I sent you. . . ."

THOS. F. DRAYTON TO GOVERNOR GIST.

"WASHINGTON, 23d Nov., 1860.

"I arrived here at 6 A. M. from New York, where I had gone at the suggestion of Mr. Floyd to engage Mr. G. B. Lamar, President of the Bank of the Republic, to make an offer to the Secretary for such a number of muskets as we might require. The Secretary at War was reluctant to dispose of them to me, preferring the intermediate agency. Mr. Lamar has consented to act accordingly, and to-day the Secretary has written to the commanding officer [at] Watervliet Arsenal to deliver five or ten thousand muskets (altered from flint to percussion) to Mr. Lamar's order. Mr. Lamar will pay the United States paymaster for them, and rely upon the State to repay him. I have been most fortunate in having been enabled to meet the payments for the arms through Mr. L., for I feel satisfied that without his intervention we could not have effected the purchase at this time. . . . I expect to return at daylight to-morrow to New York, for I am very anxious about getting possession of the arms at Watervliet, and forward them to Charleston. The Cabinet may break up at any moment, on differences of opinion with the President as to the rights of secession, and a new Secretary of War might stop the muskets going South, if not already on their way when he comes into office.

"I will write to you again by the next mail. The impression here and elsewhere among many Southern men is, that our senators have been precipitate in resigning; they think that their resignations should have been tendered from their seats after they had announced to the Senate that the State had seceded. Occupying their seats up to this period would have kept them in communication with senators from the South and assisted very powerfully in shaping to our advantage coming events."

If any further quotation be necessary to show the audacity with which at least three Secretaries and one Assistant Secretary of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet engaged in flagrant conspiracy in the early stages of rebellion, it may be found in an interview of Senator Clingman with the Secretary of the Interior, which the former has recorded in his speeches and writings as an interesting reminiscence. It may be doubted whether Secretary Thompson correctly reported the President as wishing him success in his North Carolina mission,

\* MS. Confederate Archives, War Department.

but he is, of course, a competent witness to his own declarations and acts.

"About the middle of December (1860) I had occasion to see the Secretary of the Interior on some official business. On my entering the room, Mr. Thompson said to me, 'Clingman, I am glad you have called, for I intended presently to go up to the Senate to see you. I have been appointed a commissioner by the State of Mississippi to go down to North Carolina to get your State to secede, and I wished to talk with you about your Legislature before I start down in the morning to Raleigh, and to learn what you think of my chance of success.' I said to him, 'I did not know that you had resigned.' He answered, 'Oh, no, I have not resigned.' 'Then,' I replied, 'I suppose you resign in the morning.' 'No,' he answered, 'I do not intend to resign, for Mr. Buchanan wished us all to hold on, and to go out with him on the 4th of March.' 'But,' said I, 'does Mr. Buchanan know for what purpose you are going to North Carolina?' 'Certainly,' he said, 'he knows my object.' Being surprised by this statement, I told Mr. Thompson that Mr. Buchanan was probably so much perplexed by his situation that he had not fully considered the matter, and that as he was already involved in difficulty, we ought not to add to his burdens; and then suggested to Mr. Thompson that he had better see Mr. Buchanan again, and by way of inducing him to think the matter over, mention what I had been saying to him. Mr. Thompson said, 'Well, I can do so, but I think he fully understands it.' In the evening I met Mr. Thompson at a small social party, and as soon as I approached him, he said, 'I knew I could not be mistaken. I told Mr. Buchanan all you said, and he told me that he wished me to go, and hoped I might succeed.' I could not help exclaiming, 'Was there ever before any potentate who sent out his own Cabinet ministers to excite an insurrection against his government!' The fact that Mr. Thompson did go on the errand, and had a public reception before the Legislature, and returned to his position in the Cabinet is known, but this incident serves to recall it."\*

To this sketch of the Cabinet cabal it is necessary to add the testimony of his participation, by one who, from first to last, was a principal and controlling actor. Jefferson Davis records that:

"In November, 1860, after the result of the presidential election was known, the governor of Mississippi, having issued his proclamation convoking a special session of the Legislature to consider the propriety of calling a convention, invited the senators and representatives of the State of Congress, to meet him for consultation as to the character of the message he should send to the Legislature when assembled. While engaged in the consultation with the governor just referred to, a telegraphic message was handed to me from two members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, urging me to proceed 'immediately' to Washington. This dispatch was laid before the governor and the members of Congress from the State who were in conference with him, and it was decided that I should comply with the summons. On arrival at Washington, I found, as had been anticipated, that my presence there was desired on account of the influence which it was supposed I might exercise with the President (Mr. Buchanan) in relation to his forthcoming message to Congress. On paying my respects to the President, he told me that he had finished the rough

draft of his message, but that it was still open to revision and amendment, and that he would like to read it to me. He did so and very kindly accepted all the modifications which I suggested. The message was, however, afterward somewhat changed."†

Here is a substantial unmasking of the combined occult influence which presided over the initiatory steps of the great American Rebellion — its central council — the master wheel of its machinery — and the connecting relation which caused all its subordinate parts to move in harmonious accord.

With the same mind to dictate a secession message to a legislature and a non-coercion message to Congress — to assemble insurrectionary troops to seize Federal forts and withhold government troops from their protection — to incite governors to rebellion and overawe a weak President to a virtual abdication of his rightful authority, history need not wonder at the surprising unity and early success of the conspiracy against the Union.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

LESS than a month intervened between the November election at which Lincoln had been chosen and the annual session of Congress, which would meet on the first Monday of December, and it was necessary at once to begin the preparation of the annual message. Now indeed a golden opportunity presented itself to President Buchanan. The suffrages of his fellow-citizens had covered his political theories, his party measures, and his official administration with condemnation, in a perfect avalanche of ballots.‡ But the Charleston conspirators had within a very few days created for him a new issue overshadowing all the questions on which he had suffered political wreck. Since the 6th of November, the campaign of the Border Ruffians for the conquest of Kansas, and the wider congressional struggle for the possession of the Territories, might be treated as things of the past. Even had they still been pending issues, they paled into insignificance before the paramount question of disunion. Face to face with this danger, the adherents of Lincoln, of Douglas, of Bell, and the fraction of his own partisans in the free States would be compelled to sink minor discords, and as one man to follow the constitutional ruler in a constitutional defense of the laws, the flag, and the territory of the Union.

Without change of position, without recantation of principle, without abatement even of declared party doctrine, honestly executing

\* "Speeches and Writings of T. L. Clingman," p. 526.

† Davis: "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pages 57, 58, 59.

‡ 3,832,240 opposition popular votes against 847,953 for Breckinridge, the candidate championed by the President and his adherents.

only the high mandate of the Constitution, he could turn from the old issues and take up the new. A single stride, and from the flying leader of a discomfited rout, he might become the mailed hero of an overpowering host. Tradition, patriotism, duty, the sleepless monition of a solemn official oath,—all summoned him to take this step, and a brilliant precedent in presidential annals, an incident forever luminous in American history, assured him of the plaudits of posterity.

Unfortunately for himself and for his country, President Buchanan had neither the intellectual independence nor the courage equal to such an act of moral heroism. Of sincere patriotism and of blameless personal rectitude, he had reached political eminence by slow promotion through seniority, not by brilliancy of achievement. He was a politician, not a statesman. Of fair ability and great industry in his earlier life, the irresolution and passiveness of advancing age and physical infirmity were now upon him. Though from the great free State of Pennsylvania, he saw with Southern eyes and heard with Southern ears, and had convinced himself that the South was acting under the impulse of resentment arising from deliberate and persistent injuries from the North.

The fragment of an autograph diary from the pen of John B. Floyd, Secretary of War,\* affords the exact evidence of the temper in which President Buchanan officially confronted the rebellion of the Southern States. The following are extracts from entries, on several days, beginning with November 7th, 1860, the day following the presidential election :

"WASHINGTON CITY, November 7th, 1860.

"... The President wrote me a note this evening, alluding to a rumor which reached the city to the effect that an armed force had attacked and carried the forts in Charleston Harbor. He desired me to visit him, which I did, and assured him that the rumor was altogether without foundation, and gave it as my opinion that there was no danger of such an attempt being made. We entered upon a general conversation upon the subject of disunion and discussed the probabilities of it pretty fully. We concurred in the opinion that all indications from the South looked as if disunion was inevitable. He said that whilst his reason told him there was great danger, yet his feelings repelled the convictions of his mind.

"Judge Black, the Attorney-General, was present during a part of the conversation, and indicated an opinion, that any attempt at disunion by a State should be put down by all the power of the Government.†

\* Printed in "The Early Life, Campaigns, and Public Services of Robert E. Lee, with a record of the campaigns and heroic deeds of his companions in arms, by a distinguished Southern journalist," 8vo., E. B. Treat, Publisher, New York 1871, p. 789, article Major General John B. Floyd. It says: "Among his private papers examined after his death the fragment of a diary was found, written in his own hand, and which is here copied entire." The diary also bears internal evidence of genuineness.

"November 9th. . . . A Cabinet meeting was held as usual at 1 o'clock; all the members were present, and the President said the business of the meeting was the most important ever before the Cabinet since his induction into office. The question, he said, to be considered and discussed, was as to the course the Administration should advise him to pursue in relation to the threatening aspect of affairs in the South, and most particularly in South Carolina. After a considerable amount of desultory conversation, he asked the opinions of each member of the Cabinet as to what should be done or said relative to a suggestion which he threw out. His suggestion was that a proposition should be made for a general convention of the States as provided for under the Constitution, and to propose some plan of compromising the angry disputes between the North and the South. He said if this were done, and the North or non-slaveholding States should refuse it, the South would stand justified before the whole world for refusing longer to remain in a confederacy where her rights were so shamefully violated. He said he was compelled to notice at length the alarming condition of the country, and that he would not shrink from the duty.

"General Cass spoke with earnestness and much feeling about the impending crisis—admitted fully all the great wrongs and outrages which had been committed against the South by Northern fanaticism, and deplored it. But he was emphatic in his condemnation of the doctrine of secession by any State from the Union. He doubted the efficacy of the appeal for a convention, but seemed to think it might do well enough to try it. He spoke warmly in favor of using force to coerce a State that attempted to secede.

"Judge Black, the Attorney-General, was emphatic in his advocacy of coercion, and advocated earnestly the propriety of sending at once a strong force into the forts in Charleston Harbor, enough to deter if possible the people from any attempt at disunion. He seemed to favor the idea of an appeal for a general convention of all the States.

"Governor Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, declared his very decided approbation of the proposition, for two reasons—first, that it afforded the President a great opportunity for a high and statesmanlike treatment of the whole subject of agitation, and the proper remedies to prevent it; secondly, because, in his judgment, the failure to procure that redress which the South would be entitled to and would demand (and that failure he thought certain), would tend to unite the entire South in a decided disunion movement. He thought disunion inevitable, and under present circumstances most desirable.

"Mr. Holt, the Postmaster-General, thought the proposition for the convention dangerous, for the reason, that if the call should be made and it should fail to procure redress, those States which now are opposed to secession, might find themselves inclined, from a feeling of honor, to back the States resolving on disunion. Without this common demand and common failure, he thought there would be no such danger of united action, and therefore a stronger prospect of some future plan of reconciliation.

"Mr. Thompson, the Secretary of the Interior, thought well of the plan of calling for a general convention—thought his State (Mississippi) about equally

† The astounding mysteries and eccentricities of politics find illustration in the remarkable contrast between this recorded impulsive, off-hand and patriotic expression of Attorney-General Black, on November 7th, and his labored official opinion of an exactly opposite tenor, certified to the President under date of November 20th. See *Opinions of the Attorney-General*, Vol. IX, p. 517.



divided between the union and disunion men. He deprecated the idea of force, and said any show of it by the Government would instantly make Mississippi a unit in favor of disunion.

"Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, thought well of the appeal for the convention—coincided in an opinion I had expressed, that retaliatory State measures would prove most availing for bringing the Northern fanatics to their senses.

"I expressed myself decidedly opposed to any rash movement, and against the idea of secession at this time. I did so because I think that Lincoln's administration will fail, and be regarded as impotent for good or evil within four months after his inauguration. We are to meet to-morrow at 1 o'clock.

"November 10th. . . . We had a Cabinet meeting to-day, at which the President read a very elaborate document, prepared either as a part of his message or as a proclamation. It was well written in the main, and met with extravagant commendation from General Cass, Governor Toucey, Judge Black, and Mr. Holt. Cobb, Thompson, and myself found much to differ from in it,—Cobb because it inculcated submission to Lincoln's election and intimated the use of force to coerce a submission to his rule, and because it reprehended the policy of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; Thompson because of the doctrine of acquiescence and the hostility to the secession doctrine. I objected to it because I think it misses entirely the temper of the Southern people and attacks the true State-Rights doctrine on the subject of secession. I do not see what good can come of the paper, as prepared, and I do see how much mischief may flow from it."

It is extremely doubtful whether we may accept these extracts at their full literal import. Either the words "coerce," "submission," "use of force," and so on are written down by the diarist in a sense different from that in which they were spoken, or the President and several of his counselors underwent an amazing change of sentiment. But in a general way they show us that on the fourth day after Lincoln's election the Buchanan Cabinet was already divided into hostile camps. Cass of Michigan, Secretary of State, Toucey of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy, Black of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General, and Holt of Kentucky, Postmaster-General, were emphatic Unionists; while Cobb of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury, Thompson of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior, and Floyd of Virginia, Secretary of War, were secessionists—the latter yet professing devotion to the Union, but with such ifs and buts as left sufficiently clear evidence of his inevitable drift to disloyalty.

All impulses of prudence or patriotism ought to have moved the President to reconstruct his Cabinet. But instead of some energetic executive act of this character, he seems to have applied himself to the composition of a

\* "It was while these plans for a *coup d'état* before the 4th of March were being matured in the very Cabinet itself and in the presence of a President too feeble to resist them and too blind even to see them, that Mr. Stanton was sent for by Mr. Buchanan to answer the question, 'Can a State be coerced?' For two hours he battled and finally scattered for the time being the here-

political essay to teach the North its duty; as if his single pen had power to change the will of the people of the United States upon a point which they had decided by their votes only four days previously after six years of discussion. In the draft of this document, which he read to his Cabinet on November 10th, we have the important record that "it inculcated submission to Lincoln's election, and intimated the use of force to coerce a submission to his rule,"—positions which Floyd records were "met with extravagant commendations from General Cass, Governor Toucey, Judge Black, and Mr. Holt." This was a true touchstone; it instantly brought out not only the open secessionism of Cobb and Thompson, but the disguised disloyalty of Floyd.

It is a strange historical phenomenon that with the President and a majority of the Cabinet in this frame of mind, the South should have been permitted to organize revolution. The solution seems to lie in the temporizing feebleness of Buchanan and in the superior finesse and daring conspiracy of Cobb, Thompson, and Floyd.

Many indications make it evident that a long and laborious factional struggle took place over the preparation of the President's message. The telegraph announced several protracted Cabinet sessions; and as early as the 21st of November the points under discussion and the attitude of the President and his several official advisers were accurately foreshadowed in the newspapers. Nor were these momentous deliberations confined to the Cabinet proper. All the varieties of suggestion and contradictory counsels which were solicited or tendered we may never learn, and yet we know enough to infer the highest extremes and antagonisms of doctrine and policy. On the one hand came Jefferson Davis, the future chief of the Rebellion, at the urgent call of his fellow-conspirators; on the other hand came Edwin M. Stanton, Buchanan's future Attorney-General and Lincoln's Secretary of War,\* called in by Mr. Buchanan himself, to help him through the intricate maze of his perplexed opinions and inclinations. How many others may have come voluntarily or by summons it is impossible to guess. Many brains and hands, however, must have joined in the work, since the document is such a heterogeneous medley of conflicting theories, irreconcilable doctrines, impracticable and irrelevant suggestions. For at length the hesitating and bewildered Presi-

sies with which secession had filled the head of that old broken-down man. He was requested to prepare an argument in support of the power to be inserted in the forthcoming message."—[Hon. H. L. Dawes, in the "Boston Congregationalist." See "Atlantic Monthly," XXVI., p. 468.]



dent, unable to decide and impotent to construct, seems to have made his message a patchwork from the contributions of his advisers, regular and irregular, with the inevitable effect, not to combine and strengthen, but to weaken and confuse the warring thoughts and alien systems.

Aside from the mere recapitulation of department reports, the message of President Buchanan delivered to Congress on the 4th of December occupied itself mainly with two subjects,—slavery and disunion. On the question of slavery it repeated the assertions and arguments of the Buchanan faction of the Democratic party during the late presidential campaign, charging the present peril entirely upon the North. As a remedy it recommended an amendment to the Federal Constitution expressly recognizing slavery in States which had adopted or might adopt it, and also expressly giving it existence and protection in the Federal Territories. The proposal was simply childish. Precisely this issue had been decided at the presidential election; to do this would be to reverse the final verdict of the ballot-box.†

On the question of disunion or secession, the message raised a vague and unwarrantable distinction between the infractions of law and allegiance by individuals, and the infractions of law and allegiance by the commonwealth, or body politic denominated a State. Under the

first head it held: That the Union was designed to be perpetual; that the Federal Government is invested with sovereign powers on special subjects, which can only be opposed or abrogated by revolution; that secession is unconstitutional, and is, therefore, neither more nor less than revolution; that the executive has no right to recognize the secession of a State; that the Constitution has established a perfect government in all its forms, legislative, executive, and judicial, and this government, to the extent of its powers, acts directly upon the individual citizen of every State and executes its own decrees by the agency of its own officers; and, finally, that the Executive cannot be absolved from his duty to execute the laws.

But, continues the President, the laws can only be executed in certain prescribed methods, through the agency of courts, marshals, *posse comitatus*, aided, if necessary, by the militia or land and naval forces. The means and agencies, therefore, fail, and the performance of this duty becomes impracticable, when, as in South Carolina, universal public sentiment has deprived him of courts, marshals, and *posse*. Present laws being inadequate to overcome a united opposition, even in a single State, Congress alone has the power to decide whether they can be effectually amended.‡

It will be seen from the above summary, that the whole of the President's rambling

\* Slavery existed by virtue of express enactments in the several constitutions of the slave States, but the Constitution of the United States gave it only implied sanction.

† "It was with some surprise, I confess, that I read the message of the President. The message laid down certain conditions as those upon which alone the great Confederacy of the United States could be preserved from disruption. In so doing the President appeared to be preparing beforehand an apology for the secession. Had the conditions, indeed, been such as the Northern States would be likely to accept, the message might have been considered one of peace. But it seems very improbable that the Northern States should now, at the moment of their triumph, and with large majorities of Republicans in their assemblies, submit to conditions which, during many years of struggle, they have rejected or evaded."—[Lord John Russell to Lord Lyons, December 25th, 1860. British Blue Book.]

‡ The logic of the message utterly breaks down by a palpable omission to state the well-known fact that, though every citizen of South Carolina, or any other State, might refuse to accept or execute the office of United States marshal, or, indeed, that of any Federal officer, the want could be immediately lawfully supplied by appointing any qualified citizen of any other State, who might lawfully and properly lead either a *posse*, or Federal forces, or State militia, to put down obstruction of the Federal laws, insurrection, or rebellion. President Buchanan admitted his own error, and repudiated his own doctrine, when on January 2d, following, he nominated a citizen of Pennsylvania for the office of collector of the port of Charleston, South Carolina.

But this whole fine-spun web of partisan sophistry is superfluous and mere concealing rubbish. Sections two and three of the Act of February 28th, 1795, authorize the President, when the execution of the laws is obstructed by insurrection too powerful for courts and marshals, to call forth the militia of any and all the States, first and primarily to "suppress such combinations," and, secondly, "to cause the laws to be duly executed; and the use of militia so to be called forth may be continued, if necessary, until the expiration of thirty days after the commencement of the then next session of Congress." In performing this duty the act imposes but a single condition or prerequisite on the Executive: he shall by proclamation command the insurgents to disperse. These sections are complete, harmonious, self-sufficient, and, in their chief provisions, nowise dependent upon or connected with any other section or clause of the act. They place under the President's command the whole militia, and by a subsequent law (March 3d, 1807) also the entire army and navy of the Union, against rebellion. The assertion that the army can only follow a marshal and his writ in a case of rebellion, is not only unsupported by the language of the act, but utterly refuted by strong implication. The last section repeals a former provision limiting the President's action to cases of insurrection of which United States judges shall have given him notice, and thereby remits him to any and all his official sources of information. Jackson's famous force bill only provided certain supplementary details; it directly recognized and invoked the great powers of the Act of 1795, and expiring by limitation, left its wholesome plenitude and broad original grant of authority unimpaired.

discussion of the first head of the disunion question resulted logically in three ultimate conclusions: (1) That South Carolina was in revolt; (2) that the Constitution, the laws, and moral obligation all united gave the Government the right to suppress this revolt by executing the laws upon and against the citizens of that State; (3) that certain defects in the laws paralyzed their practical enforcement.

Up to this point in his argument, his opinions, whatever may be thought of their soundness, were confined to the legitimate field of executive interpretation, and such as in the exercise of his official discretion he might with undoubted propriety communicate to Congress. But he had apparently failed to satisfy his own conscience in thus summarily reasoning the executive and governmental power of a young, compact, vigorous, and thoroughly organized nation of thirty millions of people into sheer nothingness and impotence. How supremely absurd was the whole national panoply of commerce, credit, coinage, treaty power, judiciary, taxation, militia, army and navy, and Federal flag, if, through the mere joint of a defective law, the hollow reed of a secession ordinance could inflict a fatal wound!

The President proceeds, therefore, to discuss the second head of the disunion question, by an attempt to formulate and define the powers and duties of Congress with reference to the threatened rebellion. He would not only roll the burden from his own shoulders upon the national legislature, but he would by volunteer advice instruct that body how it must be borne and disposed of. Addressing Congress, he says in substance:

"You may be called upon to decide the momentous question, whether you possess the power by force of arms to compel a State to remain in the Union. The question, fairly stated, is: Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to declare and to make war against a State. After much serious reflection I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, or to any other department of the Federal Government. It may be safely asserted that the power to make war against a State is at variance with the whole spirit and intent of the Constitution. But if we possessed this power, would it be wise to exercise it under existing circumstances? Our Union rests upon public opinion, and can never be cemented by the blood of its citizens shed in civil war. Congress possesses many means of preserving it by conciliation; but the sword was not placed in their hand to preserve it by force."

\* "Happily our civil war was undertaken and prosecuted in self-defense, not to coerce a State, but to enforce the execution of the laws within the States against individuals, and to suppress an unjust rebellion raised by a conspiracy among them against the Gov-

Why did the message thus leap at one bound without necessary connection or coherence from the discussion of executive to those of legislative powers? Why waste words over doubtful theories when there was pressing need to suggest practical amendments to the statute whose real or imaginary defects Mr. Buchanan had pointed out? Why indulge in lamentations over the remote possibility that Congress might violate the Constitution, when the occasion demanded only prompt preventive orders from the executive to arrest the actual threatened violation of law by Charleston mobs? Why talk of war against States when the duty of the hour was the exercise of acknowledged authority against insurrectionary citizens?

The issue and argument were wholly false and irrelevant. No State had yet seceded. Execute such laws of the United States as were in acknowledged vigor, and disunion would be impossible. Buchanan needed only to do what he afterward so truthfully asserted Lincoln had done.\* But through his inaction, and still more through his declared want of either power or right to act, disunion gained two important points and advantages,—the influence of the executive voice upon public opinion, and especially upon Congress; and the substantial pledge of the Administration that it would lay no straw in the path of peaceful, organized measures to bring about State secession.

The central dogma of the message, that while a State has no right to secede, the Union has no right to coerce, has been universally condemned as a paradox. The popular estimate of Mr. Buchanan's proposition and arguments was forcibly presented at the time by a jesting criticism attributed to Mr. Seward. "I think," said the New York senator, "the President has conclusively proved two things: (1) That no State has the right to secede unless it wishes to; and (2) that it is the President's duty to enforce the laws unless somebody opposes him."† If this be looked upon as the sarcasm of a political enemy, it is even less damaging than the serious explanation put upon his language by his political friends. The recognized organ of the Administration said: "Mr. Buchanan has increased the displeasure of the Lincoln party by his repudiation of the coercion theory, and his firm refusal to permit a resort to force as a means of preventing the secession of a sovereign State."‡ Nor were intelligent lookers-on in

ernment of the United States."—[Buchanan, in "Mr. Buchanan's Administration," p. 129.]

† *Corres. N. Y. "Evening Post."*

‡ Washington "Constitution" of December 19th, 1860.

foreign lands a whit less severe in their judgment: "Mr. Buchanan's message," said the London "Times," a month later, "has been a greater blow to the American people than all the rants of the Georgian governor or the 'ordinances' of the Charleston convention. The President has dissipated the idea that the States which elected him constitute one people."

#### THE CONSPIRACY PROCLAIMED.

To a great majority of the people the hopes and chances of a successful compromise seemed still cheering and propitious. There was indeed a prevailing agitation in the Southern part of the Union, but it had taken a virulent form in less than half a dozen States. In most of these a decided majority still deprecated disunion. Three of the great political parties of the country were by the voice of their leaders pledged to peace and order; the fourth, apparently controlled as yet by the powerful influences of official subordination and patronage, must, so it seemed, yield to the now expressed and public advice of the President in favor of Union and the enforcement of the law; especially in view of the forbearance and kindness he was personally exercising toward the unruly elements of his faction. Throughout the Northern States the folly and evils of disunion appeared so palpable, that it was not generally regarded as an imminent danger, but rather as merely a possible though not probable event. The hasty and seemingly earnest action of the people and authorities of South Carolina was looked upon as a historical repetition of the nullification crisis of 1831-2; and without examining too closely the real present condition of affairs, men hoped, rather than intelligently expected, that the parallel would continue to the end. Some sort of compromise of the nature of that of 1850 was the prevailing preoccupation in politics.

This was the popular view of the situation. But it was a very narrow and erroneous view, because it lacked the essential information necessary to form a correct and solid judgment. The deep estrangement between the sections was imperfectly realized. The existence of four parties, a very unusual occurrence in American politics, had seriously weakened party cohesion, and more than quadrupled party prejudice and mistrust. There was a strong undercurrent of conviction and purpose, not expressed in speeches and platforms. But the most serious ignorance was in respect to the character and fidelity of the high officers of the government. Of the personal timidity of Mr. Buchanan, of the treachery of at least three members of the Cabinet, of the exclusion of General Scott from

military councils, of the President's persistent refusal to send troops to Anderson, of his stipulation with the South Carolina members, of the intrigue which drove General Cass from the head of the State Department and from the Cabinet, the people at large knew nothing, or so little that they could put no intelligent construction upon the event. The debates of Congress shed the first clear light upon the situation, but the very violence and bitterness of the secession speeches caused the multitude to doubt their sincerity and truthfulness, or, as a final probability, placed their authors in the category of fanatics who would gain no followers.

While, therefore, the Republicans in Congress and in the country maintained, as a rule, an expectant and watchful silence, the conservatives, made up for the greater part of the supporters of Bell and Everett, were active in setting on foot a movement for compromise, in the final success of which they had the fullest confidence; and it is but justice to their integrity and ability to add that this confidence was fully warranted by the delusive indications of surface politics. Highly patriotic in sentiment and purpose and highly prudent in word and act, their leading men in Congress had promptly opposed secession, had moved a Senate Committee of Thirteen, and secured the authorization, the appointment, and the organization of a House Committee of Thirty-three. Already had some twenty-three different propositions of adjustment been submitted to this committee, and under the circumstances it actually seemed as if only a little patience and patriotic earnestness were needed to find a compromise,—perhaps an amendment of the Constitution which the feverish unrest and impatience of the nation would compel Congress to enact or propose, and the different States and sections, willing or unwilling, to accept and ratify.

Superior political wisdom and more thorough information, as well as a finer strategy, a quicker enthusiasm, a more absolute devotion, and a more unremitting industry, must be freely accorded to the conspirators who now labored night and day in the interest of disunion. They counted more clearly than their opponents the demoralization of parties at the North, the latent revolutionary discontent at the South, the potent influence of brilliant and combined leadership, and the social, commercial, and political conditions which might be brought into present and ultimate action. They recognized that they were but a minority, a faction; but they also realized that as such they had a substantial control of from six to eleven States whenever they chose to make that control effective, and that, for present uses

at least, the President was, under their influence, but as clay in the hands of the potter.

Better than the Republicans from the North, or even the conservatives from the border States, they knew that in the cotton-States a widespread change of popular sentiment was then being wrought and might very soon be complete. Except upon the extreme alternative of disunion, the people of the border States were eager to espouse their quarrel, and join them in a contest for alleged political rights. Nearly half the people of the North were ready to acknowledge the existence and justness of their formulated complaints. The election of Lincoln was indeed a flimsy and specious pretext for separation, but it had the merit of universal publicity, and of rankling irritation among the unthinking masses. Agriculture was depressed, commerce was in panic, manufacturing populations were in want, the national treasury was empty, the army was dispersed, the fleet was scattered. The national prestige was humbled, the national sentiment despondent, the national faith disturbed.

Meanwhile their intrigues had been successful beyond hope. The Government was publicly committed to the fatal doctrine of non-coercion, and was secretly pursuing the equally fatal policy of concession. Reinforcements had been withheld from Charleston and must from motives of consistency be withheld from all other forts and stations. An unofficial stipulation, with the President, and a peremptory order to Anderson, secured beyond chance the safe and early secession of South Carolina, and the easy seizure of the Government property and forts at Charleston. The representatives of foreign governments were already secretly coquetting for the favor of a free port and an advantageous cotton-market. Friendly voices came to the South from the North, in private correspondence, in the public press, even in the open debates of Congress, promising that cities should go up in flames and the fair country be laid waste ere a single Northern bayonet should molest them in their meditated secession.

Upon such a real or assumed state of facts the conspirators based their theory, and risked their chances of success in dismembering the republic,—and it must be admitted that they chose their opportunity with a skill and foresight which for a considerable period of time gave them immense advantages over the friends of the Union. One vital condition of success, however, they strangely overlooked, or rather, perhaps, deliberately crowded out of their problem,—the chance of civil war, without foreign intervention. For the present their whole plan depended upon the assumption that they could accomplish their end by means of the

single instrumentality of peaceable secession; and with this view they proceeded to put their scheme into prompt execution.

The House Committee of Thirty-three had been organized by the selection of Thomas Corwin as its chairman, and had entered hopefully upon the task confided to it. An angry and excited caucus of active conspirators was said to have been held the week previous, to intimidate the members from the cotton-States and induce them to refuse to serve on the committee, but this coercive movement only partly succeeded. The committee held a long meeting on December 12th, and now on the morning of the 13th was once more convened for work. The informal propositions and discussions of the day previous were renewed, but resulted only in calling out views and schemes too vague on the one hand or too extreme on the other. The subject was about to be laid over to the following Saturday, when Mr. Rust of Arkansas startled the committee with the information that the extremists were obtaining signatures to a paper to announce to the South that no further concession was expected from the North, and that any adjustment of pending difficulties had become impossible. He therefore offered a resolution to meet this unexpected crisis, but accepted the following substitute, offered by Mr. Dunn of Indiana:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee, the existing discontent among the Southern people and the growing hostility among them to the Federal Government are greatly to be regretted, and that whether such discontent and hostility are without just cause or not, any reasonable, proper, and constitutional remedies and effectual guarantees of their peculiar rights and interests, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to preserve the peace of the country and the perpetuation of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted."

Other amendments were voted down, and this proposition was adopted by a vote of 22 to 8; and thus in good faith a tender of reasonable concession and honorable and satisfactory compromise was made by the North to the South. But the peace-offering was a waste of patience and good-will. Caucus after caucus of the secession leaders had only grown more aggressive, and deepened and strengthened their inflexible purpose to push the country into disunion. Keeping themselves thoroughly informed of every political intrigue and every official movement, they timed their own decisions and demonstrations with a fatal promptness and precision. The presence of General Scott, who after a long illness had come from New York to Washington, on December 12th, to give his urgent advice to the work of counteracting secession by vigorous military preparation, did not in the least disconcert or



hinder the secession leaders. His patriotic appeal to the Secretary of War\* on the 13th naturally fell without effect upon the ears of one of their active confederates.

This vital issue once decided, the revolutionists did not lose or delay a single moment in taking their next step forward. Neither the temporizing concession of the President nor the conciliatory and half-apologetic resolution of the Committee of Thirty-three for one instant changed or affected their determination to destroy the Government and dissolve the Union.

Friday, December 14th, 1860, was a day of gloom and despondency in Mr. Buchanan's office, bringing to his mind more forcibly than he had ever before realized the utter shipwreck into which he had guided his Administration. To the jubilant secessionists, on the other hand, it was not only a day of perilous triumph achieved, but also of apparently assured successes yet to come. The hitherto official organ of the Administration in its issue of the following morning contained two publications which gave startling notice to the country of the weakness of the right and the strength of the wrong in the swiftly forming struggle for national existence.

The first of these documents was a proclamation from the President of the United States, stating that in response to numerous appeals he designated the fourth day of January, proximo, as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. The "dangerous and distracted condition of our country" was therein thus set forth:

"The Union of the States is at the present moment threatened with alarming and immediate danger—panic and distress of a fearful character prevail throughout the land—our laboring population are without employment, and consequently deprived of the means of earning their bread—indeed, hope seems to have deserted the minds of men. All classes are in a state of confusion and dismay, and the wisest counsels of our best and purest men are wholly disregarded. . . . Humbling ourselves before the Most High, . . . let us implore him to remove from our hearts that false pride of opinion which would impel us to persevere in wrong for the sake of consistency, rather than yield a just submission to the unforeseen exigencies by which we are now surrounded. . . . An omnipotent Providence may overrule existing evils for permanent good."†

The second manifesto was more practical, more pertinent, more resolute. As the first public and combined action of the conspirators, it forms the hinge upon which they well-nigh turned the fate of the New World Republic. It was a brief document, but contained and expressed all the essential purpose of the conspiracy. It was signed by about one-half the

senators and representatives of the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas. It precedes every ordinance of secession, and is the "official" beginning of the subsequent "Confederate States," just as Governor Gist's October circular was the "official" beginning of South Carolina secession.

#### ADDRESS OF CERTAIN SOUTHERN MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

TO OUR CONSTITUENTS.

WASHINGTON, December 14th, 1860.

The argument is exhausted. All hope of relief in the Union through the agency of committees, congressional legislation, or constitutional amendments is extinguished, and we trust the South will not be deceived by appearances or the pretense of new guarantees. In our judgment the Republicans are resolute in the purpose to grant nothing that will or ought to satisfy the South. We are satisfied the honor, safety, and independence of the Southern people require the organization of a Southern Confederacy—a result to be obtained only by separate State secession—that the primary object of each slaveholding State ought to be its speedy and absolute separation from a Union with hostile States.

J. L. Pugh	..... of Alabama.
David Clopton	..... of Alabama.
Sydenham Moore	..... of Alabama.
J. L. M. Curry	..... of Alabama.
J. A. Stallworth	..... of Alabama.
J. W. H. Underwood	..... of Georgia.
L. J. Gartrell	..... of Georgia.
James Jackson	..... of Georgia.
John J. Jones	..... of Georgia.
Martin J. Crawford	..... of Georgia.
Alfred Iverson	..... U. S. Senator of Georgia.
George S. Hawkins	..... of Florida.
T. C. Hindman	..... of Arkansas.
Jefferson Davis	..... U. S. Senator of Mississippi.
A. G. Brown	..... U. S. Senator of Mississippi.
Wm. Barksdale	..... of Mississippi.
O. R. Singleton	..... of Mississippi.
Reuben Davis	..... of Mississippi.
Burton Craige	..... of North Carolina.
Thomas Ruffin	..... of North Carolina.
John Slidell	..... U. S. Senator of Louisiana.
J. P. Benjamin	..... U. S. Senator of Louisiana.
J. M. Landrum	..... of Louisiana.
Lewis T. Wigfall	..... U. S. Senator of Texas.
John Hemphill	..... U. S. Senator of Texas.
J. H. Reagan	..... of Texas.
M. L. Bonham	..... of South Carolina.
Wm. Porcher Miles	..... of South Carolina.
John McQueen	..... of South Carolina.
John D. Ashmore	..... of South Carolina.

Instead of the argument being exhausted, it was scarcely begun. So far from congressional or constitutional relief having been refused, the Southern demand for them had not been formulated. Not only had no committee denied hearing or action, but the Democratic Senate, at the instance of a Southern State, had ordered the Committee of Thirteen, which the Democratic and Southern Vice-President had not yet even appointed; and when the names were announced a week later, Jefferson Davis, one of the signers of this complaint of non-

\* "Scott Auto." Vol. II., p. 613.

† Washington "Constitution," Dec. 15th, 1860.



action, was the only man who refused to serve on the committee—a refusal he withdrew when persuaded by his co-conspirators that he could better aid their designs by accepting. On the other hand, the Committee of Thirty-three, raised by the Republican House, appointed by a Northern Speaker, and presided over by a Northern chairman, had the day before by more than a two-thirds vote distinctly tendered the Southern people “any reasonable, proper, and constitutional remedies and effectual guarantees.”

Outside of congressional circles there was the same absence of any new complications, any new threats, any new dangers from the North. Since the day when Abraham Lincoln was elected President there had been absolutely no change of word or act in the attitude or intention of himself or his followers. By no possibility could they exert a particle of adverse political power, executive, legislative, or judicial, for nearly three months to come. Not only was executive authority in the hands of a Democratic Administration, which had made itself the peculiar champion of the Southern party, but it had yielded every successive demand of administrative policy made by the conspirators themselves. The signers of this address to their Southern constituents had not one single excuse. Their proclamation was a falsehood; but nothing less would serve their new step in conspiracy.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA SECESSION.

THE secret circular of Governor Gist of South Carolina, heretofore quoted, inaugurated the great American Rebellion a full month before a single ballot had been cast for Abraham Lincoln. This was but repeating in a bolder form the action taken by Governor Wise of Virginia, during the Fremont campaign four years before. But, instead, as in that case, of confining himself to a proposed consultation among slave-State executives, Governor Gist proceeded almost immediately to a public and official revolutionary act.

On the 12th of October, 1860, he issued his proclamation convening the Legislature of South Carolina in extra session, “to appoint electors of President and Vice-President. . . and also that they may, if advisable, take action for the safety and protection of the State.” There was no external peril menacing either the commonwealth or its humblest citizen; but the significance of the phrase was soon developed.

A large caucus of prominent South Carolina leaders was held on the 25th of October at the residence of Senator Hammond. Their deliberations remained secret, but the deter-

mination arrived at appears clearly enough in the further official action of Governor Gist, who was present, and who doubtless carried out the plans of the assemblage. When the legislature met on November 5th (the day before the presidential election) the governor sent them his opening message, advocating both secession and insurrection, in direct and undisguised language. He recommended that in the event of Lincoln's election, a convention should be immediately called; that the State should secede from the Federal Union; and “if in the exercise of arbitrary power and forgetful of the lessons of history, the Government of the United States should attempt coercion, it will be our solemn duty to meet force by force.” To this end he recommended a reorganization of the militia and the raising and drilling an army of ten thousand volunteers. He placed the prospects of such a revolution in a hopeful light. “The indications from many of the Southern States,” said he, “justify the conclusion that the secession of South Carolina will be immediately followed, if not adopted simultaneously, by them, and ultimately by the entire South. The long-desired coöperation of the other States having similar institutions, for which so many of our citizens have been waiting, seems to be near at hand; and, if we are true to ourselves, will soon be realized.”\*

The legislature, remaining in extra session, and cheered and urged on by repeated popular demonstrations and the inflamed speeches of the highest State officials, proceeded without delay to carry out the governor's programme.

The first day's session of the legislature (November 5th) developed one of the most important preparatory steps of the long-expected revolution. The legislature of 1859 had appropriated a military contingent fund of \$100,000 “to be drawn and accounted for as directed by the Legislature.” The appropriation had been allowed to remain untouched. It was now proposed to place this sum at the control of the governor to be expended in obtaining improved small arms, in purchasing a field battery of rifled cannon, in providing accouterments, and in furnishing an additional supply of tents; and a resolution to that effect duly passed two days later.† The chief measure of the session, however, was a bill to provide for calling the proposed State convention, which, it was well understood, should adopt an ordinance of secession.

The delegates to the convention were duly

\* Governor Gist's Message, Nov. 5th, 1860. “S. C. House Journal,” pp. 10, 11.

† “S. C. House Journal,” pp. 13, 14.

elected on the 6th of December, and assembled and organized at Columbia, the capital of the State, on the 17th of the same month; on account of a local epidemic, however, both the convention and the legislature adjourned to Charleston, where the former reassembled on the following day and the latter two days afterwards. Elected under the prevailing secession *furor*, which tolerated no opposition, and embracing the leading conspirators in its membership, the convention was practically unanimous. "There is no honor," said the chairman on taking his seat, "I esteem more highly than to sign the ordinance of secession as a member of this body; but I will regard it as the greatest honor of my life to sign it as your presiding officer."\*

The legislature of South Carolina had also just elected a new governor, who was inaugurated on the same day on which the convention met. This was F. W. Pickens, a revolutionist of a yet more radical and energetic type than his predecessor Gist, and who, as we have seen, had been in close consultation with the Cabinet cabal at Washington, more than a month before. He was, of course, anxious to signalize his advent; and to this end he immediately dispatched to Washington a special messenger, bearing the following letter to President Buchanan:

"(Strictly confidential.)

"COLUMBIA, December 17th, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: With a sincere desire to prevent a collision of force, I have thought proper to address you directly and truthfully on points of deep and immediate interest.

"I am authentically informed that the forts in Charleston Harbor are now being thoroughly prepared to turn, with effect, their guns upon the interior and the city. Jurisdiction was ceded by this State expressly for the purpose of external defense from foreign invasion, and not with any view that they should be turned upon the State.

"In an ordinary case of mob rebellion, perhaps it might be proper to prepare them for sudden outbreak. But when the people of the State, in sovereign convention assembled, determine to resume their original powers of separate and independent sovereignty, the whole question is changed, and it is no longer an act of rebellion. I, therefore, most respectfully urge that all work on the forts be put a stop to for the present, and that no more force may be ordered there.

"The regular convention of the people of the State of South Carolina, legally and properly called, under our Constitution, is now in session, deliberating upon the gravest and most momentous questions, and the excitement of the great masses is great, under a sense of deep wrongs, and a profound necessity of doing something to preserve the peace and safety of the State.

"To spare the effusion of blood, which no human

power may be able to prevent, I earnestly beg your immediate consideration of all the points I call your attention to. It is not improbable that, under orders from the Commandant, or perhaps from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the alteration and defenses of those posts are progressing without the knowledge of yourself or the Secretary of War.

"The arsenal, in the city of Charleston, with the public arms, I am informed, was turned over very properly to the keeping and defense of a State force, at the urgent request of the governor of South Carolina. I would most respectfully, and from a sincere devotion to the public peace, request that you would allow me to send a small force, not exceeding twenty-five men and an officer, to take possession of Fort Sumter, immediately, in order to give a feeling of safety to the community. There are no United States troops in that fort whatever, or perhaps only four or five, at present; besides some additional workmen or laborers, lately employed to put the guns in order. If Fort Sumter could be given to me, as governor, under a permission similar to that by which the governor was permitted to keep the arsenal, with the United States arms in the city of Charleston, then I think the public mind would be quieted under a feeling of safety; and as the convention is now in full authority, it strikes me that could be done with perfect propriety. I need not go into particulars, for urgent reasons will force themselves readily upon your consideration.

"If something of the kind be not done, I cannot answer for the consequences.

"I send this by a private and confidential gentleman, who is authorized to confer with Mr. Trescott fully, and to receive through him any answer you may think proper to give to this.

"I have the honor to be, most respectfully,

"Yours truly, F. W. PICKENS.

"To the President of the United States."†

Arrived in Washington, the special messenger who bore this document sought the active agent‡ of the central cabal, Mr. Trescott, Assistant Secretary of State, and was by him on Thursday morning, December 20th, conducted to the White House and presented to Mr. Buchanan, to whom he personally delivered his communication. The President received the document and promised an answer to it on the following day.§ The temper and condition of his mind is plainly reflected in what he wrote. He seems to have realized no offense in this insult to the sovereignty and dignity of the United States whose Constitution he had sworn to "preserve, protect, and defend"; no patriotic resentment against the South Carolina conspirators who, as he knew by the telegraph, were assembling that same day in convention to inaugurate local rebellion;—his whole answer breathes a tone of apology that his oath and duties will not permit him to oblige the South Carolina governor; and he feebly gropes for relief from his perplexities in the suggestion

citizen, appointed, as I have since been informed by my predecessor, to remain at Washington as confidential representative of the State."—"South Carolina House Journal," 1861, p. 31.

§ Curtis's "Life of Buchanan," President's memorandum, p. 383.

\* "Convention Journal," p. 10.

† Pickens to Buchanan, December 17th, 1860. "S. C. House Journal," 1861, p. 167.

‡ In his message of November 5th, 1861, Governor Pickens of South Carolina refers to William H. Trescott, Esq., who was in December, 1860, Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, as "a distinguished

that Congress might perhaps somehow arrange the trouble. This was the answer prepared:

"WASHINGTON, December 20th, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 17th inst. by Mr. Hamilton. From it I deeply regret to observe that you seem entirely to have misapprehended my position, which I supposed had been clearly stated in my message. I have incurred, and shall incur, any reasonable risk within the clearly prescribed line of my executive duties to prevent a collision between the army and navy of the United States and the citizens of South Carolina in defense of the forts within the harbor of Charleston. Hence I have declined for the present to reinforce these forts, relying upon the honor of South Carolinians that they will not be assaulted whilst they remain in their present condition; but that commissioners will be sent by the convention to treat with Congress on the subject. I say with Congress because, as I state in my message, 'Apart from the execution of the laws so far as this may be practicable, the Executive has no authority to decide what shall be the relations between the Federal Government and South Carolina. He has been invested with no such discretion. He possesses no power to change the relations heretofore existing between them, much less to acknowledge the independence of that State.' This would be to invest a mere executive officer with the power of recognizing the dissolution of the confederacy among our thirty-three sovereign States. It bears no resemblance to the recognition of a foreign *de facto* government, involving no such responsibility. Any attempt to do this would, on my part, be a naked act of usurpation.

"As an executive officer of the Government, I have no power to surrender to any human authority Fort Sumter, or any of the other forts or public property in South Carolina. To do this would, on my part, as I have already said, be a naked act of usurpation. It is for Congress to decide this question, and for me to preserve the status of the public property as I found it at the commencement of the troubles.

"If South Carolina should attack any of these forts, she will then become the assailant in a war against the United States. It will not then be a question of coercing a State to remain in the Union, to which I am utterly opposed, as my message proves, but it will be a question of voluntarily precipitating a conflict of arms on her part, without even consulting the only authority which possesses the power to act upon the subject. Between independent governments, if one possesses a fortress within the limits of another, and the latter should seize it without calling upon the appropriate authorities of the power in possession to surrender it, this would not only be a just cause of war, but the actual commencement of hostilities.

"No authority was given, as you suppose, from myself or from the War Department, to Governor Gist, to guard the United States Arsenal in Charleston by a company of South Carolina volunteers. In this respect you have been misinformed—I have, therefore, never been more astonished in my life, than to learn from you that unless Fort Sumter be delivered into your hands, you cannot be answerable for the consequences."

It is easy to infer from results, that while the President was laboring over this document the central cabal was busy. They saw that the rash zeal of Governor Pickens was endangering the fine web of conspiracy they had wound around

him. He was committed to non-coercion; committed to non-reinforcements; committed to await the arrival of South Carolina commissioners. This new demand from a new authority not only indicated a division of sentiment and purpose in the insurrectionary councils in the Palmetto State, but created an opportunity through which Mr. Buchanan under a possible healthier impulse of patriotism might repudiate the whole obligation of non-resistance to their schemes into which they had beguiled him. They clearly saw, as they themselves explained, that though he would not deliver Sumter now, he might be willing to "approach such action" hereafter, "a possibility not at all improbable, and which ought to be kept open."† Mr. Trescott therefore hastened to take the advice of two of the South Carolina congressmen,—McQueen and Bonham,—and it is not a violent presumption to assume also of the chief senatorial conspirators; for only six days had elapsed since the congressional circular was signed and published, which called upon the cotton-States to proceed with the plot of secession and the formation of a Southern confederacy. A telegram was at once sent to Charleston, mildly explaining to Governor Pickens the blunder he was making and asking his authority to withdraw his letter to Mr. Buchanan. Governor Pickens must be credited with astuteness enough to comprehend the situation, for he at once gave the consent requested. On Friday morning Mr. Trescott waited upon Mr. Buchanan and informed him that he would not be required to answer, but that Governor Pickens had withdrawn his demand; and Mr. Trescott records, with an evident appreciation of the whole affair as a successful stroke of policy, that "the withdrawal of the letter was a great relief to the President." To understand more fully the whole scope and spirit of the incident, we must read the report of it which he then transmitted to Charleston:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY F. W. PICKENS,  
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA:

"WASHINGTON, December 21st, 1860.

"SIR: Your confidential letter to the President was duly delivered to him yesterday by D. H. Hamilton, Esq., according to your instructions. It was withdrawn (no copy having been taken) this morning by me, under the authority of your telegraphic dispatch. Its withdrawal was most opportune. It reached here under circumstances which you could not have anticipated, and it produced the—effect upon the President.

"He had removed Colonel Gardiner from command at Fort Moultrie, for carrying ammunition from the arsenal at Charleston; he had refused to send reinforcements to the garrison there; he had accepted the resignation of the oldest, most eminent, and highest member of his Cabinet, rather than consent to send additional force, and the night before your letter arrived, he, upon a telegraphic communication that arms had been removed from the arsenal to Fort Moultrie, the Department of War had issued prompt orders by

\* Curtis's "Life of Buchanan," Vol. II., p. 384.

† Trescott to Pickens. "South Carolina House Journal," 1861, p. 170.

telegraph to the officer removing them,\* to restore them immediately. He had done this upon his determination to avoid all risk of collision, and upon the written assurance of the majority of the Congressional Delegation from the State that they did not believe there was any danger of an attack upon the forts be-



FRANCIS W. PICKENS, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1861.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF LOUIS MANIGAUULT.)

fore the passage of the Ordinance, and an expression of their trust and hope that there would be none after, until the State had sent commissioners here. His course had been violently denounced by the Northern press, and an effort was being made to<sup>†</sup>—a Congressional investigation. At that moment he could not have gone to the extent of action you desired and I felt confident that if forced to answer your letter then he would have taken such ground as would have prevented his ever approaching it hereafter, a possibility not at all improbable, and which ought to be kept open. I considered, also, that the chance of public investigation rendered the utmost caution necessary as to any communications from the State, and having presented the letter, and ascertained what the nature of the reply would be, you had all the advantage of knowing the truth, without the disadvantage of having it put on record. Besides this, the President seemed to think that your request was based upon the impossibility of your restraining the spirit of our people; an interpretation which did you injustice, and the possibility of which I deemed it due to you to avoid. He also ap-

peared to labor under the impression that the representation of the members of Congress and your own differed essentially, and this, I thought, on account of both, should not be stated in any reply to you. I was also perfectly satisfied that the status of the garrisons would not be disturbed.

"Under these circumstances, if I had been acting under formal credentials from you, and the letter had been unsealed, I would have delayed its presentation for some hours, until I could have telegraphed you, but that was impossible. As Mr. Hamilton, therefore, had brought with him General McQueen and General Bonham, when he called on me and delivered the letter, and had even gone so far as to express the wish that they should be present when he delivered it to the President—a proposition which they declined, however—I deemed it not indiscreet, nor in violation of the discretionary confidence which your letter implied, to take their counsel. We agreed perfectly, and the result was the telegraphic dispatch of last night. The withdrawal of the letter was a great relief to the President, who is most earnestly anxious to avoid an issue with the State or its authorities, and I think, has encouraged his disposition to go as far as he can in this matter, and to treat those who may represent the State with perfect frankness.

"I have had this morning an interview with Governor Floyd, the Secretary of War. No order has been issued that will at all disturb the present condition of the garrisons, and while I cannot even here venture into details, which are too confidential to be risked in any way, I am prepared to say, with a full sense of the responsibility, that nothing will be done which will either do you injury or properly create alarm. Of course when your commissioners have succeeded or failed to effect their negotiations, the whole issue is fairly before you, to be met as courage, honor, and wisdom may direct.

"My delay in answering your telegraph concerning Colonel Huger, was caused by his absence from this place. He came, in reply to my telegraph last night, and this morning I telegraphed, upon his decision, which I presume he has explained by a letter of this same date. As Dr. Hamilton leaves this evening, I have only time to write this hurried letter, and am, sir,

Very respectfully,

WM. HENRY TRESCOTT.†

"I inclose your confidential letter in this."‡

We must now turn our attention from the executive rooms of the presidential mansion in Washington to the executive rooms of South Carolina in Charleston, where on the same day a feeble counterpart of the transaction we have described was going on. Since the beginning of these new troubles, especially since the dis-

\* The blanks and the awkward rhetorical construction are copied exactly as the authors find them printed in the "South Carolina House Journal."

† Trescott to Pickens, December 21st, 1860. "S. C. House Journal," 1861, pp. 169-171.

‡ In Mr. Curtis's "Life of Buchanan," Vol. II., p. 383, will be found the private memorandum of President Buchanan giving his statement of the incident:

"On Thursday morning, December 20th, 1860, Hamilton, late marshal of South Carolina, sent especially for this purpose, presented me a letter from Governor Pickens, in the presence of Mr. Trescott, dated at Columbia, South Carolina, 17th December (Monday). He was to wait till this day (Friday afternoon) for my answer. The character of the letter will appear from the answer to it which I had prepared. Thursday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Mr. Trescott called upon me. He said that he had seen Messrs. Bonham and

McQueen of the South Carolina delegation, that they all agreed that this letter of Governor Pickens was in violation of the pledge which had been given by themselves not to make an assault upon the forts, but to leave them in *statu quo* until the result of an application of commissioners to be appointed by the State was known; that Pickens, at Columbia, could not have known of the arrangements. They—to wit, Bonham, McQueen, and Trescott—had telegraphed to Pickens for authority to withdraw his letter. Friday morning, 10 o'clock, 21st December, Mr. Trescott called upon me with a telegram of which the following is a copy from that which he delivered to me: 'December 21st, 1860.—You are authorized and requested to withdraw my letter sent by Dr. Hamilton immediately. F. W. P.' Mr. Trescott read to me, from the same telegram, that Governor Pickens had seen Mr. Cushing; the letter was accordingly written."



cussion and issuing of his message, President Buchanan felt anxious and ill at ease. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that in South Carolina at least a tide of revolution was steadily rising. He appears to have dimly felt that his official responsibility and honor were somehow involved; and since he had reasoned the executive power into nothingness, the idea suggested itself to his mind that a little friendly expostulation at least was due from him. Under some such impulse he wrote the following letter to Governor Pickens, and with it dispatched the Hon. Caleb Cushing to Charleston, to see if he might not exert a personal influence upon the malcontents, who paid no heed to any wishes or interests but their own:

"WASHINGTON, December 18th, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: From common notoriety, I assume the fact that the State of South Carolina is now deliberating on the question of seceding from the Union. Whilst any hope remains that this may be prevented, or even retarded, so long as to allow the people of her



POSTMASTER-GENERAL JOSEPH HOLT.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

sister States an opportunity to manifest their opinions upon the causes which have led to this proceeding, it is my duty to exert all the means in my power to avert so dread a catastrophe. I have, therefore, deemed it advisable to send to you the Hon. Caleb Cushing, in whose integrity, ability, and prudence I have full confidence, to hold communications with you on my behalf, for the purpose of changing or modifying the contemplated action of the State in the manner I have already suggested. Commending Mr. Cushing to your kind attention, for his own sake, as well as that of the cause, I remain,

"Very respectfully, your friend,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"HIS EXCELLENCY FRANCIS W. PICKENS."\*

Mr. Cushing was a man of great affability, and of prominence in the Democratic party. He had been Attorney-General under President Pierce, and was called to preside over

the Charleston convention, until the dissension in that body between Northern and Southern Democrats caused its disruption and adjournment to Baltimore. In the second disruption at Baltimore, Mr. Cushing had followed the fortunes of the Southern leaders, and with them had seceded, and presided over that fraction of the original body which nominated Breckinridge. Though a Massachusetts man, he was thus affiliated in party principle, party organization, and party action with the South, and President Buchanan not unnaturally thought that he was a proper personal agent, and ought to be an influential party representative, capable, in behalf of the Administration, of dissuading the Charleston conspirators from their dangerous determination, or at least from their reckless precipitancy.

But the sequel shows that Buchanan both misunderstood the men he had to deal with, and was unequal in purpose or will to cope with their superior daring and resolution.

Mr. Cushing arrived in Charleston on the day the South Carolina convention passed its ordinance of secession. He obtained an interview with Governor Pickens, and presented the President's letter. "I had but a short interview with him," says Governor Pickens in his message of November 5th, 1861, "and told him I would return no reply to the President's letter, except to say very candidly that there was no hope for the Union, and that, so far as I was concerned, I intended to maintain the separate independence of South Carolina, and from this purpose neither temptation nor danger should for a moment deter me." There is a notable contrast in this haughty and defiant reception by a South Carolina governor of the messenger of the President of the United States, to the cringing and apologetic spirit in which the President had on that same morning received the messenger of the governor and replied to his demand. Mr. Cushing's reply deserves special notice. "He said," continues Governor Pickens, "that he could not say what changes circumstances might produce, but when he left Washington there was then no intention whatever to change the status of the forts in our harbor in any way." By this language Mr. Cushing himself seems to have changed his errand from a patriotic mission of protest and warning to one conveying hopeful and advantageous information to the conspirators.

It could hardly have been without a sense of personal mortification to Mr. Cushing that the drama which he had been sent to avert, or at least to postpone, immediately unrolled itself under his very eyes, and his mortification must have risen to indignation when he was requested by his presence to grace the pageant. The South Carolina convention, during the

\* Buchanan to Pickens, December 18th, 1860. "S. C. House Journal," 1861, p. 171.



two days which had elapsed since its adjournment hither from Columbia, had been deliberating in secret session. A little after midday of December 20th, the streets of Charleston were filled with the following placards, giving the public the first notice of its action:

# CHARLESTON MERCURY EXTRA:

*Passed unanimously at 1.15 o'clock, P. M., December 20th, 1860.*

## AN ORDINANCE

*To dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America."*

*We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained,*

*That the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the union now existing between South Carolina and other States, under the name of "The United States of America," is hereby dissolved.*

THE

# UNION IS DISSOLVED!

The usual jubilations immediately followed, —ringing of bells, salutes of cannon, and the noise and display of street parades. The convention resolved to celebrate the event further by a public ceremonial to which it invited the governor, the legislature, and other dignitaries; and both branches of the legislature also sent a committee to Caleb Cushing to give him an official invitation to attend. At half-past 6 that evening the members of the convention marched in procession to Institute Hall, where the public signing of the ordinance of secession was performed with appropriate solemn-



ATTORNEY-GENERAL JEREMIAH S. BLACK.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ties, and at its close the President announced: "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina an Independent Commonwealth."

The city and the State joined in general exultation as if a great work had been accomplished, as if the efforts of a generation had been crowned with fulfillment, and nothing remained but to rest and enjoy the ripened fruit of independence. There seemed to be no dream, amid all this rejoicing, that nothing definite had as yet been effected; that the reckless day's act was but the prelude to the most terrible tragedy of the age, the unchaining of a storm which should shake the continent with terror and devastation, leaving every Southern State a wreck, and sweeping from the face of the earth the institution in whose behalf the fatal work was done.

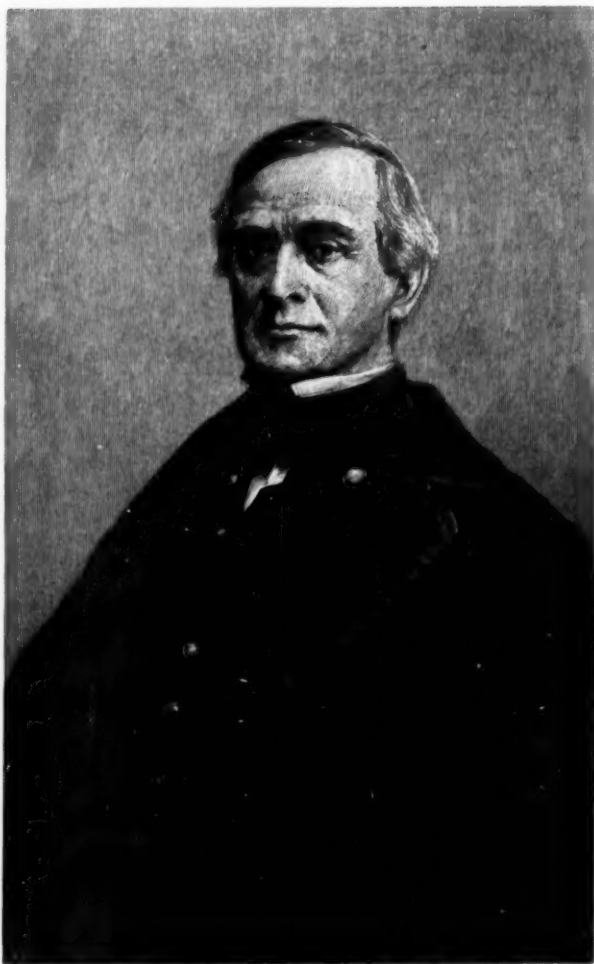
The secession ordinance having been passed, signed, and proclaimed, the convention busied itself for the next few days in making up a public statement of its reasons for the anomalous procedure. The discussion showed a wide divergence of opinion as to the causes which had produced the act. One ascribed it to the election of Lincoln, another to the failure of the Northern States to execute the fugitive-slave law, a third to the antislavery sentiment of the free States, a fourth to the tariff, a fifth to unconstitutional appropriations by Congress, and so on. On the 24th of December the convention adopted a "Declaration of Causes," and an "Address to the Slaveholding States," the two papers together em-

bracing the above and other specifications. Since neither the Constitution of the United States nor the laws of Congress contained any section, clause, word, or reasonable implication that authorized an act of secession, the "Declaration of Causes" formulated the doctrine of State-rights in justification. That doctrine in substance was, that the several States entered the Union as sovereignties; that in forming the Federal Government they delegated to it only specific powers for specific ends; that the Federal Government was not a sovereign over sovereignties, but was only an agent between them; that there existed no common arbiter to adjudge differences; that each State or sovereignty might judge for itself any violation of the common agreement and choose its own mode of redress; consequently that each State might adhere to or secede from the Union, at its own sovereign will and pleasure.

This doctrine, springing from early differences of constitutional interpretation, had not been promulgated in its ultra form until South Carolina's nullification movement in 1832. It had been accepted and sustained by only a small fraction of the American people. The whole current, action, and development of the government of the United States under the Constitution was based upon the opposite theory. Washington and the succeeding Presidents rejected it in their practical administration; Marshall and the Supreme Court condemned it in their judicial decisions; Webster refuted it in his highest constitutional arguments; Congress repudiated it in its legislation; Jackson denounced it in executive proclamation as treasonable and revolutionary; and the people of the Union at large regarded it as an absurd and dangerous political heresy.

#### CHARLESTON HARBOR.

WE have sketched the positions assumed by President Buchanan upon the political theories



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

involved in the secession movement, as well as the contradictory policy he proposed to pursue in dealing with it. In addition, it becomes necessary to state briefly the practical action so far taken by him, especially in regard to the forts in Charleston Harbor, the possession of which was so earnestly desired by the leaders of rebellion in South Carolina. To secede, to declare their political independence without power to control their harbors and regulate their commerce, would be an absurdity calculated to draw upon them only the ridicule of foreign powers. The possession of the Federal forts, therefore, far exceeded in importance even their ordinance of secession, and had engaged a much earlier and deeper solicitude on their part. These forts were three in number. Look

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at any good map of Charleston Harbor, and it will be seen that the city lies on the extreme point of a tongue of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, every part being within easy range under the guns of Castle Pinckney, which stands on a small island, three-quarters of a mile distant. Four miles to seaward is the mouth of the harbor, and nearly midway therein stands the more extensive and imposing work of Fort Sumter, its guns not only sweeping all the approaches and ship-channels, but the shores and islands on either hand. It needs but a glance at the map to see that, with proper garrisons and armaments, Fort Sumter commands the harbor, and Castle Pinckney commands the city, in the absence of very formidable preparations for attack.

Owing to the long period of peace through which the country had passed, these works were in a neglected condition, and only partly occupied. There was only an ordnance sergeant in Castle Pinckney, only an ordnance sergeant in Fort Sumter, and a partial garrison at Fort Moultrie. Both Sumter and Moultrie were greatly, and Castle Pinckney slightly, out of repair, with no mounted guns or the usual necessary appurtenances for defense. During the summer of 1860 Congress made an appropriation for these works; and the engineer captain who had been in charge for two years past had, indeed, been ordered to begin and prosecute repairs in the two forts. Whether this step was taken to afford ultimate help to the Union or help to the Rebellion, will perhaps never be historically proved, nor is the fact material.

It is needless at this point to enter upon certain very interesting details showing how these forts, from the very first, became objects of prime solicitude; how the leaders and people of Charleston in various ways manifested their purpose to seize them; how General Scott recommended that they should be reënforced; how the officer in command specifically asked that the garrison in Moultrie might be increased; how Secretary of War Floyd sent an officer to inspect their condition.

A more necessary fact to be stated is that the Administration, on the 13th of November, ordered Major Robert Anderson of Kentucky to take command of the forts and forces in Charleston Harbor. In the execution of this duty Major Anderson reached Fort Moultrie and assumed command on November 21st; and having from his several interviews with the President, Secretary of War, and Lieutenant-General Scott become fully impressed with the importance of his trust, proceeded as a first step to acquaint himself thoroughly with his situation and resources. As a result his report urgently warned the Government that the

harbor must be immediately and strongly reënforced, and this suggestion he repeated from time to time with earnestness and persistence. This judicious advice, however, was neglected by the President and rejected by the Secretary of War. "It is believed,"—so ran the reply and apparently the final decision of the Government,—

"from information thought to be reliable, that an attack will not be made on your command, and the Secretary has only to refer to his conversation with you, and to caution you that should his convictions unhappily prove untrue, your actions must be such as to be free from the charge of initiating a collision. If attacked, you are, of course, expected to defend the trust committed to you to the best of your ability. The increase of the force under your command, however much to be desired, would, the Secretary thinks, judging from the recent excitement produced on account of an anticipated increase, as mentioned in your letter, but add to that excitement, and might lead to serious results."

It is a fair inference from facts not necessary to relate here that the Charleston leaders of secession had knowledge of this decision of the Secretary of War; but so eager was their desire to prevent reënforcements that they proceeded to obtain a substantial pledge in that behalf.

On Saturday, December 8th, four of the representatives in Congress from South Carolina requested an interview of President Buchanan, which he granted them. One of their number has related the substance of their address with graphic frankness:

"Mr. President, it is our solemn conviction that if you attempt to send a solitary soldier to these forts, the instant the intelligence reaches our people (and we shall take care that it does reach them, for we have sources of information in Washington so that no orders for troops can be issued without our getting information) these forts will be forcibly and immediately stormed.

"We all assured him that if an attempt was made to transport reënforcements, our people would take these forts, and that we would go home and help them to do it; for it would be suicidal folly for us to allow these forts to be manned. And we further said to him that a bloody result would follow the sending of troops to those forts, and that we did not believe that the authorities of South Carolina would do anything prior to the meeting of this convention, and that we hoped and believed that nothing would be done after this body met until we had demanded of the general government the recession of these forts."

Here was an avowal to the President himself—not only of treason at Charleston, but of conspiracy in the executive departments of the general Government; a demand coupled with menace. Instead of meeting these with a stern rebuke and dismissal, the President cowered and yielded. He hastened to assure his visitors that it was his determination "not to reënforce the forts in the harbor and

\* Statement of Miles and Keitt to the South Carolina Convention.

thus produce a collision, until they had been actually attacked," or until he had "certain evidence that they were about to be attacked."

The President suggested that "for prudential reasons" it would be best to put in writing what they had said to him verbally. This they readily promised, and on Monday, the 10th, gave him, duly signed by five of the South Carolina representatives, this important paper:

"WASHINGTON, December 9th, 1860.

"In compliance with our statement to you yesterday, we now express to you our strong convictions that neither the constituted authorities, nor any body of the people of the State of South Carolina, will either attack or molest the United States forts in the harbor of Charleston, previously to the action of the convention, and we hope and believe not until an offer has been made through an accredited representative to negotiate for an amicable arrangement of all matters between the State and the Federal Government, provided that no reinforcements shall be sent into those forts, and their relative military status shall remain as at present."

When President Buchanan came to look at the cold, explicit language of this document, he shrank from the definite programme to which it committed him. "I objected to the word 'provided,' as it might be construed into an agreement on my part which I never would make. They said nothing was further from their intention; they did not so understand it, and I should not so consider it."\* There followed mutual protests that the whole transaction was voluntary, informal, and in the nature of a mediation; that neither party possessed any delegated authority or binding power.

While the Charleston conspirators had thus taken effectual steps to bind the future acts of the Executive in respect to the forts in Charleston Harbor, and to make sure that the rising insurrection in South Carolina should not be crippled or destroyed by any surprise or sudden movement emanating from Washington, they were not less watchful to counteract and prevent any possible hostile movement against them on the part of Major Anderson or his handful of officers and troops in Fort Moultrie, undertaken on their own discretion. Their boast of secret sources of information in Washington, coupled with subsequent events, furnish unerring proof that Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, though openly opposing disunion, was already in their confidence and councils, and was lending them such active coöpera-

tion as might be disguised or perhaps still excused to his own conscience as tending to avert collision and bloodshed.

Shortly before, or about the time of the truce we have described, Secretary Floyd sent an officer of the War Department to Fort Moultrie with special verbal instructions to Major Anderson, which were duly communicated and the substance of them reduced to writing and delivered to that officer, on the 11th of December, being the day following the final conclusion of the President's unofficial truce at Washington.

Upon mere superficial inspection this order disclosed only the then dominant anxiety of the Administration to prevent collision. But if we remember that it was issued and sent to Major Anderson without the President's knowledge and without the knowledge of General Scott,† and especially if we keep in sight the state of public sentiment of both Charleston and Washington and the paramount official influences which had taken definite shape in the President's truce, we can easily read between the lines that it was a most artfully contrived document to lull suspicion while it effectually restrained Major Anderson from any act or movement which might check or control the insurrectionary preparations. He must do nothing to provoke aggression; he must take no hostile attitude without evident and imminent necessity; he must not move his troops into Fort Sumter, unless it were attempted to attack or take possession of one of the forts or such a design was tangibly manifested. Practically, when the attempt to seize the vacant forts might come it would be too late to prevent it, and certainly too late to move his own force into either of them. Practically, too, any serious design of that nature would never be permitted to come to his knowledge. Supplement these negations and restrictions by the unrecorded verbal explanations and comments made by Major Buell, by his emphatic and express disapproval of the meager defensive preparations which had been made, such as his open declaration that a few loop-holes "would have a tendency to irritate the people,"‡ and we can readily imagine how a faithful officer, whose reiterated reasonable requests had been refused, felt that under such instructions, amid such surroundings, under such neglect, "his hands were tied" and that he and his little command were a foredoomed sacrifice.§

Buell."—[General Scott (by G. W. Lay) to Twiggs, December 28th, 1860. "War Records," Vol. I., p. 580.]

† Doubleday's "Sumter," p. 51.

§ In a Senate speech, January 10th, 1861 ("Globe," page 307), Jefferson Davis, commenting on these orders, while admitting that they empowered Major Anderson to go from one post to another, said, "though his orders were not so designed, as I am assured."

\* Buchanan to Comrs., December 31st, 1860. W. R., I., p. 116.

† "The President has listened to him with due friendliness and respect, but the War Department has been little communicative. Up to this time he has not been shown the written instructions of Major Anderson, nor been informed of the purport of those more recently conveyed to Fort Moultrie verbally by Major

## THE RETIREMENT OF CASS.

THE non-coercion doctrine had been yielded as early as November 20th, in the Attorney-General's opinion of that date. The fact was rumored not only in the political circles of the capital, but in the chief newspapers of the country; and the three secession members of the Cabinet had doubtless communicated it confidentially to all their prominent and influential confederates. Since that time South Carolina had continued her preparation for secession with unremitting industry; Mississippi had authorized a convention and appointed commissioners to visit all the slave States and propagate disunion—among them Mr. Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, exercised this insurrectionary function while yet remaining in the Cabinet. North Carolina had refused to go into an election of United States senator; Florida had passed a convention bill; Georgia had initiated legislative proceedings to bring about a conference of the Southern States at Atlanta; both houses of the National Congress had rung with secession speeches, while daily and nightly caucuses took place at Washington.

Mr. Buchanan's truce with the South Carolina representatives had as little effect in arresting the secession intrigues as his non-coercion doctrine officially announced in the annual message. On the evening of the very day (December 8th) on which he received the South Carolina pledge, his Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb of Georgia, tendered his resignation, announcing in the same letter his intention to embark in the active work of disunion. "My withdrawal," he wrote to the President, "has not been occasioned by anything you have said or done." Ignoring the fact that the Treasury was prosperous and solvent when he took charge of it, and that at the moment of his leaving, it could not pay its drafts, Mr. Cobb five days later published a long and inflammatory address to the people of Georgia, concluding with this exhortation: "I entertain no doubt either of your right or duty to secede from the Union. Arouse then all your manhood for the great work before you and be prepared on that day to announce and maintain your independence out of the Union, for you will never again have equality and justice in it."

The President had scarcely yet found a successor for Mr. Cobb when the head of his Cabinet, Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, also tendered his resignation and retired from the Administration.

The incident of Secretary Cass's resignation brings into relief the mental reservations under which Buchanan's paradoxical theories had

been concurred in by his Cabinet. A private memorandum, in Mr. Buchanan's handwriting, commenting on the event, makes the following emphatic statement:

"His resignation was the more remarkable on account of the cause he assigned for it. When my late message (of December, 1860) was read to the Cabinet before it was printed, General Cass expressed his unreserved and hearty approbation for it, accompanied by every sign of deep and sincere feeling. He had but one objection to it, and this was, that it was not sufficiently strong against the power of Congress to make war upon a State for the purpose of compelling her to remain in the Union; and the denial of this power was made more emphatic and distinct upon his own suggestion."—[G. T. Curtis's "Life of Buchanan," II., p. 399.]

But this position was probably qualified and counterbalanced in his own mind by the President's positive promise that he would collect the Federal revenue and protect the Federal property. Little by little, however, delay and concession rendered this impossible. The collector at Charleston still nominally exercised his functions as a Federal officer; but it was an open secret among the Charleston authorities, and must also by this time have become known to the Government at Washington, that he was only holding the place in trust for the coming secession convention. As to protecting the Federal property, the refusal to send Anderson troops, the President's truce, the gradual development of Mr. Buchanan's irresolution and lack of courage, and finally Mr. Cobb's open defection, must have convinced Mr. Cass that under existing determinations, orders, and influences it was an utterly hopeless prospect.

The whole question seems to have been finally debated and decided in a long and stormy Cabinet session held on December 13th.\* The events of the past few days had evidently shaken the President's confidence in his own policy. He startled his dissembling and conspiring Secretary of War with the sudden question, "Mr. Floyd, are you going to send recruits to Charleston to strengthen the forts?" "Don't you intend to strengthen the forts at Charleston?" The apparent change of policy alarmed the Secretary, but he replied promptly that he did not. "Mr. Floyd," continued Mr. Buchanan, "I would rather be in the bottom of the Potomac to-morrow than that these forts in Charleston should fall into the hands of those who intend to take them. It will destroy me, sir, and, Mr. Floyd, if that thing occurs it will cover your name with an infamy that all time can never efface, because it is in vain that you will attempt to show that you have not some complicity in handing over those forts to those who take them." The wily

\* Floyd's Richmond speech. "N. Y. Herald," January 17th, 1861, p. 2.



Secretary replied, "I will risk my reputation, I will trust my life that the forts are safe under the declarations of the gentlemen of Charleston." "That is all very well," replied the President, "but does that secure the forts?" "No, sir; but it is a guaranty that I am in earnest," said Floyd. "I am not satisfied," said the President.

Thereupon the Secretary made the never-failing appeal to the fears and timidity of Mr. Buchanan. He has himself reported the language he used:

"I am sorry for it," said he; "you are President, it is for you to order. You have the right to order, and I will consider your orders when made. But I would be recreant to you if I did not tell you that this policy of garrisoning the forts will lead to certain conflicts; it is the inauguration of civil war, and the beginning of the effusion of blood."

"[If] it is a question of property, why not put an ordnance sergeant—a man who wears worsted epaulets on his shoulders and stripes down his pantaloons—as the representative of the property of the United States? That will be enough to secure the forts. If it is a question of property, he represents it," and let us wait until the issue is made by South Carolina. She will go out of the Union and send her commissioners here. Up to that point the action is insignificant. Action after this demands the attention of the great council of the nation. Let us submit the question to Congress—it is for Congress to deal with the matter."

This crafty appeal to the President's hesitating inclinations was seconded by the active persuasions of the leading conspirators of Congress whom Floyd promptly called to his assistance.

"I called for help from that bright Saladin of the South, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi—and I said, 'Come to my rescue, the battle is a little more than my weak heart can support—come to me,' and he came. Then came that old jovial-looking, noble-hearted representative from Virginia, James M. Mason. Here came that anomaly of modern times, the youthful Nestor, here came Hunter. From the North, the South, the East, and the West there came up the patriots of the country, the champions of constitutional liberty, and they talked with the President of the United States, and they quieted his fears and assured him in the line of duty. They said, 'Let there be no force'; and the President said to me, 'I am content with your policy!' and then it was that we determined that we would send no more troops to the harbor in Charleston."—[Floyd's Richmond speech. "N. Y. Herald," January 17th, 1861, p. 2.]

With a last effort to rouse the President from his lethargy, Cass demanded in the Cabinet meeting of the 13th, that the forts should be strengthened. But he was powerless to break the spell. Says Floyd:

"The President said to him in reply, with a beautiful countenance and with a heroic decision that I shall never forget, in the council chamber, 'I have considered

\* Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," p. 215, Vol. I., also lays claim to this suggestion: "The President's objection to this was, that it was his bounden duty to preserve and protect the property of the United States. To this I replied with all the earnestness the occasion demanded,

this question—I am sorry to differ from the Secretary of State—I have made up my mind. The interests of the country do not demand a reinforcement of the forces in Charleston. I cannot do it—and I take the responsibility of it upon myself."

The other Union members of the Cabinet received the rumor of Mr. Cass's resignation with gloomy apprehensions. Postmaster-General Holt,† with whom by reason of their loyal sympathy he had been on intimate terms, hastened to him to learn whether the report were indeed true and whether his determination were irrevocable. Cass confirmed the fact with his own lips; saying that, representing the Northern and loyal constituency which he did, he could no longer without dishonor to himself and to them remain in such treasonable surroundings. Holt endeavored to persuade him that under the circumstances it was all the more necessary that the loyal members of the Cabinet should remain at their posts, in order to prevent the country's passing into the hands of the secessionists by mere default. But Cass replied, No; that the public feeling and sentiment of his section would not tolerate such a policy on his part. "For you," he said, "coming from a border State, where a modified, perhaps a divided, public sentiment exists, that is not only a possible course, but it is a true one; it is your duty to remain, to sustain the Executive and counteract the plots of the traitors. But my duty is otherwise; I must adhere to my resignation."

#### FORT SUMTER.

THE Charleston conspirators were aware that, in their well-laid intrigues to obtain possession of all the Charleston forts, there was one point of weakness and danger. They had secured a virtual pledge that no reinforcements would be sent, and they had reasonable confidence that at any desirable moment they could, by a sudden, overwhelming assault, capture Fort Moultrie with its slender garrison of sixty soldiers under Anderson's command. But if Anderson should suddenly move his garrison into Fort Sumter, a larger and stronger work, rising sheer out of the waters of the bay, midway in the mouth of the harbor, their task would be more serious, perhaps impossible. Against such a contingency they had taken two important precautions. The vaguely worded instructions of Secretary Floyd, as interpreted by themselves, seemed to forbid such a movement on his part; and to make assurance more

that I would pledge my life that, if an inventory were taken of all the stores and munitions in the fort, and an ordnance sergeant with a few men left in charge of them, they would not be disturbed."

† Holt, conversation with J. G. N. MS.

certain they had set two guard-boats to patroling the harbor at night to discover and prevent any surprise of this character.

Anderson also clearly saw the point of military advantage, and by a very pointed suggestion asked on December 22d for instructions from the War Department for a movement from Moultrie to Sumter,\* but found no response in the hopes and designs of Secretary Floyd.

The officers meantime freely visited the city and exchanged social courtesies with leading secessionists with many mutual protestations of the highest regard. "We appreciate your position," said their entertainers. "It is a point of honor with you to hold the fort, but a political necessity obliges us to take it."† But after the passage of the ordinance of secession, Major Anderson had ceased his visits to Charleston. Christmas day, however, was once more celebrated with these social amenities at a family party in Moultrieville, on Sullivan's Island. When Anderson returned from the scene of merry-making, in the solitude of his soldier's room he formed the resolution to abandon Fort Moultrie at the earliest possible moment; and on the evening of December 26th the transfer was secretly and successfully accomplished.

#### A BLUNDERING COMMISSION.

On Wednesday, December 26th, at 3 o'clock P. M., it being about the same time of the same day that Anderson was completing his preparations to leave Moultrie, Messrs. Barnwell, Adams, and Orr, the three commissioners from South Carolina, reached Washington. They were by authority of the convention empowered to negotiate a treaty of peace and friendship between the embryo republic and the United States; to secure the delivery of the forts, arsenal, and light-houses; to divide the public property and apportion the public debt, and generally to settle all pending questions, upon the assumption that South Carolina was no longer a member of the Union, but an independent foreign State.

There being no concealment about the temper and purpose of Mr. Buchanan, the arrival of the commissioners was promptly communicated to him, and he with an equal promptness appointed an interview with them at 1 o'clock of the next day, Thursday, December 27th. On their part, the commissioners deliberately settled themselves for business by taking a house and appointing a secretary. But

at sunrise on Thursday things were no longer as they had been at the previous sunset. Anderson's move on the military chess-board had changed not only the game of war but, yet more radically, the game of politics. The Charleston authorities, dumfounded by the event, probably suspected treachery from the Administration, and under this impulse interdicted the transmission of the news northward‡ until the next forenoon. They, however, sent the information to the commissioners at Washington, who communicated it to Mr. Buchanan.§

Catching at straws, Buchanan's first impulse was to assume that Anderson had abandoned Moultrie in a panic, and to restore the *status* by ordering him back into the fort. He had the distinct impression that his orders did not contemplate or permit the change; showing either how ignorant he was of the Buell memorandum, which had passed under his personal notice only six days before, or how thoroughly that contradictory document had mystified him as well as everybody else. Had the influences which were theretofore paramount in Washington yet remained intact, it is more than likely that this first impulse of the President would have been carried out. But things were changed at the capital as well as in Charleston. An embezzlement of near a million dollars' worth of Indian Trust Bonds had come to light and kept the Federal city and the whole country in a ferment for nearly a week. A department clerk and a New York contractor were in prison; but the responsibility of the affair had been brought home to Secretary Floyd so pointedly that three days before the President requested his resignation. Floyd was in no haste to comply, and Mr. Buchanan was too timid to dismiss his disgraced minister summarily, who still exercised the functions of Secretary of War.

Anderson's report, written at 8 P. M. on December 26th and sent by mail, had not yet reached Washington. Floyd was, therefore, incredulous about what the commissioners told him, but took immediate steps to verify the rumor. "Information has reached here this morning," he telegraphed to Anderson on the morning of the 27th, "that you have abandoned Fort Moultrie, spiked your guns, burned the carriages, and gone to Fort Sumter. It is not believed, because there is no order for any such movement. Explain the meaning of this report."

"The telegram is correct," replied Anderson; "I abandoned Fort Moultrie because I

\* Anderson to A. G., December 22d, 1860. W. R., I., p. 105.

† Doubleday, p. 47.

‡ The news of the evacuation of Moultrie, which should have been telegraphed before midnight, did not

reach Washington till about noon next day, and then only by way of Baltimore. (Washington "Star," 27th, Baltimore telegram.)

§ Mr. Buchanan's Administration, p. 180.

was certain that if attacked my men must have been sacrificed, and the command of the harbor lost. I spiked the guns and destroyed the carriages to keep the guns from being used against us." And he added, "If attacked, the garrison would never have surrendered without a fight."

Meanwhile the Cabinet was called together to deliberate on the unwelcome news. During the two weeks which had elapsed since the retirement of Cass and Cobb, a profound change had occurred in that body of presidential advisers. Governor Thomas of Maryland, also a secessionist, was made Secretary of the Treasury, a substitution which brought no reform; but, on the other hand, Black had not only been made Secretary of State but had been marvelously transformed in his political sentiments and acts by being brought into contact and companionship with Edwin M. Stanton, a man of iron will and hearty Union sentiments, who was nominated to succeed him as Attorney-General. A new and healthier atmosphere pervaded the executive council chamber in the discussion of the crisis. But the political condition of the nation was so abnormal, the public service so disorganized, and the executive so timid, that for three days and four nights, from the evening of the 27th to the morning of the 31st, Anderson hung doubtfully in the balance between honorable approval and disgraceful censure.\*

Secretary Floyd maintained with vehemence the existence of a mutual pledge created by the President's truce of the 10th; and claimed that Anderson had violated this pledge, since there was nothing in his instructions which could in any wise justify his removal to Sumter. Against this assumption Mr. Black, the new Secretary of State, took much more radical union ground than he had hitherto occupied. He insisted that Anderson's transfer was in perfect accordance with his orders, announced his unqualified approval of it, and asserted the duty of the Administration to sustain it. In regard to the issue thus raised, the President exhibited his usual irresolution. He denied the technical existence of a pledge, but could not, of course, deny its spirit; and sided with Floyd in the belief that Anderson's zeal had outrun the limit of his instructions. The Buell memorandum and the modifying order were sent for in hot haste, and now for the first time underwent Cabinet criticism. The studied ambiguity of these papers furnished arguments for both sides; the entire question turning upon the point whether Anderson had "tangible evidence of a design to proceed to a hostile act." Floyd now submitted a written

\* C. F. Black, "Essays and Speeches of J. S. Black," pp. 11 and 12.

demand that he should be allowed at once to order the garrison to be withdrawn entirely from the harbor of Charleston, alleging that the Government was dishonored in the violation of its most solemn pledges.

Pending the discussion, the Cabinet adjourned until evening. The President's audience to the commissioners had been postponed until the next day; but they were not idle. All that day and until midnight they were the center of the consternation, the hopes, and the counsels of the conspirators.† Meanwhile the official leakage, the Baltimore dispatches, and finally the issue of the afternoon papers had communicated Anderson's stroke to the whole Federal city, which seethed with excitement. General Scott, confined to his sick-room, sent his aide-de-camp to remind the President of the existence of such an officer as the General-in-Chief of the American armies. In the evening the adjourned Cabinet meeting resumed its deliberations, and continued the session to a late hour. News went forth to the Northern newspapers that night that before its close a vote of four to three had decided against ordering the troops back to Moultrie. This news, however, was premature. Whether a vote was taken or not, the question did not reach a decision. What was done is described in the language of Mr. Buchanan:

"In this state of suspense, the President determined to await official information from Major Anderson himself. After its receipt, should he be convinced upon full examination that the major, on a false alarm, had violated his instructions, he might then think seriously of restoring for the present the former *status quo* of the forts."

But the aggressive acts of the insurgents were continually outrunning the vacillating decisions of the President. During the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, the Arsenal, Post-office, and Custom-house at Charleston passed into the hands of the insurrection. Like the news of Anderson's transfer the day before, the information was suppressed by the Charleston authorities. Beyond its transmission perhaps to their friends in Washington, none of the transactions at Charleston on Thursday afternoon and night were permitted to be telegraphed to the North, until about 10 o'clock on Friday morning the 28th, in the hope that the order for Anderson's return could be extorted from the President before he should be stung to resistance.

But the seizures at Charleston, made on the personal judgment of Governor Pickens, and against at least the implied consent of the convention, were of doubtful expediency for them,

† Charleston "Courier," December 28th, 1860. Washington dispatch of 27th.

and were so regarded by many ardent secessionists. The "Richmond Whig" denounced them as a "shameful outrage," and soundly berated South Carolina for not being content to go out of the Union peacefully. These seizures, however, might still have been turned to advantage, but for the more serious blunder now committed by the commissioners themselves.

Their promised interview with Mr. Buchanan, postponed from 1 o'clock on Thursday, on account of the Anderson news, was held at half-past 2 on Friday the 28th. The President had that forenoon heard of the Charleston outrages, and knew that from being the agents of a conspiracy they had now become the emissaries of an insurrection. But he failed to note the declaration of the Constitution that treason against the United States consists in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. According to his explanations the Constitution indeed forbade his recognizing the authority of the commissioners, or deciding their claim; but he would give this claim point and dignity by referring it officially to Congress, with the sanction of a presidential message.

Had sound judgment guided them they would have seized eagerly upon this *quasi* acceptance of their mission,—which virtually gave them the President as an ally,—divided and paralyzed Congress by a sudden and combined intrigue, and made a conciliatory appeal to the commercial apprehensions of the Northern cities and manufacturing districts. But instead they now ventured their whole success upon a single desperate chance. Assuming a tone of anger and accusation, they impugned the honor of the Government, asked explanations of Anderson's conduct under the futile threat of suspending negotiations which were not yet begun, and urged the immediate withdrawal of the troops from the harbor of Charleston.

Under wiser advice Mr. Buchanan's hesitating decision finally went against them; and in that failure terminated the last and only hope of accomplishing peaceable secession.

#### THE CABINET RÉGIME.—BUCHANAN'S VIRTUAL ABDICATION.

THE ultimatum presented by the commissioners was at once made the subject of a Cabinet discussion, and continued in the evening of the same day. No decision was arrived at, and the meetings would be without special interest, were it not for the report of one of the incidents that shows the feeling which divided the presidential advisers into two irreconcilable factions. The scene is given in

the language of one of the participants in the evening session of Friday, December 28th, who afterward recounted the event in the council-room of the White House itself.

"The last I saw of Floyd," said Secretary Stanton, "was in this room, lying on the sofa which then stood between the windows yonder. I remember it well—it was on the night of the 28th of December, 1860. We had had high words and had almost come to blows, in our discussion over Fort Sumter. Thompson was here—Thompson was a plausible talker, and as a last resort, having been driven from every other argument, advocated the evacuation of the fort on the plea of generosity. South Carolina, he said, was but a small State with a sparse white population—we were a great and powerful people and a strong, vigorous government. We could afford to say to South Carolina, 'See, we will withdraw our garrison as an evidence that we mean you no harm.'"

Stanton replied to him, "Mr. President, the proposal to be generous implies that the Government is strong, and that we as the public servants have the confidence of the people. I think that is a mistake. No administration has ever suffered the loss of public confidence and support as this has done. Only the other day it was announced that a million of dollars had been stolen from Mr. Thompson's department. The bonds were found to have been taken from the vault where they should have been kept, and the notes of Mr. Floyd were substituted for them. Now it is proposed to give up Sumter. All I have to say is, that no administration, much less this one, can afford to lose a million of money and a fort in the same week. Floyd remained silent and did not reappear in that chamber."\*

The Cabinet was again convened on the evening of Saturday, December 29th; but when it met, there was one vacant seat at the council-board. During that day, Floyd sent in his formal resignation, complaining that he had been subjected "to a violation of solemn pledges and plighted faith." The resignation was duly accepted on the following Monday, and the War Department placed provisionally under the charge of Postmaster-General Holt.† To the six assembled councilors, Mr. Buchanan now submitted the draft of his reply to the commissioners. The precise terms and substance of this document remain unpublished, and we are compelled to gather its import from a rather elaborate written criticism of it by a member of the Cabinet. This indicates, however, with sufficient clearness

\* Stanton, conversation. J. G. N., Personal memoranda. MS.

† R. R., I., Doc. 10.



that the paper, like all Mr. Buchanan's writings and conversations of this period, was contradictory, loose in expression, and entirely lacking in any clear presentation of issues.

Most radical of all the changes effected by these developments was that wrought in the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, Secretary of State. Growing with his increasing national responsibilities, he now, with the Sumter crisis, seems to have risen, for a time at least, to genuine leadership.

On Sunday morning, December 30th, convinced of the President's intention to adhere to his submitted reply to the commissioners, Mr. Black convened the Union section of the Cabinet, and announcing to them his inability to further sustain the President's contemplated action, declared his intention to resign, in which resolve he was also joined by Mr. Stanton. After due discussion and reflection, Mr. Toucey carried the information of this threatened defection to the President. Mr. Buchanan's courage utterly broke down before the prospect of finding himself alone in face of the political complications which came crowding upon him. He at once sent for Mr. Black; and after a confidential interview, the details of which have never been revealed, he gave the objectionable draft of his reply to his Secretary of State, with liberty to make all changes and amendments which in his opinion might be necessary. It was the President's virtual abdication.

Mr. Black rewrote his answer to the commissioners, refusing their demand. This result abruptly terminated their mission, and sent them home, not alone in the bitterness of disappointment, but to the great consternation of the Charleston conspirators. It also left Anderson in command and possession of Sumter, with at least the implied approval of the Government. There is not space here to relate the events of the next few days: the sudden change of policy pervading the Executive Mansion; the vigorous efforts of the Union members of the Cabinet to send reinforcements to Anderson; the relief expedition which sailed in the steamer *Star of the West*, and its unsuccessful effort to reach Fort Sumter; how Governor Pickens began the construction of batteries around it with which the rebels bombarded and captured the fort some three months later; and finally the further transformation of the executive council of the President by the retirement of the two secessionist members Thompson and Thomas, the latter being succeeded by John A. Dix as Secretary of the Treasury, who has left so brilliant a record as a staunch defender of the Government and the Union. With the adjournment of that Cabinet meeting on Saturday

night, December 29th, therefore, terminated the real administration of James Buchanan. Thenceforward, though he still continued to affix his official signature, the country was practically governed, in his name, by his Cabinet, to the end of the presidential term.

#### THE COTTON "REPUBLICS."

In the main the secession incidents and proceedings enacted in South Carolina were imitated and repeated in the other cotton States. Their several governors initiated the movement by early official action,—proclamations, messages, and orders. The office-holders at each State capital formed a convenient local caucus and committee of conspiracy. The programme in each case ran through essentially the same stages. There was first the meeting of the legislature, prompted and influenced by the State officials and the senators and representatives in Congress. Then under a loud outcry of public danger which did not exist, hasty measures to arm and defend the State; large military appropriations and extensive military organization. Next an act to call a convention, ostensibly to consult public opinion, but really for the occasion to rouse and mislead it. In each of the cotton States the Breckinridge Democracy, the most ultra of the three factions, all pro-slavery, was largely in the majority. Again, the long political agitation had brought into power and prominence the most radical leaders of this extreme party. These radical leaders were generally disunionists at heart, even where they had not been active and persistent conspirators. They now took up with alacrity the task of electing a secession convention. That the people were not with them a month before the presidential election is proved by the replies of the several governors to South Carolina, which are cited in a previous chapter. Nothing but the election itself had occurred to change that feeling; no threat, no act, no law, no catastrophe. Had governors and officials remained silent, the people would have felt no want and seen no danger. But when official action began the agitation, first by proclamations, then by legislative enactments, and lastly by forcing the issue upon the people through an election for delegates, there came an inevitable growth and cumulation of excitement. In this election it was the audacious, the ambitious, the reckless element which took the lead; which gathered enthusiasm, which organized success.

It must be remembered that this result was reached under specially favoring conditions. The long slavery agitation had engendered a brooding discontent, and the baseless



complaint of sectional injustice had grown through mere repetition from clamor into belief. The presidential election left behind it the sharp sting of defeat. Not in form and in law, but nevertheless in essential characteristics, the South was controlled by a landed aristocracy. The great plantation masters dominated society and politics. There was no diffused and healthy popular action, as in the town meetings of New England. Even the slaves of the wealthy proprietors spoke with habitual contempt of the "poor white trash" who lived in mean cabins and hoed their own corn and cotton. Except in Georgia the opposition to the secessionists' programme was either hopelessly feeble or entirely wanting. The Bell and Douglas factions had bitterly denounced Lincoln and the Republicans during the presidential campaign. Disarmed by their own words, they could not now defend them. The seaboard towns and cities of the South, jealous of the commercial supremacy of the North, anticipated in independence and free trade a new growth and a rich prosperity. Over all floated the constant dream of Southern Utopians, an indefinite expansion southward into a great slave empire. We may infer that under these various causes the election in most instances went by default.

Three special agencies coöperated with marked effect to stimulate the movement. Very early each cotton State sent commissioners to each of the other Southern States, and in every case the most active and zealous secessionists were of course appointed. These commissioners attended, harangued, and intrigued with the various deliberative assemblies, and thus constituted a network of most industrious propagandism. Another potent influence was the assembling of military conventions, that is, convocations of the captains, majors, colonels, and would-be generals, to spur on or intimidate lagging legislatures and conventions. Finally, the third and most effective piece of machinery was the State delegations in Congress assembled in Washington city at the beginning of December, and sending a running fire of encouragement or orders home to the capitals of their States.

Even with all this organization acting intelligently and persistently to a common end, from two to three months were required to work up the people of the cotton States to an acquiescence in the rebellion the conspirators had for years been planning. Without being exactly of contemporaneous date, it happened that in general the month of November witnessed the assembling of the legislatures and the making of necessary laws and appropriations. The month of December was

mainly occupied by the election of delegates to the State conventions. In this stage the voice of central authority from Washington was begun to be utilized. While the election excitement was at its highest ferment, there came from Washington, under date of the 14th of December, the revolutionary circular, signed by about one-half the Southern senators and representatives in Congress already quoted elsewhere. This circular announced that argument was exhausted, that hope was extinguished, that the Republicans would grant nothing which would or ought to satisfy the South, and that the honor, safety, and independence of the Southern people required immediate separate State secession, and the organization of a Southern confederacy. The effect of a congressional firebrand of such dimensions thrown upon the inflammable temper of the cotton States at such a juncture, may be easily imagined. Their people could not know that no single assertion in this circular was warranted by the facts; that Congress had not deliberated, that the compromise committees had not reported, and that the Republicans had in no shape presented or declared an ultimatum. The circular had been issued for a purpose, and served the end completely. Few Southern voters or speakers could dare to stand up and deny in Georgia or Alabama the accusation made by these "honorable" signers in Washington.

But the central cabal did not stop with this single *pronunciamento*. By this time the revolution, both local and central, had gained an accelerated momentum, and was rushing rapidly to its climax. Non-coercion was promised, Cass was driven from the Cabinet, the President was overawed, Congress was demoralized. Secession had secured a free path, and counted on an easy victory. So far as had been divulged, the programme hitherto was to complete separation by easy stages during the remainder of Mr. Buchanan's term, and not to organize the new Confederacy till after the 4th of March. But about New Year's the central conspiracy received a serious check. There was a Cabinet crisis. Buchanan momentarily asserted himself. Floyd was in turn driven from the Cabinet, the Unionists gained control of it, and Holt was made Secretary of War. This portended loyalty, decision, energy, reinforcements. Immediately there came a shower of telegrams and orders from the Washington fire-eaters to the cotton-State leaders, proclaiming danger and urging action. The central cabal was called together, deliberated earnestly, and perfected and hastened the plot. At a caucus held on January 5th (in one of the rooms of the Capitol building itself, it is said) the decisive and final rev-

olutionary programme committed itself to the following distinct points and plan. First: Immediate secession. Second: A convention at Montgomery, Alabama, not later than the 15th of February, to organize a Confederacy. Third: That, to prevent hostile legislation under the changed and loyal impulses of the President and his reconstructed Cabinet, the cotton-State senators should yet remain awhile in their places, to "keep the hands of Mr. Buchanan tied." Finally, and most important of all, the caucus appointed a committee, consisting of Jefferson Davis and Senators Slidell and Mallory, "to carry out the object of this meeting."\* The future chief of the great rebellion was chosen to preside over its primary organization.

If there had been any hesitation in the several State conventions about taking the final plunge, we may suppose that it disappeared when the programme outlined in this central caucus of January 5th, at Washington, was transmitted. We find that nearly the whole secession movement very speedily followed. Mississippi passed her ordinance on January 9th, Florida on January 10th, Alabama on January 11th, Georgia on January 19th, Louisiana on January 26th, and Texas, where peculiar conditions existed, on February 1st. Immediately connected with the passage of these secession ordinances, in some instances even preceding them, the next step in the insurrectionary scheme was taken. Each governor who organized the revolution in his State, now finding a little army of impulsive volunteers and ambitious officers at his nod and beck, orders two or three regiments to the nearest fort or arsenal, where an ordinance sergeant, or an attenuated infantry or artillery

company of Federal soldiers is representing the government title rather than the government power. The insurgents demand possession, and make a display of force. The officer in charge yields to the inevitable. He receives the demand for surrender in the name of the State; he complies under protest. There is a salute to the flag, peaceable evacuation, and he is allowed unmolested transit home as a military courtesy. By this process there was a quick succession of captures through which all the military strongholds and depots in the cotton States, excepting Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, Fort Pickens in Pensacola Harbor, Fort Taylor at Key West, and Fort Jefferson on Tortugas Island passed to the occupation and use of the rebellion; giving it a vantage-ground for defense, and a store of war material for offense, which for the first time since the presidential election gave the revolution a serious and formidable strength. We have thus far described the secession movement throughout the South in its general aspect. A glance at some of its features more in detail may not be without interest.

The State of Florida was the most zealous follower of South Carolina. She has a magnificent geographical area; and even allowing that perhaps three-fourths of it may be rivers and swamps, there yet remain near ten million acres of habitable land; which, with a climate favorable to a class of sub-tropical products much in demand, is enough to make her eventually the garden State of the South. But this immense domain was practically a wilderness, notwithstanding her earliest permanent settlement was almost three centuries old. Her white population did not reach the ratio of one representative

\* Senator Yulee of Florida to Joseph Finegan, Esq.

"WASHINGTON, January 7, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of the Senators from the seceding States—in which Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, and Florida were present. The idea of the meeting was that the States should go out at once, and provide for the early organization of a Confederate Government, not later than 15th February. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana and Texas to participate. It seemed to be the opinion that if we left here, force, loan, and volunteer bills might be passed, which would put Mr. Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities; whereas by remaining in our places until the 4th of March, it is thought we can keep the hands of Mr. Buchanan tied, and disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming Administration. The resolutions will be sent by the delegation to the President of the Convention. I have not been able to find Mr. Mallory this morning. Hawkins is in Connecticut. I have therefore thought it best to send you this copy of the resolutions.

"In haste, yours truly,

"D. L. YULEE.

"JOSEPH FINEGAN, Esq.

"Sovereignty Convention, Tallahassee, Florida."

The following were the resolutions referred to:

"Resolved 1. That in our opinion each of the Southern States should, as soon as may be, secede from the Union.

"Resolved 2. That provision should be made for a convention to organize a Confederacy of the seceding States, the convention to meet not later than the 15th of February, at the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama.

"Resolved, That in view of the hostile legislation that is threatened against the seceding States, and which may be consummated before the 4th of March, we ask instructions whether the delegations are to remain in Congress until that date for the purpose of defeating such legislation.

"Resolved, That a committee be and are hereby appointed, consisting of Messrs. Davis, Slidell, and Mallory, to carry out the objects of this meeting."

"The copy of these resolutions, forwarded by Senator Mallory January 6th, 1861, to the president of the Florida Convention, shows that they were adopted on the 5th of that month, and that they were signed by Messrs. Davis and Brown, of Mississippi; Hemphill and Wigfall, of Texas; Slidell and Benjamin, of Louisiana; Iverson and Toombs, of Georgia; Johnson, of Arkansas; Clay, of Alabama, and Yulee and Mallory, of Florida." W. R., Vol. I., 443-4.

in Congress.\* There was not a single town of three thousand inhabitants within her borders. She therefore became an easy prey to her ultra pro-slavery leaders, who were the first to applaud and second the Charleston insurrection. "Florida is with the gallant Palmetto State," wrote her governor, November 9th; and his message to the legislature, November 26th, clamored for "secession from our faithless, perjured Confederates." Under the manipulations of such an executive, backed by the equally aggressive advice and exertions of her two United States senators, prominent among the conspirators at Washington, she went through the forms of a convention, and the passing of a secession ordinance, January 10th. Her governor, with total disregard of authority, had already seized the arsenal at Apalachicola on January 5th, Fort Marion and the ordnance depot at St. Augustine on the 7th, as well as a schooner belonging to the Coast Survey. There were, in the arsenal, no arms, but 500,000 musket cartridges, 300,000 rifle cartridges, and 50,000 pounds of gunpowder. On the 8th he ordered the seizure of the navy yard and forts at Pensacola, which was accomplished on the 12th. However insignificant in her political power, the gain of Florida was nevertheless of great military and strategical value to the rebellion.

In Mississippi, the revolutionary sentiment had long been fostered by her most able and influential politicians. Jefferson Davis, eager to wear the mantle of Calhoun, had two years before announced the new rebellion. His speech at Vicksburg, November 27th, 1858, is thus reported in the "Daily Mississippian":

"Before concluding his remarks, he would anticipate the interrogatory which his audience might be disposed to propound to him, in view of the fast growing strength of the abolition party, as to what policy he would recommend in the event of the triumph of that party in 1860. He was for resistance—stern resistance. Rather than see the executive chair of the nation filled by a sworn enemy of our rights, he would shatter it into a thousand fragments before he had an opportunity of taking his seat. . . . The Government is at an end the very moment that an abolitionist is elected to the presidency."

The governor of Mississippi also was one of the most advanced revolutionists in the South. He declared himself ready for action as early as August 30th, 1860.

"I assure you," wrote he, "that I do sympathize and expect to continue to act with those who dare all and hazard all, rather than see Mississippi become a dependent province of a Black Republican government, and hold her constitutional rights by the frail tenure of

Black Republican oath. When sparks cease to fly upwards, Comanches respect treaties, and wolves kill sheep no more, the oath of a Black Republican might be of some value as a protection to slave property."

With Jefferson Davis in the Senate to conspire and advise, and Governor Pettus at home to order and execute, the fate of Mississippi could not long remain in doubt. The legislature had in the previous winter provided a military fund of \$150,000. Early in October the State made a purchase of arms, which at Jefferson Davis's request, and with Floyd's concurrence, were obligingly inspected by a government officer. The legislature was convened to meet, November 26th, to consider "the propriety and necessity of providing surer and better safeguards for the lives, liberties, and property of her citizens than have been found or are to be hoped for in Black Republican oaths." Commissioners to other States were appointed, and an election ordered, in pursuance of which a convention met, January 7th, and passed a secession ordinance on January 9th, 84 years to 15 days. The proceedings, as in other States, were secret and precipitate. Military organization was stimulated to the utmost, and on the 20th the unfinished fort on Ship Island and the Marine Hospital on the Mississippi River were seized by the insurrectionists at the governor's orders.

The State of Alabama had by her dominant partisanship on the slavery question been carried farther toward revolt than the other cotton States. Her legislature, on February 24th, 1860, with but two dissenting voices, provided by joint resolution that in case of the election of a Republican President, the governor should at once by proclamation order an election of delegates to a convention "to consider and do whatever in the opinion of said convention the rights, interests, and honor of the State of Alabama requires [*sic*] to be done for their protection." A fund of \$200,000 was appropriated for "military contingences"; and the governor was further authorized to send delegates to any future convention of the slave States.

A week after the November elections, the governor in a public letter announced that he would exercise this power to inaugurate revolution as soon as the choice of Lincoln should be made certain by the vote of the electoral college on December 5th. In the same letter he made a labored argument that Alabama ought to secede at once and "coöperate afterward." His proclamation was in due time issued, and the delegates were elected on December 24th. A spirited canvass seems to have been made. Judge Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court, addressed the voters in an earnest letter against disunion. Partisans separated themselves into three groups desig-

\* The population of Florida in 1860 was: White, 77,748; free colored, 932; slave, 61,745; total, 140,425. The ratio of representation for Members of Congress, from 1852 to 1863, was 93,423.—"Spofford's American Almanac," 1878, p. 170.

nated respectively as "submissionists," "co-operationists," and "straight-out secessionists." The southern half of the State, embracing the cotton-lands and strong slave counties on the gulf, was intensely revolutionary; the northern end, reaching up towards the commerce of the free States, was, or believed itself to be, conservative and union-loving; and the final popular decision was supposed to hang in considerable doubt.

The meeting of the convention at Montgomery, January 7th, soon dispelled this idea. On the first day it unanimously adopted a resolution declaring in substance that "Alabama cannot and will not submit to the Administration of Lincoln and Hamlin." Why any of the members after such a vote should have hesitated to commit themselves to the full scope of the conspirator's programme, shows the confused perception of their own attitude and intentions. They did not appear to realize how helplessly they were drifting in a current of revolution. Upon such material the radical secessionists concentrated their influence. Outside pressure gathered in overwhelming force. Telegrams poured in upon them in profusion. "They came so thick and fast, they seemed like snowflakes to fall from the clouds," said one of the members. Crowds besieged the doors. The governor had on January 4th, without warrant, seized Mount Vernon arsenal and Forts Morgan and Gaines at Mobile, and had caused the banks to suspend, and he now asked to be justified in these usurpations. News arrived that Florida and Mississippi had seceded. Application was made for military help to seize Pensacola. In the midst of the excitement came telegrams of the firing on the *Star of the West* at Charleston, and its attending incidents.

Before these combined influences conservative resolves and combinations gave way, and an ordinance of immediate secession was prepared. The ubiquitous Yancey, fresh from his Northern disavowals of the "Scarlet Letter," was once more on hand in the rôle of leading conspirator, and came near "precipitating revolution" in the convention itself, by his flaming declamation. The "coöperationists" were pleading for delay, when he indiscreetly threatened the penalties of treason against any factious minority which should venture to disobey an ordinance of secession. The Northern members flared up under the taunt. "Will the gentlemen go into those sections of the State and hang all who are opposed to secession? Will he hang them by families, by neighborhoods, by counties, by congressional districts? Who, sir, will give the bloody order? . . . Are these to be the first-fruits of a Southern Republic?" "Coming at the head of any force

which he can muster," replied another member, "aided and assisted by the executive of this State, we will meet him at the foot of our mountains, and there with his own selected weapons, hand to hand, and face to face, settle the question of the sovereignty of the people."

The flurry was quieted, however, and the ordinance reported on the third day of the session. The conservatives endeavored to substitute a project of a slave-State convention, and a basis of settlement with the North, but it was voted down, 54 to 45. After this the radicals had easy sailing, and on January 11th the ordinance passed, 61 to 39. It is touching to read the expressions of regret, of doubt, of protest, with which the opposition members reluctantly gave in their adhesion, and parted from their government and their flag, under the final and fallacious promptings of State pride and the baneful heresy of paramount State allegiance. And this lingering sorrow of delegates was followed in many localities by the lingering condemnation and remonstrance of their constituents. Four weeks later Hon. Jere. Clemens wrote from Huntsville: "There is still much discontent here at the passage of the ordinance of secession, but it is growing weaker daily, and, unless something is done to stir it up anew, will soon die away"; adding, also, "Last week Yancey was burned in effigy in Limestone." But it was all of no avail; the people writhed helplessly in the toils of their false leaders.

The State of Georgia was then, and is still, regarded as the Empire State of the South. Her action, therefore, became an object of the greatest solicitude. Her leading men were known to be divided in sentiment. The North looked with some confidence there for a conservative reaction; but they were leaning on a broken reed. With all their asseverations of loyalty, the Unionists of that State were such only upon impossible conditions. "As a Union man," wrote B. H. Hill, in September, "I shall vote in November. As a Union man I shall hope for the right. As a Southern man I shall meet the enemy and go with my State." Stephens, equally unsound in his allegiance, was ultra-radical on slavery. He believed it the normal condition of the negro, and looked forward to its spread into every State of the Union. Supporting Douglas, he repudiated "Squatter Sovereignty." H. V. Johnson was an old-time "resistance" advocate. This kind of leadership was *quasi* disunion, especially under the assaults of aggressive and uncompromising revolutionists like Toombs, Iverson, Cobb, and Governor Brown.

Nevertheless, the popular voice, which some-



times restrains the rashness of leaders, was yet in doubt, and compelled a policy of slow approaches to insurrection. Governor Brown, therefore, in his message of November 8th, went only to the extent of recommending retaliatory legislation, and that the State should be armed. The vote at the presidential election had been: Breckinridge, 51,889; Bell, 42,886; Douglas, 11,590. The statutes required a majority vote for electors, hence there was no choice by the people. In conformity with law, the legislature was obliged to appoint them; and accordingly it chose (January 29th) a college favorable to Breckinridge. In the interim the legislature was convulsed with the topics of the hour. Stephens made a famous plea for union; Toombs an equally fervid harangue for disunion.

Meanwhile the members had listened to an insidious suggestion apparently midway between the two extremes. "The truth is, in my judgment," writes Stephens, "the wavering scale in Georgia was turned by a sentiment, the key-note to which was given in the words—'We can make better terms out of the Union than in it.' It was Mr. Thomas R. R. Cobb who gave utterance to this key-note in his speech before the legislature two days anterior to my address before the same body. This idea did more, in my opinion, in carrying the State out, than all the arguments and eloquence of all others combined." A formidable outside pressure in the shape of a military convention, and a large secession caucus was also organized and led by Governor Brown. The legislature could not resist the impetuous current. A military appropriation of one million dollars was made November 13th, and a convention bill passed on the 18th.

Perhaps the most hotly contested election campaign which occurred in any Southern State now took place for the convention, in the course of which fifty-two members of the legislature joined in a "coöperation" address, urging a conference of Southern States instead of immediate secession. The vote was cast January 2d, and, encouraged by apparent success, Governor Brown, on the following day, ordered the seizure of Fort Pulaski, and placed the telegraph under surveillance. The convention assembled at Milledgeville on January 16th, and the respective factions mustered their adherents for the combat. The struggle was short and decisive. In place of a brief and direct secession resolution the conservatives offered to substitute a proposition to hold a Southern conference at Atlanta, and setting forth certain "indispensable" amendments to the Constitution of the United States. It is almost needless to say they were exacting and advanced to a degree not yet suggested in

any quarter. The "Georgia platform," hitherto proclaimed by Mr. Stephens as his creed, was left far behind. That was a simple affirmation of the settlement of 1850. These new "guarantees" embraced provisions which would in practice have legalized slavery in the free States. There was no more hope that the North would accept them than that it would set up a monarchy. Radical as was this alternative, the straight-out secessionists would not even permit a vote to be taken upon it. The secession resolution was rushed through under the previous question, 166 yeas to 130 nays. On the following day an inquiry into the election for delegates was throttled with similar ferocity, 168 to 127. After this all opposition broke down, and on January 19th the secession ordinance was passed, 208 yeas to 89 nays. It was finally meekly signed by all the delegates but six, and even those promised their lives and fortunes to the cause. Governor Brown, on January 24th, set up the cap-sheaf of insurrection by sending six or seven hundred volunteers to demand and receive the surrender of the Augusta arsenal, declaring with sarcastic etiquette in his demand that "the State is not only at peace, but anxious to cultivate the most amicable relations with the United States Government."

The State of Louisiana followed in the main the action of the already mentioned cotton States except that it was somewhat more tardy. Her governor and her senators in Congress were as pronounced as the other principal conspirators, but her people as a whole were not yet quite so ripe for insurrection. "The State of Louisiana," wrote one of the secession emissaries, "from the fact that the Mississippi River flows through its extent and debouches through her borders, and that the great commercial depot of that river and its tributaries is the city of New Orleans, occupies a position somewhat more complicated than any other of the Southern States, and may present some cause of delay in the consummation and execution of the purpose of a separation from the North-western States, and the adoption of a new political status." Here as elsewhere, however, the executive sword was thrown into the vibrating scale. First, the governor's proclamation calling an extra session of the legislature to meet December 10th; then, on the plea of public danger, an appropriation to arm the State; next, on pretext of consulting public opinion, a convention bill; then, having volunteers, the seizure of Baton Rouge barracks and arsenal (January 10th) and Forts Jackson and St. Phillip (January 15th), and other Federal property; and then the terrorism of loud-mouthed revolution. When the convention

met, January 23d, its tide was already as irresistible as the waters of the Mississippi. A proposition for a slave-State conference was voted down, 106 to 24; another to "provide for a popular vote," defeated by 84 to 43, and on January 26th, some of the "coöperation" delegates having prudently silenced their scruples, the secession ordinance was passed, 113 yeas to 17 nays. Two exceptional incidents occurred in the action of Louisiana. One was the unanimous adoption of a resolution recognizing "the right of the free navigation of the Mississippi River and its tributaries by all friendly States bordering thereon," and also "the right of egress and ingress of the mouths of the Mississippi by all friendly States and powers." The other was that one of her Federal representatives, Hon. John E. Bouligny, remained true to his oath and his loyalty, and continued to hold his seat in Congress to the end of his term—the solitary instance from the cotton States.

It is a significant feature in the secession proceedings of the six cotton States which first took action, that their conventions in

every case neglected or refused to submit their ordinances of secession to a vote of the people for ratification or rejection. The whole spirit and all the phenomena of the movement forbade their doing so. From first to last the movement was forced, not spontaneous, official, not popular; and its leaders could not risk the period of doubt which a submission of the ordinances would involve, much less their rejection at the polls. To this general rule Texas, the seventh seceding State, forms an exception. Governor Houston opposed secession, and as long as possible thwarted the conspirators' plans. By a bolder usurpation than elsewhere, they nevertheless assembled an independent and entirely illegal convention, passed an ordinance of secession, February 1st, and held an election to ratify or reject it, February 23d. Long before this they had in substance joined the State to the rebel Confederacy, and the popular vote showed a nominal majority for secession, though the partial returns and the voting, amid a local revolution, afforded no trustworthy indication of a popular sentiment.

## MY SHADOW.

UP and down it follows, follows,  
I can never quite escape;  
On the hills and in the hollows,  
This familiar, silent shape  
Still is with me, tireless ever;  
Friend or foe—whoe'er I meet,  
This companion leaves me never,  
Keeping step with soundless feet.

Looking at it, I am lonely,  
For a stranger still it seems;  
Though it follows me—me only,  
Yet, as something seen in dreams,  
I behold it. Oft I wonder  
Whither all its steps do tend;  
All its features hidden under  
Veils no changeful winds can rend.

Canst thou hear me, lover, stranger?  
Silent shape, I tell thee now,  
I, through safety and through danger,  
Am become as changed as thou;  
Yet my heart leaps on before me,  
New stars burn within the sky;  
Courage, courage! I implore thee,—  
O my comrade, faster fly!

Can no pain nor passion move thee,  
O my comrade? I am tossed  
By the tempests sent to prove me,—  
On thy calm their wrath is lost.  
Come thou near, my patient lover,  
Let me whisper that I see —  
What no other may discover —  
Change at last has come to thee!

Once thy feet were swift beside me:  
Not a hill too high to climb;  
From the heat thou didst not hide thee,  
Naught to thee were space and time;  
Light as air, I saw thee dancing  
Down the pathway where I strayed,—  
Dost thou see the night advancing?  
Art thou of the dark afraid?

Ellen M. H. Gates.

## WON.

**B**IRD, by her garden gate  
Singing thy happy song,  
Round thee the listening leaves  
Joyously throng.  
Tell them that yesternight  
Under the stars so bright,  
I wooed and won her!

Red rose, rejoice with me!  
Swing all thy censers low,  
Bid each fair bud of thine  
Hasten to blow.  
Lift every glowing cup  
Brimming with sweetness up,  
For — I have won her!

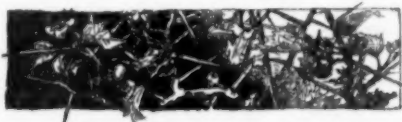
Wind, bear the tidings far,  
Far over hill and dale;  
Let every breeze that blows  
Swell the glad tale.  
River, go tell the sea,  
Boundless and glad and free,  
That I have won her!

Stars, ye who saw the blush  
Steal o'er her lovely face,  
When first her tender lips  
Granted me grace,  
Who can with her compare,  
Queen of the maidens rare?  
Yet — I have won her!

Sun, up yon azure height  
Treading thy lofty way,  
Ruler of sea and land,  
King of the Day —  
Where'er thy banners fly,  
Who is so blest as I?  
I — who have won her!

Oh, heart and soul of mine,  
Make ye the temple clean,  
Make all the cloisters pure,  
Seen and unseen!  
Bring fragrant balm and myrrh,  
Make the shrine meet for her,  
Now ye have won her!

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*



## THE MADRIGAL.

**O**NCE, as I walked in woodlands green,  
I chanced on Love where he sat alone  
Catching the motes of the air, and sheen  
From sunrays broken and downward thrown.

"What are you doing, Love?" quoth I —  
For Love and I have been comrades true,  
And I speak him freely when none are nigh,  
And he answers me as he might not you!

"I am making a madrigal," he said;  
"I need but a rhyme to close it well":  
And, lo! it seemed that a spider's thread  
Glanced in the light and he caught its spell.

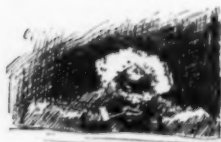
Wonderful, beautiful, rare, and sweet  
It lay there, perfect, upon his hand:  
It throbbed with a murmur, soft, complete —  
I could not describe; I could understand!

"And how will you send it, Love?" quoth I.—  
Ah, how he smiled! but he said no word;  
But he beckoned me, and I followed, shy,  
And we came on a Poet, all unheard.

There, as he dreamed, did Love bestow  
The little song on his ear, content;  
And so fled quickly that none might know  
Where it was written and how it was sent!

*Samuel Willoughby Duffield.*

# MRS. STOWE'S "UNCLE TOM" AT HOME IN KENTUCKY.



ON the outskirts of the towns of central Kentucky, a stranger, searching for the picturesque in architecture and in life, would find his attention arrested by certain dense masses of low frame and brick structures, and by the denser multitudes of strange human beings that inhabit them. A single town may have on its edges several of these settlements, which are themselves called "towns," and bear separate names either descriptive of some topographical peculiarity or taken from the original owners of the lots. It is in these that a great part of the negro population of Kentucky has congregated since the war. Here to-day live the slaves of the past with their descendants; old family servants from the once populous country-places; old wagon-drivers from the deep-rutted lanes; old wood-choppers from the slaughtered blue-grass forests; old harvesters and plowmen from the long since abandoned fields; old cooks from the savory, wasteful kitchens; old nurses from the softly rocked and softly sung-to cradles. Here, too, are the homes of the younger generation, of the laundresses and the barbers, teachers and ministers of the Gospel, coachmen and porters, restaurant-keepers and vagabonds, hands from the hemp factories, and workmen on the outlying farms.

You step easily from the verge of the white population to the confines of the black. But it is a great distance — like the crossing of a vast continent between the habitats of alien races. The air seems all at once to tan the cheek. Out of the cold, blue recesses of the midsummer sky the sun burns with a fierceness of heat that warps the shingles of the pointed roofs and flares with blinding brilliancy against some whitewashed wall. Perhaps in all the street no little cooling stretch of shade. The unpaved sidewalks and the roadway between are but undistinguishable parts of a common thoroughfare, along which every upspringing green thing is quickly trodden to death beneath the ubiquitous play and passing of many feet. Here and there, from some shielded nook or other coign of vantage, a single plummy branch of bitter dog-fennel may be seen spreading its small firmament of white and golden stars close to the ground; or be-

tween its pale green stalks the faint lavender of the nightshade will take the eye as the sole emblem of the flowering world.

A negro town! Looking out the doors and windows of the cabins, lounging in the doorways, leaning over the low frame fences, gathering into quickly forming, quickly dissolving groups in the dusty streets, they swarm, they are here from milk-white through all deepening shades to glossy blackness; octoroons, quadroons, mulattoes — some with large liquid black eyes, refined features, delicate forms! working, gossiping, higgling over prices around a vegetable cart, discussing last night's church festival, to-day's funeral, or next week's railway excursion, sleeping, planning how to get work and how to escape it. From some unseen old figure in flamboyant turban, bending over the washtub in the rear of a cabin, comes a crooned song of indescribable pathos; behind a half-closed front shutter, a Moorish-hued *amoroso* in gay linen thrums his banjo in a measure of ecstatic gayety, preluding the more passionate melodies of the coming night. Here a fight; there the sound of the fiddle and the rhythmic patting of hands. Tatters and silks flaunt themselves side by side. Dirt and cleanliness lie down together. Indolence goes hand in hand with thrift. Superstition dogs the slow footsteps of reason. Passion and self-control eye each other all day long across the narrow way. If there is anywhere resolute virtue, all round it is a weltered muck of low and sensual desire. One sees all the surviving types of old negro life here crowded together with and contrasted with all the new phases of "colored" life — sees the transitional stage of a race, part of whom were born slaves and are now freemen, part of whom have been born freemen but remain so much like slaves.

It cannot fail to happen, as you walk along, that you will come upon some cabin set back in a small yard and half hidden, front and side, by an almost tropical jungle of vines and multiform foliage: patches of great sunflowers, never more leonine in tawny magnificence and sun-loving repose; festoons of white and purple morning-glories over the windows and up to the low eaves; around the porch and above the doorway, a trellis of gourd-vines swinging their long-necked, grotesque yellow fruit; about the entrance flaming hollyhocks and other brilliant bits of bloom, marigolds and petunias — evidences of the warm, native taste that still distinguishes

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UNCLE TOM AT HOME.

the negro after some centuries of contact with the cold, chastened ideals of the Anglo-Saxon.

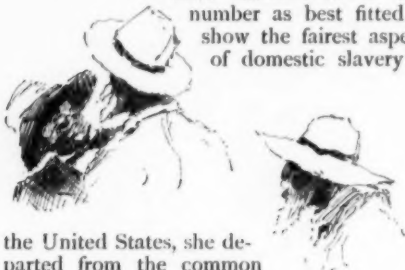
In the doorway of such a cabin, sheltered from the afternoon sun by his dense jungle of vines, but with a few rays of light glinting through the fluttering leaves across his seamed black face and white woolly head, the muscles of his once powerful arms shrunken, the gnarled hands folded idly in his lap,—his occupation gone,—you will haply see some old-

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time slave of the class of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom. For it is true that scattered here and there throughout the negro towns of Kentucky are representatives of the same class that furnished her with her hero; true, also, that they were never sold by their Kentucky masters to the plantations of the South, but remained unsold down to the last day of slavery.

When the war scattered the negroes of Kentucky blindly, tumultuously, hither and thither,

many of them gathered the members of their families about them and moved from the country into these "towns"; and here to-day the few survivors live, ready to testify of their relations with their former masters and mistresses, and indirectly serving to point a great moral: that, however justly Mrs. Stowe may have chosen one of their number as best fitted to show the fairest aspects of domestic slavery in



the United States, she departed from the common truth of history, as it respected their lot in life, when she condemned her Uncle Tom to his tragical fate. For it was not the *character* of Uncle Tom that she greatly idealized, as has been so often asserted; it was the category of events that were made to befall him.

As citizens of the American Republic, these old negroes—now known as "colored gentlemen," surrounded by "colored ladies and gentlemen"—have not done a great deal. The bud of liberty was ingrafted too late on the ancient slave-stock to bear much fruit. But they are unspeakably interesting, as contemporaries of a type of Kentucky negro whose virtues and whose sorrows, dramatically embodied in literature, have become a by-word throughout the civilized world. And now that the war-cloud is lifting from over the landscape of the past, so that it lies still clear to the eyes of those who were once the dwellers amid its scenes, it is perhaps a good time to scan it and note some of its great moral landmarks before it grows remoter and is finally hidden by the mists of forgetfulness.



## II.

THESE three types—Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, and the Shelbys, his master and mistress—were the outgrowth of natural and historic conditions peculiar to Ken-

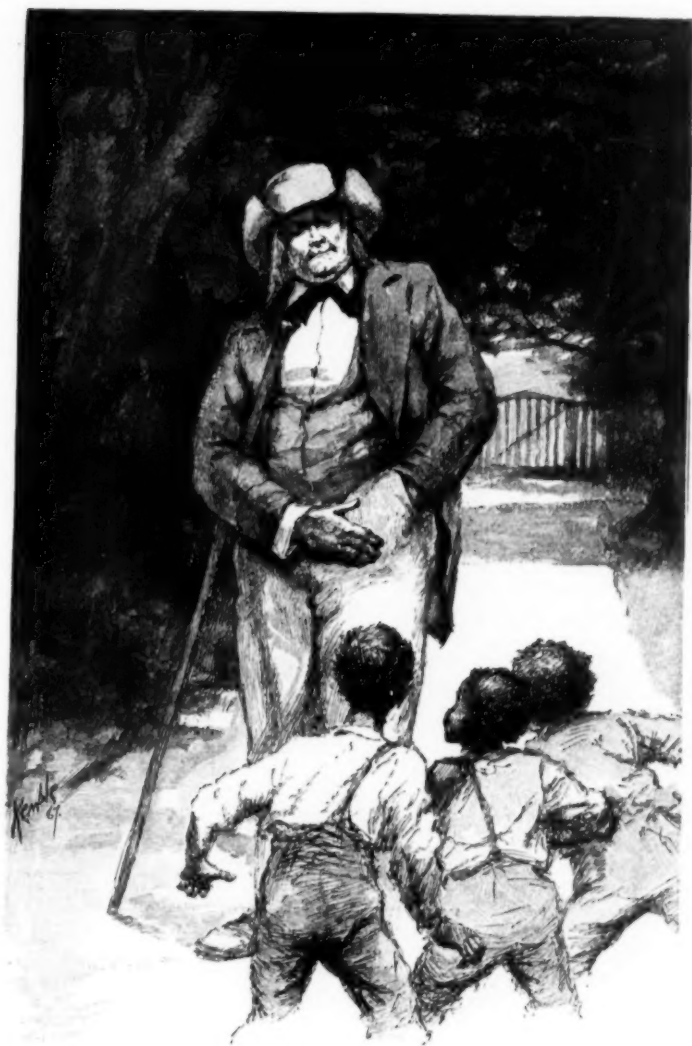
tucky. "Perhaps," wrote Mrs. Stowe in her novel, "the mildest form of the system of slavery is to be seen in the State of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those periodic seasons of hurry and

pressure that are called for in the business of more Southern districts, makes the task of the negro a more healthful and reasonable one; while the master, content with a more gradual style of acquisition, had not those temptations to hardness which always overcome frail human nature, when the prospect of



sudden and rapid gain is weighed in the balance with no heavier counterpoise than the interests of the helpless and unprotected." These words contain many truths.

For it must not be forgotten, first of all, that the condition of the slave in Kentucky was measurably determined by certain physical laws which lay beyond the control of the most inhuman master. Consider the nature of the country—elevated, rolling, without miasmatic districts or fatal swamps; the soil in the main slaveholding portions of the State, easily tilled, abundantly yielding; the climate, temperate and invigorating. Consider the system of agriculture—not that of vast plantations, but of small farms, part of which regularly consisted of woodland and meadow that required little attention. Consider the further limitations to this system imposed by the range of the great Kentucky staples—it being in the nature of corn, wheat, hemp, and tobacco, not to yield profits sufficient to justify the employment of an immense predial force, nor to require seasons of forced and exhausting labor. It is evident that under such conditions slavery was not stamped with those sadder features which it wore beneath a devastating sun, amid unhealthy or sterile regions of country, and through the herding together of hundreds of slaves who had the outward but not the inward discipline of an army. True, one recalls here the often quoted words of Jefferson on the raising of tobacco—words nearly as often misapplied as quoted; for he was considering the condition of slaves who were unmercifully worked on exhausted lands by a certain proletarian type of master, who did not feed and clothe them. Only under such circumstances could the culture of this plant be described as "productive of infinite wretchedness," and those engaged in it as "in a continual state of exertion beyond the powers of nature to support." It was by reason of these physical facts that slavery in Kentucky assumed the



THE MASTER.

phase which is to be distinguished as domestic; and it was this mode that had prevailed at the North and made emancipation easy.

Furthermore, in all history the condition of an enslaved race under the enslaving one has been partly determined by the degree of moral justification with which the latter has regarded the subject of human bondage; and the life of the Kentucky negro, say in the days of Uncle Tom, was further modified by the body of laws which had crystallized as the sentiment of the people, slaveholders them-

selves. But even these laws were only a partial exponent of what that sentiment was; for some of the severest were practically a dead letter, and the clemency of the negro's treatment by the prevailing type of master made amends for the hard provisions of others.

It would be a most difficult thing to write the history of slavery in Kentucky. It is impossible to write a single page of it here. But it may be said that the conscience of the great body of the people was always sensitive touch-

ing the rightfulness of the institution. At the very outset it seems to have been recognized simply for the reason that the early settlers were emigrants from slaveholding States and brought their negroes with them. The commonwealth began its legislation on the subject in the face of an opposing sentiment. By early statute restriction was placed on the importation of slaves, and from the first they began to be emancipated. Throughout the seventy-five years of pro-slavery State-life, the general conscience was always troubled.

The churches took up the matter. Great preachers, whose names were influential beyond the State, denounced the system from the pulpit, pleaded for the humane and Christian treatment of slaves, advocated gradual emancipation. One religious body after another

proclaimed the moral evil of it, and urged that the young be taught and prepared as soon as possible for freedom. Antislavery publications and addresses, together with the bold words of great political leaders, acted as a further leaven in the mind of the slaveholding class. As evidence of this, when the new constitution of the State

was to be adopted, thirty thousand votes were cast in favor of an open clause in it, whereby gradual emancipation should become a law as soon as the majority of the citizens should deem it expedient for the peace of society; and these votes represented the richest, most intelligent slaveholders in the State.

In general the laws were perhaps the mildest. Some it is vital to the subject in hand not to pass over. If slaves were inhumanly treated by their owner or not supplied with proper food and clothing, they could be taken from him and sold to a better master. This law was not inoperative. I have in mind the instance of a family who lost their negroes in this way, were socially disgraced, and left their neighborhood. If the owner of a slave had bought him on condition of not selling him out of the county, or into the Southern States, or so as to separate him from his family, he could be sued for violation of contract. This law shows the opposition of the better class of Kentucky masters to the slave-trade, and their peculiar regard for the family ties of their negroes. In the earliest Kentucky newspapers



will be found advertisements of the sales of negroes, on condition that they would be bought and kept within the county, or the State. It was within chancery jurisdiction to prevent the separation of families. The case may be mentioned of a master who was tried by his church for unnecessarily separating a husband from his wife. Sometimes slaves who had

been liberated and had gone to Canada voluntarily returned into service under their former masters. Lest these should be overreached, they were to be taken aside and examined by the court to see that they understood the consequences of their own action, and were free from improper constraint. On the other hand, if a slave had a right to his freedom, he could file a bill in chancery and enforce his master's assent thereto.

But a clear distinction must be made between the mild view entertained by the Kentucky slaveholders regarding the system itself and their dislike of the agitators of forcible and immediate emancipation. A community of masters, themselves humane to their negroes and probably intending to liberate them in the end, would yet combine into a mob to put down individual or organized antislavery efforts, because they resented what they regarded an interference of the abolitionist with their own affairs, and believed his measures inexpedient for the peace of society. Therefore, the history of the antislavery movement in Kentucky, at times so turbulent, must not be used to show the sentiment of the people regarding slavery itself.

### III.

FROM these general considerations it is now possible to enter more closely upon a study of the domestic life and relations of Uncle Tom and the Sheldons.

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THE MAMMY.

visits some estates there," wrote Mrs. Stowe, "and witnesses the good-humored indulgence of some masters and mistresses and the affectionate loyalty of some slaves, might be tempted to dream of the oft-fabled poetic legend of a patriarchal institution." Along with these words, taken from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I should like to quote an extract from a letter written me by Mrs. Stowe under date of April 30th, 1886:

"In relation to your letter, I would say that I never lived in Kentucky, but spent many years in Cincinnati, which is separated from Kentucky only by the Ohio

River, which, as a shrewd politician remarked, was dry one-half the year and frozen the other. My father was president of a theological seminary at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, and with him I traveled and visited somewhat extensively in Kentucky, and there became acquainted with those excellent slaveholders delineated in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I saw many counterparts of the Shelys — people humane, conscientious, just, and generous, who regarded slavery as an evil and were anxiously considering their duties to the slave. But it was not till I had finally left the West, and my husband was settled as professor in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, that the passage of the fugitive-slave law and the distresses that followed it drew this from me."

The typical boy on a Kentucky farm was tenderly associated from infancy with the negroes of the household and the fields. His old black "Mammy" became almost his first mother and was but slowly crowded out of his conscience and his heart by the growing image of the true one. She had perhaps nursed him at her bosom when he was not long enough to stretch across it, sung over his cradle at

lane on blooded alder-stalk horses, afterwards leading the exhausted coursers into stables of the same green bushes and haltering them high with a cotton string. It was one of these hatless children of original Guinea that had crept up to him as he lay asleep in the summer grass and told him where the best hidden of all nests was to be found in a far fence corner,—that of the high-tempered, scolding



"ON BLOODED ALDER-STALK HORSES."

noon and at midnight, taken him out upon the velvety grass beneath the shade of the elm-trees to watch his first manly resolution of standing alone in the world and walking the vast distance of some inches. Often, in boyish years, when flying from the house with a loud appeal from the incomprehensible code of Anglo-Saxon punishment for small misdemeanors, he had run to those black arms and cried himself to sleep in the lap of African sympathy. As he grew older, alas! his first love grew faithless; and while "Mammy" was good enough in her way and sphere, his wandering affections settled humbly at the feet of another great functionary of the household,—the cook in the kitchen. To him her keys were as the keys to the kingdom of heaven, for his immortal soul was his immortal appetite. When he stood by the biscuit bench while she, pausing amid the varied industries that went into the preparation of an old-time Kentucky supper, made him marvelous geese of dough, with farinaceous feathers and genuine coffee-grains for eyes, there was to him no other artist in the world who possessed the secret of so commingling the useful with the beautiful.

The little half-naked imps, too, playing in the dirt like glossy blackbirds taking a bath of dust, were his sweetest, because perhaps his forbidden, companions. With them he went clandestinely to the fatal duck-pond in the stable lot, to learn the art of swimming on a walnut rail. With them he raced up and down the

guinea-hen. To them he showed his first Barlow knife; for them he blew his first home-made whistle. He is their petty tyrant to-day; to-morrow he will be their repentant friend, dividing with them his marbles and proposing a game of hop-sotch. Upon his dialect, his disposition, his whole character, is laid the ineffaceable impress of theirs, so that they pass into the final reckoning-up of his life here and in the world to come.

But Uncle Tom!—the negro overseer of the place—the greatest of all the negroes—greater even than the cook, when one is not hungry. How often has he straddled Uncle Tom's neck, or ridden behind him afield on a barebacked horse to the jingling music of the trace-chains! It is Uncle Tom who plaits his hempen whip and ties the cracker in a knot that will stay. It is Uncle Tom who brings him his first young squirrel to tame, the teeth of which are soon to be planted in his right forefinger. Many a time he slips out of the house to take his dinner or supper in the cabin with Uncle Tom; and during long winter evenings he loves to sit before those great roaring cabin fireplaces that throw their red and yellow lights over the half circle of black faces and on the mysteries of broom-making, chair-bottoming, and the cobbling of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears songs and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.

Then come school-days and vacations dur-

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THE COOK.

ing which, as Mrs. Stowe says, he may teach Uncle Tom to make his letters on a slate or expound to him the Scriptures. Then, too, come early adventures with the gun, and 'coon hunts and 'possum hunts with the negroes under the round moon, with the long-eared, deep-voiced hounds—to him delicious and ever-memorable nights! The crisp air, through which the breath rises like white incense, the thick autumn leaves, begemmed with frost, rustling underfoot; the shadows of the mighty trees; the strained ear; the heart leaping with excitement; the negroes

and dogs mingling their wild delight in music that wakes the echoes of distant hillsides. Away! Away! mile after mile, hour after hour, to where the purple and golden persimmons hang low from the boughs, or where from topmost limbs the wild grape drops its countless clusters in a black cascade a sheer two hundred feet.

But now he is a boy no longer, but has his first love-affair, which sends a thrill through all those susceptible cabins; has his courtship, which gives rise to many a wink and innuendo; and brings home his bride, whose

coming converts every youngster into a living rolling ball on the ground, and opens the feasts and festivities of universal joy.

Then some day "ole Marster" dies, and the negroes, one by one, young and old, file into the darkened parlor to take a last look at his quiet face. He had his furious temper, "ole Marster" had, and his sins — which God forgive! To-day he will be buried, and to-morrow "young Marster" will inherit his saddle-horse and ride out into the fields.

Thus he has come into possession of his negroes. Among them are a few whose working days are over. These are to be kindly cared for, decently buried. Next are the active laborers, and, last, the generation of children. He knows them all by name, capacity, and disposition; is bound to them by lifelong associations; hears their communications and complaints. When he goes to town, he is charged with commissions, makes purchases with their own money. Continuing the course of his father, he sets about doing for them what is best under the circumstances, — making them capable, contented workmen. There shall be special training for special aptitude. One shall be made a blacksmith, a second a carpenter, a third a cobbler of shoes. In all the general industries of the farm, education shall not be lacking. It is claimed that a Kentucky negro invented the hemp-brake. As a result of this effective management, the Southern planter, looking northward, will pay him a handsome premium for the blue-grass slave. He will have no white overseer. He does not like the type of man. Besides, one is not needed. Uncle Tom served his father in this capacity; let him be.

Suppose, now, that among his negroes he finds a bad one. What shall he do with him? Keep him? Keeping him makes him worse, and moreover he corrupts the others. Set him free? That is to put a reward upon evil. Sell him to his neighbors? They don't want him. If they did, he wouldn't sell him to them. He sells him into the South. This is a statement, not an apology. Here, for a moment, one touches the terrible subject of the internal slave-trade. Negroes were sold from Kentucky into the Southern market because, as has just been said, they were bad, or by reason of the law of partible inheritance, or, as was the case with Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, under constraint of debt. Of course, in many cases, they were sold wantonly and cruelly; but these, however many, were not enough to make the internal slave-trade more than an incidental and subordinate feature of the system. The belief that negroes in Kentucky were regularly bred and reared for the Southern market is a mistaken one. Mrs. Stowe

herself fell into the error of basing an argument for the prevalence of the slave-trade in this State upon the notion of exhausted lands, as the following passage from "The Key to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'" shows:

"In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky slave-labor long ago impoverished the soil almost beyond recovery and became entirely unprofitable."

Those words were written some thirty-five years ago and refer to a time long prior to that date. Now, the fact is that at least one-half the soil of Kentucky has never been under cultivation at all, and could not therefore have been exhausted by slave-labor. At least a half of the remainder, though cultivated ever since, is still not seriously exhausted; and of the small portion, a large share was always naturally poor, so that for this reason slave-labor was but little employed on it. The great slave-holding region of the State was the fertile region which has never been impoverished. I am sure that Mrs. Stowe will be glad to see her statement restricted in this way. To return from this digression, it may well be that the typical Kentucky farmer does not find among his negroes a single bad one; for in consequence of the early non-importation of slaves for barter or sale, and through long association with the household, they have been greatly elevated and humanized. If he must sell a good one, he will seek a buyer among his neighbors. He will even ask the negro to name his choice of a master and try to consummate his wish. No purchaser near by, he will mount his saddle-horse and look for one in the adjoining county. In this way the negroes of different estates and neighborhoods were commonly connected by kinship and intermarriage. How unjust to say that such a master did not feel affection for his slaves, anxiety for their happiness, sympathy with the evils inseparable from their condition. Let me cite the case of a Kentucky master who had failed. He could pay his debts by sacrificing his negroes or his farm, one or the other. To avoid separating the former, probably sending some of them South, he kept them in a body and sold his farm. Any one who knows the Kentuckian's love of land and home will know what this means. A few years, and the war left him without anything. Another case is more interesting still. A master, having failed, actually hurried his negroes off to Canada. Tried for defrauding his creditors, and that by slaveholding jurors, he was acquitted. The plea of his counsel, among other arguments, was the master's unwillingness to see his old and faithful servitors scattered and suffering. After emancipation, old farm hands sometimes refused to budge from their cabins. Their



former masters paid them for their services as long as they could work, and supported them when helpless. I have in mind an instance where a man, having left Kentucky, sent back hundreds of dollars to an aged, needy domestic, though himself far from rich; and another case where a man still contributes annually to the maintenance of those who ceased to work for him the quarter of a century ago.

The good in human nature is irrepressible. Slavery, evil as it was, when looked at from the telescopic remoteness of human history as it is to be, will be adjudged an institution that gave development, on the side of virtue, to certain very noble types of character. Along with other social forces peculiar to the age, it produced in Kentucky a kind of gentleman farmer, the like of which will never appear again. He had the aristocratic virtues: highest notions of personal liberty and personal honor, a fine especial scorn of anything that was mean, little, cowardly. As an agriculturist he was not driving or merciless or grasping; for the rapid amassing of wealth was not among his passions, and the contention of splendid living was not among his thorns. To a certain carelessness of riches he added a certain profuseness of expenditure; and indulgent toward his own pleasures, toward others, his equals or dependents, he bore himself with a spirit of ready kindness and proud magnanimity. Intolerant of tyranny, he was in turn no tyrant. To say of such a man, as Jefferson said of every slaveholder, that he lived in perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions and unremitting despotism, and in the exaction of the most degrading submission, was to pronounce a judgment hasty and unfair. Rather did Mrs. Stowe, while not blind to his faults, discern his virtues when she made him, embarrassed by debt, exclaim: "If anybody had said to me that I should sell Tom down South to one of those rascally traders, I should have said, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?'"

## IV.

BUT there was another person who, more than the master, sustained close relationship to the negro life of the household,—the mistress. In the person of Mrs. Shelby Mrs. Stowe described some of the best traits of a Kentucky woman of the time; but perhaps only a Southern woman herself could do full justice to a character which many duties and many burdens endued with extraordinary strength and varied efficiency.

She was mistress of distinct realms—the house and the cabins—and the guardian of the bonds between the two, which were always troublesome, often delicate, sometimes distressing. In those cabins were nearly always

some poor creatures needing sympathy and watch-care: the superannuated mothers helpless with babes, babes helpless without mothers, the sick, perhaps the idiotic. Apparel must be had for all. Standing in her doorway and pointing to the meadow, she must be able to say in the words of a housewife of the period, "There are the sheep; now get your clothes." Some must be taught to keep the spindle and the loom going; others trained for dairy, laundry, kitchen, dining-room; others yet taught fine needlework. Upon her falls the labor of private instruction and moral exhortation, for the teaching of negroes was not forbidden in Kentucky. She must remind them that their marriage vows are holy and binding; must interpose between mothers and their cruel punishment of their own offspring. What is hardest of all, she must herself punish for lying, theft, immorality. Her own children, too, must be guarded against temptation and corrupting influences. In her life there is no cessation of this care: it renews itself daily, year in and year out. Beneath every other trouble is the secret conviction that she has no right to enslave these creatures, and that, however improved their condition, this life is one of great and necessary evils. Mrs. Stowe well makes her say: "I have tried—tried most faithfully as a Christian woman should—to do my duty toward these poor, simple, dependent creatures. I have cared for them, instructed them, watched over them, and known all their little cares and joys for years. . . . I have taught them the duties of the family, of parent and child, and husband and wife. . . . I thought by kindness and care and instruction, I could make the condition of mind better than freedom." Sorely overburdened and heroic mold of woman! Fulfilling each day a round of intricate duties, rising at any hour of the night to give medicine to the sick, liable at any time, in addition to the cares of her great household, to see an entire family of acquaintances arriving unannounced, with trunks and servants of their own, for a visit protracted in accordance with the large hospitalities of the time,—what wonder if, from sheer inability to do all things herself, she trains her negroes to different posts of honor, so that the black cook finally expels her from her own kitchen and rules over that realm as an autocrat of unquestioned prerogatives?

Mistresses of this kind had material reward in the trusty adherence of their servants during the war. Their relations throughout this period—so well calculated to try the loyalty of the African nature—would of themselves make up a volume of the most touching incidents. Even to-day one will find in many Kentucky households survivals of the old



THE MISTRESS.

order — find "Aunt Chloe" ruling as a despot in the kitchen, and making her will the pivotal point of the whole domestic system. I have spent nights with a great Kentuckian, self-willed and high-spirited, whose occasional refusals to rise for a half-past five o'clock breakfast always brought the cook from the kitchen up to his bedroom, where she delivered her commands in a voice worthy of Catherine the Great. "We shall have to get up," he would say, "or there'll be a row!" One may yet see, also, old negresses setting out for an annual or a semi-annual visit to their

former mistresses, and bearing some offering, — a basket of fruits or flowers. I should like to mention the case of one who died after the war and left her two children to her mistress, to be reared and educated. The troublesome and expensive charge was taken and faithfully executed.

Here, in the hard realities of daily life, here is where the crushing burden of slavery fell, — on the women of the South. History has yet to do justice to the noblest type of them, whether in Kentucky or elsewhere. In view of what they accomplished, despite the difficulties in their way, there is nothing they have

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found harder to forgive in the women of the North than the failure to sympathize with them in the struggles and sorrows of their lot, and to realize that *they* were the real practical philanthropists of the negro race.

V.

BUT as is the master, so is the slave, and it is through the characters of the Shellys that we must approach that of Uncle Tom. For of all races, the African—superstitious, indolent, singing and dancing, most impressionable creature—depended upon others for

of lard, naming the thief and the hiding-place. "Say not a word about it," replied his master. The next day he rode out into the field where the culprit was plowing, and, getting down, walked along beside him. "What's the matter, William?" he asked after a while; "you can't look me in the face as usual." William burst into tears, and confessed everything. "Come to-night, and I will arrange so that you can put the lard back and nobody will ever know you took it." The only punishment was a little moral teaching; but



CHASING THE RABBIT.

enlightenment, training, and happiness. If, therefore, you find him so intelligent that he may be sent on important business commissions, so honest that he may be trusted with money, house, and home, so loyal that he will not seize opportunity to become free; if you find him endowed with the manly virtues of dignity and self-respect united to the Christian virtues of humility, long-suffering, and forgiveness, then do not, in marveling at him on these accounts, quite forget his master and his mistress,—they made him what he was. And it is something to be said on their behalf, that in their household was developed a type of slave that could be set upon a sublime moral pinnacle to attract the admiration of the world.

Attention is fixed on Uncle Tom first as head-servant of the farm. In a small work on slavery in Kentucky by George Harris, it is stated that masters chose the cruellest of their negroes for this office. It is not true, exceptions allowed for. The work would not be worth mentioning, had not so many people at the North believed it. The amusing thing is, they believed Mrs. Stowe also. But if Mrs. Stowe's account of slavery in Kentucky is true, the other is not. But those who have been able to accept both would not care, of course, to be restricted to one.

It is true that Uncle Tom inspired the other negroes with some degree of fear. He was censor of morals, and reported derelictions of the lazy, the destructive, and the thievish. For instance, an Uncle Tom on one occasion told his master of the stealing of a keg

of lard, naming the thief and the hiding-place. "Say not a word about it," replied his master. The next day he rode out into the field where the culprit was plowing, and, getting down, walked along beside him. "What's the matter, William?" he asked after a while; "you can't look me in the face as usual." William burst into tears, and confessed everything. "Come to-night, and I will arrange so that you can put the lard back and nobody will ever know you took it." The only punishment was a little moral teaching; but

It was "Uncle Tom's" duty to get the others off to work in the morning. In the fields he did not drive the work, but led it—being a master worker—led the cradles and the reaping-hooks, the hemp-breaking and the corn-shucking. The spirit of happy music went with the workers. They were not goaded through their daily tasks by the spur of pitiless husbandry. Nothing was more common than their voluntary contests of skill and power. My recollection reaches only to the last two or three years of slavery; but I remember the excitement with which I witnessed some of these hard-fought battles of the negroes. Rival hemp-breakers of the neighborhood, meeting in the same field, would slip out long before breakfast and sometimes never stop for dinner. So it was with cradling, corn-shucking, or corn-cutting—in all work where rivalries were possible. No doubt there were other motives. So much was a day's task; for all over there was extra pay. A capital hand, by often performing double or treble the required amount, would clear a neat profit in a season. The days of severest labor fell naturally in harvest-time. But then intervals of rest in the shade were commonly given; and milk, coffee, or, when the prejudice of the master did not prevent (which was not often!), whisky was distributed between meal-times. As a rule they worked without hurry. De Tocqueville gave unintentional testimony to a



THE PREACHER.

characteristic of slavery in Kentucky when he described the negroes as "loitering" in the fields. On one occasion all the hands dropped work to run after a rabbit the dogs had started. A passer-by indignantly reported the fact at headquarters. "Sir," said the old gentleman, with a hot face, "I'd have whipped the last damn rascal of 'em if they *hadn't* run 'im!"

The negroes made money also off their truck-patches, in which they raised for sale melons, broom-corn, vegetables. When Charles

Sumner was in Kentucky, he saw with almost incredulous eyes the comfortable cabins with their flowers and poultry, the fruitful truck-patches, and a genuine Uncle Tom — "a black gentleman with his own watch!" Well enough does Mrs. Stowe put these words into her hero's mouth, when he hears he is to be sold: "I'm feared things will be kinder goin' to rack when I'm gone. Mas'r can't be 'spected to be a-pryin' round everywhere as I've done, a-keepin' up all the ends. The boys means well, but they's powerful car'less."

More interesting is Uncle Tom's character as a preacher. Contemporary with him in Kentucky was a class of men among his people who exhorted, held prayer-meetings in the cabins and baptizings in the woods, performed marriage ceremonies, and enjoyed great freedom of movement. There was one in nearly every neighborhood, and all together they wrought effectively in the moral development of their race.

I have nothing to say here touching the vast and sublime conception which Mrs. Stowe formed of "Uncle Tom's" spiritual nature. But certainly no idealized manifestation of it is better than this simple occurrence: One of these negro preachers was allowed by his master to fill a distant appointment. Belated once, and returning homeward after the hour forbidden for slaves to be abroad, he was caught by the patrol and cruelly whipped. As the blows fell, his only words were: "Jesus Christ suffered for righteousness"



sake; so kin I." Another of them was recommended for deacon's orders and actually ordained. When liberty came, he refused to be free, and continued to work in his master's family till his death. With considerable knowledge of the Bible and a fluent tongue, he would nevertheless sometimes grow confused and lose his train of thought. At these embarrassing junctures it was his wont suddenly to call out at the top of his voice, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" The effect upon his hearers was electrifying; and as none but a very highly favored being could be thought worthy of enjoying this persecution, he thus converted his loss of mind into spiritual reputation. A third, named Peter Cotton, united the vocations of exhorter and wood-chopper. He united them literally, for one moment Peter might be seen standing on his log chopping away, and the next kneeling down beside it praying. He got his mistress to make him a long jeans coat and on the ample tails of it to embroider, by his direction, sundry texts of Scripture, such as: "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden!" Thus literally clothed with righteousness, Peter went from cabin to cabin preaching the Word. Well for him if that other Peter could have seen him! The apostle might have felt proud to go along.

These men sometimes made a pathetic addition to their marriage ceremonies: "Until death or our higher powers do you separate!"

Another typical contemporary of Uncle Tom's was the negro-fiddler. It should be

remembered that before he hears he is to be sold South, Uncle Tom is pictured as a light-hearted creature, capering and dancing in his cabin. There was no lack of music in those cabins. The banjo was played, but more commonly the fiddle. A home-made variety



THE FIDDLER.

of the former consisted of a crook-necked, hard-shell gourd and a piece of sheep-skin. There were sometimes other instruments,—the flageolet and the triangle. I have heard of a kettle-drum's being made of a copper still. (A Kentucky negro carried through the war as an osseous tambourine the skull of a mule, the rattling teeth being secured in the jaw-bones.) Of course the bones were everywhere. Negro music on one or more instruments was in the highest vogue at the house. The young Ken-

tuckians often used it on serenading bravuras. The old fiddler, most of all, was held in reverent esteem and met with the gracious treatment of the ancient minstrel in feudal halls. At parties and weddings, at picnics in the summer woods, he was the soul of melody, and with an eye to the high demands upon his art, he widened his range of selections and perfected according to native standards his inimitable technique. The deep, tender, pure

you to-day the same assurance. Nay, it is an awkward discovery to make, that some of them still cherish resentment toward agitators who came secretly among them, fomented discontent, and led them away from homes to which they afterwards returned. And I want to state here, for no other reason than that of making an historic contribution to the study of the human mind and passions, that a man's views of slavery in those days did not always deter-

mine his treatment of his slaves. The only case of mutiny and stampede that I have been able to discover in a certain part of Kentucky, took place among the negroes of a man who was known as an outspoken emancipationist. He pleaded for the freedom of the negro, but in the mean time worked him at home with the chain round his neck and the ball resting on his plow.

Christmas was, of course, the time of holiday merry-making, and the "Ketchin' marster an' mistiss Christmas gif" was a great feature. One morning an aged couple presented themselves.

"Well, what do you want for your Christmas gift?"

"Freedom! Mistiss."

"Freedom! Haven't you been as good as free for the last ten years?"

"Yaas, mistiss; but—freedom mighty sweet!"

"Then take your freedom!"

The only method of celebrating the boon was the moving into a cabin on the neighboring farm of their mistress's aunt and being freely supported there as



SAVING HIS MASTER.

feeling in the song "Old Kentucky Home" is a true historic interpretation.

It is wide of the mark to suppose that on such a farm as that of the Shellys the negroes were in a perpetual frenzy of discontent or felt any burning desire for freedom. It is difficult to reach a true general conclusion on this delicate subject. But it must go for something that even the Kentucky abolitionists of those days will tell you that well-treated negroes cared not a snap for liberty. Negroes themselves, and very intelligent ones, will give

they had been freely supported at home!

Mrs. Stowe has said, "There is nothing picturesque or beautiful in the family attachment of old servants, which is not to be found in countries where these servants are legally free." On the contrary, a volume of incidents might readily be gathered, the picturesqueness and beauty of which are due so largely, if not wholly, to the fact that the negroes were not free servants, but slaves. Indeed, many could never have happened at all but in this relationship. I cite the case of an old negro who was

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buying his freedom from his master, who continued to make payments during the war, and made the final one at the time of General Kirby Smith's invasion of Kentucky. After he had paid him the uttermost farthing, he told him that if he should ever be a slave again, he wanted him for his master. Less to the point, but too good to leave out, is the case of an old negress who had been allowed to accumulate considerable property. At her death she willed it to her young master instead of to her sons, as she would have been allowed to do. But the war! what is to be said of the part the negro took in that? Is there in the drama of all humanity a figure more picturesque or more pathetic than the figure of the African slave, as he followed his master to the battle-field, marched and hungered and thirsted with him, served and cheered and nursed him,—that master who was fighting to keep him in slavery? Instances are too many; but the one may be mentioned of a Kentucky negro who followed his young master into the Southern army, staid with him till he fell on the field, lay hid out in the bushes a week, and finally, after a long time and many hardships, got back to his mistress in Kentucky, bringing his dead master's horse and purse and trinkets. This subject comprises a whole vast field of its own; and if the history of it is ever written, it will

be written in the literature of the South, for there alone lies the knowledge and the love.

It is only through a clear view of the peculiar features of slavery in Kentucky before the war that one can understand the general status of the negroes of Kentucky at the present time. Perhaps in no other State has the race made less endeavor to push itself into equality with the white. This fact must be explained as in part resulting from the conservative ideals of Kentucky life in general. But it is more largely due to the influences of a system which, though no longer in vogue, is still remembered, still powerful to rule the minds of a naturally submissive and most susceptible people. The kind, even affectionate, relations of the races under the old régime have continued with so little interruption that the blacks remain content with their inferiority, and lazily drift through life. I venture to make the statement, that wherever they have attempted most to enforce their new-born rights, they have either, on the one hand, been encouraged to do so, or have, on the other, been driven to self-assertion by harsh treatment. But treat them always kindly and always as hopelessly inferior beings, and they will do least for themselves. This, it is believed, is the key-note to the situation in Kentucky; and the statement is made as a fact, not as an argument.

*James Lane Allen.*

#### HAND-CAR 412. C. P. R.

(ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.)

**F**OR the last hour the construction train had been traveling slowly; for a whole hour it had cautiously stumbled over the loosened fish-plates with a monotonous chug-gety-chug, chunkety-chunk that had long ceased to awaken any interest, sympathetic or otherwise, in our drowsy minds. Finally it stopped altogether with a jerk, as if it had suddenly but conclusively realized the vanity of any further effort. The astonished cars pulled at their pins and pounded their buffers as if in angry expostulation at this freak of the locomotive, and some of the men offered energetic advice to the Deity as to what ultimate course to pursue with the management of the road in general and the long freight-links in particular. "Can't help it, can't help it!" said the brakeman as he came along the top of the box-car ahead. "The rails have spread, and it'll be two hours, may be three, before we start her up again."

But the time passed, the train still waited, and we began to grumble stoutly, wondering

why, in the name of various places and things, they chose to dally in such a dismal, god-forsaken spot. It was raining at Rat Crossing; in fact it had been raining slowly, steadily, for two days with a certain desperate pertinacity. There had been no previous drought to render such an abundance of water desirable; in the country through which we passed we had noticed no fields of parched wheat, no withering trees, no drooping vegetables, no thirsty cattle, no traveled roads on which the dust required laying. On the contrary, the lakes were all full to overflowing, the rivers swollen, the ravines drowned, the swamps soaked, and the tanks so full that the relief-pipes poured forth a continuous stream of spattering expostulation.

Notwithstanding this lavish excess of water the air seemed no fresher than before the storm, when the thermometer in the caboose registered 97 degrees on the shady side of the track. Both front and side doors were wide open, and some of the boys, in a vain endeavor to produce a passing sensation of freshness, sat down in the semi-fluid puddles, covered with a film of cin-



THROUGH THE FLAMES.

ders, and dangled their legs in the pour outside. But to no purpose; the air was dead, the water warm, and we continued to stifle and growl.

The view from the car was not interesting. To the left, as far as we could see through the endless, unfolding curtain of rain, a dismal muskeg swamp stretched away to the south of the track, broken only by rare clumps of ragged tamarack. Both slopes of the bank were covered by long beds of pink fire-weed varied with patches of soggy pigeon-grass, and to the north lay the desolate waste of *brulé* through which we had been traveling for interminable hours. Here and there among the shiny black poles of the burnt trees little bunches of "popples" rustled their loose leaves with a nervous activity that seemed out of place in the dead quiet of their surroundings, and their silly, feeble fluttering, like the barking of a frightened cur, was so exasperating that we could scarcely refrain from throwing a stone at the shivering things and calling out: "Oh, shut up!"

The underbrush was thin, and the ridges of pink gneiss, banded with black, thrust their bare, smooth surfaces through the mottled moss like great pock-marked shoulders of giants protruding from their tattered shirts; in the gullies

between them the water gurgled dismally below the tangle of dead trees, and ran away under glossy pigeon-berry leaves, on to which the grotesque pitcher-plants, opening wide their lids, poured their surplus water. Save by the patter of the rain on the car-top and the pish-pishing of the engine blowing off steam, the silence was absolute, and rendered only more profound by the booming crash of a falling tree. Nothing moved but the crazy poplar-trees, and once more we marveled at the recklessness of the men who had built a railroad through this dead, barren wilderness where there was nothing but rock, water, and burnt timber.

Besides our party of engineers, detailed on remeasurement work, there were two strangers in the car; they had blank passes from the chief and were going West; as they kept to themselves, talking together most of the time and not seeming to care for our company, we had paid no especial attention to them. Every man of us, however, turned suddenly as the younger of the two, speaking excitedly in a loud, swaggering tone intensified by a strong twang, said to his companion:

"I tell you, Morton, that man Matt Murphy was the biggest coward that ever walked this earth; now don't you forget it!"



The intonation of the man's voice was so vicious, so mean, that we all felt convinced that the statement was false, and, although utterly ignorant of the facts, each of us felt an instinctive desire to contradict him. But before any one could think of what to say, a deep voice from the end of the car condensed our feelings in the energetic and laconic answer:

"That's a — lie!"

The speaker, Jack Collins, was the quietest man on the staff, and had acquired a certain reputation for minding nobody's business but his own. Jack was somewhat of an enigma to us all; we did not understand, but we all liked him, for he had a way of doing small charities and helping the boys in a pinch that showed a truly good nature and a warm heart. What his exact work was none of us knew; he had the name of being a good locator and explorer, especially among the older men, with whom he usually associated; his reports never passed through our office, and no complaints were ever made about the irregularity of his work; he always went off before office-hours with his compass and note-book, but the men not infrequently found him lying in a secluded corner reading, or sleeping with his book beside him. He was a large, powerful fellow, with a heavy beard that concealed half his face, of which the only remarkable features were a strong, determined mouth and long, slanting black eyes that kept moving slowly round from left to right and suddenly jumped back to their starting-point. Sometimes, when we pressed him very hard, he told us a story or some adventure which had happened to him, and it was only then that his eyes were at rest, void of expression, as if he were reading from some far-away book. He spoke slowly but well, in a low, even voice that commanded the attention of his hearers; we never questioned the truth of his stories, and whenever any statement seemed a trifle extravagant we acknowledged that it must be our fault if we could not understand the circumstances.

For a moment after his unusually emphatic denial no one spoke; the stranger had risen at once, but seeing that Jack did not move he sat down again, filled a fresh pipe, and waited. Jack was sitting on the floor at the end of the car looking down pensively at the revolver that hung from his belt; after a short pause he looked up at the ceiling, and in his usual slow way he told us the story of Matt Murphy's last work on the road.

It had happened two years before; Murphy was then road-master at Campbell's Point, and far from being thought a coward, he was looked upon as the only man on the line who had pluck enough to run a snow-plow at the head of five engines into a choked cut, and

stand firm when every plank fairly quivered under the strain. One day, while he was dozing in his office, for Matt was lazy when he had nothing to do, the door opened with a bang, and the operator, in a state of breathless excitement, ran into the room.

"There's a bush-fire below the long bridge, Mr. Murphy," he called out; "the wind is this way, and the Pacific Emigrant is due in an hour. What the devil shall we do?"

Matt started in his chair and repeated the man's words in a dazed sort of way. "Bush-fire — and they are due in an hour. My God!" Then he got up, staggered across the room, and leaned against the wall. The baggage-master, who had overheard, stepped in from the adjoining office, and the operator with a shrug of his shoulders turned to him and said in a perplexed way:

"Murphy's drunk as usual! — what's to be done?"

"Drunk, you blamed idiot!" cried Nolan indignantly; "his wife and kids are on that train. Get out of here, you scented squirrel, and blamed quick too, or I'll make your empty head so blessed sore you couldn't see daylight through a ladder! Say, Matt, old man —" He did not finish his sentence, for the next moment Murphy pushed him aside and sprang out on the platform where the men were collecting to hear the news.

"Boys," he cried in a voice that seemed to rasp in his throat, "boys, look a-here! I want three good men to go to hell with me! Haul up a pumper — 412! catch a hold there; now heave away — so! Drop her on the track — that's it! Slap on the oil, you fellows. Two hundred lives! My God!" He continued as if thinking aloud. "Quick, blame you! off with your shirts and hurry! all aboard! That's the style; now come along, boys, and *work!*"

He was the first on the car and took the rear handle behind the brake; Long Mike the Finlander, Jim Reeves, and "Dumb Dick" jumped on after him; an oil-can, a monkey-wrench, and an axe were thrown on; the men gave them a shove to start, and away they went down the long grade, fifteen miles an hour.

Instinctively, — for they merely knew that there was a fire below the bridge and that the train was soon due, — instinctively Murphy's three companions had understood what they had before them. They were all old hands and knew that this was a desperate venture, a forlorn-hope, and that their only chance of success lay in their working well together, each man doing his duty absolutely, regardless of what might happen. But all this they felt rather than reasoned, for men of action reflect slowly, and the pace was so severe that they had no time for reflection.

Matt leaned over and slipped the key of the switch to Jim Reeves, who was in front.

"If we haven't time to unlock her, Jim," he said so quietly that it hurt the men to hear him, "jump on the lever and break the chain. Now, fellows, heave away for all you're worth."

The first six miles passed quickly; to right and left the road and the trees flew backwards, and nothing was heard but the short, quick panting of the men, the burr of the cogs, and the clickety-click, clickety-click of the wheels over the fish-plates. On the half-mile up-grade to Bass' Falls they had to slacken up a little and hang on the handles, while the sweat ran off their smooth backs down over their muscular arms to the crossbar and dripped off on to the platform; but with their heads down and every muscle braced, they worked on steadily, panting hoarsely through their closed teeth. They had but one idea in common, and that was, as Jim Reeves tersely expressed it, that they must reach that qualified switch or bust. At regular intervals Murphy, who seemed to have renounced his customary profanity, repeated his short, earnest exhortation, more as a prayer than as a command: "Steady, boys, steady! for God's sake!"

The top of the grade was reached; then came a level run of two miles before the curve to the bridge. Ahead of them on each side of the track the workmen, apprehending some disaster from the enormous volume of smoke that was blowing toward them in purplish clouds rimmed with golden sunlight, had assembled before the Falls' station; and as Murphy's gang came along, up and down, up and down, every man in that crowd felt his eyes grow moist and his throat dry. With one accord English and Yankee, French-Canadians and Italians, Swedes and Finlanders, gave one solitary ringing cheer, and stood silent again, as if suddenly awed by the simple heroism of these four men, apparently rushing consciously, determinedly to certain death, and working fiercely as if they were escaping from some great danger instead of hurrying into it. Not a man spoke as they flashed past. A few pushed their hats back and stopped as if ashamed of the movement, watching the hand-car grow smaller and smaller above the converging lines of the rails.

Swearing Dan Dunn, the walking boss, stepped out into the middle of the track between his men, threw down his pick, and wiped his wet forehead on the sleeve of his shirt.

"Boys," he said, "that gang's a-goin' to everlastin' destruction as plucky as any fellows I ever see, every blamed man of them, and I'll bet a barrel of high-wines to a cup of tea they know it too. Matt Murphy knows it, sure."

Then, turning suddenly and pointing down the track, he cried in his usual bullying tone:

"Give them a yell there, blame you,—all together now, and yell till you bust, or I'll break the son of tadder's head that hangs fire."

For once, although they had their customary effect of insuring prompt compliance with his orders, Dan's threats were superfluous; for once his wishes coincided with the wishes of his men, and from those five hundred throats there burst such a cry that the flames ahead seemed to halt for a moment in their forward rush. On the hot, pulsating air it floated away across the muskeg, over the heads of the devoted crew, and reëchoed with a booming roll from the slate walls of the rock cut through which they pushed their car. But though this expression of their comrades' sympathy cheered and helped them, it told each man only too plainly that this was his last job on the track.

"That's good-bye for the long contract," said Reeves, and Mike in his broken English repeated:

"Yas! Koot-pye, pyes,—koot-pye!" but both relapsed into silence at the sound of Murphy's quiet remonstrance.

"Steady, boys, steady! and mind the brake, Jim; we're right on the down-grade."

At the end of the level was the grade to the bridge and the fire; beyond the fire the bridge, the switch, and the fated train with its human cargo hurrying to destruction, for the wind was high, and the engineer would naturally think the fire far away until he was in the very midst of it. Then the struggle began. The smoke ran along the embankment towards them in great flying gusts, so dense they could barely see the platform of the car; the heat became intense, but they never wavered. Perhaps it was because women were few in the dismal country which had become their home, and that, as is usual in purely male communities, every man invested the gentler sex collectively with a romantic halo, in exact inverse proportion to the profane skeptical contempt which he professed for them individually; perhaps it was because some lingering spark of chivalry, driven into the West by the sneers of a higher civilization, had flamed up suddenly in the hearts of these rough journeymen; or perhaps it was merely the humane hope of saving the wives and children of men who had slept under the same blanket, worked in the same ditch, and shared the same biscuit;—but, whatever the cause, it was sufficient to silence selfish consideration and make them look upon the sacrifice of their lives as no more than the fulfillment of a necessary duty.

All around them the trees were falling in rows; broad flashes of flame, quenched for a

moment in the black smoke, burst up and flared in the wind like shreds of some vast tattered canopy. Along the ground the brush wilted away, burning with a sharp crackle like that of a musketry discharge; and up through the hollow tamaracks the fire swept with a noise like the bellow of a filling sail. Great trunks tottered and fell with a booming crash like the sound of distant cannon. The hot air quivered around them, and they gasped spasmodically as they shook off the burning sparks and laughed hysterically between short howls of pain. Ahead all was red and black, a sea of fire. Murphy called out once more, "Steady, boys, steady!" and they plunged into it resolutely, with the desperation of a wounded bull charging on the espada's blade.

"Steady, my men! up and down, up and down! stick to her, lads; it'll soon be over now."

Then the flames closed upon them, and as they lowered their heads before the whirlwind of fire and smoke that was hurled at them, they shivered at the crisp crepitation of their hair and beard, and felt the hot grip of the fire fasten on them as they writhed in pain. Something struck the car and it reeled for a moment.

"Stand by her, boys; steady there!" They grasped the handles again and struggled on; by the hollow sound of the wheels they knew that they were on the bridge at last, and it lent them fresh strength. Then something struck them again. "Hard, hard at work there! Jim, Mike, Dick, all of you!—pump away, for God's sake, boys! we are nearly there. Try again! the switch, boys, mind the switch! all together now, heave!" But strain as they might,—and they strained with a fierce, desperate energy, for there was something in Murphy's tone that went to their hearts,—the car was fast and would not move. Then they heard a wild cry above the thundering crash of the bridge as it fell from under them; the car was suddenly shot ahead and sprang away easily over the débris that lay across the iron. The trestle was passed; but at the rear handle Mike stood alone; his partner, Matt Murphy, was gone; that last falling brace had struck him squarely across the arms, and when he saw that he could no longer pull his weight, he jumped off and put all his remaining strength in that last push that sent them through into the comparative quiet beyond.

"Steady, boys, and God be with you!" came once more from out the chaos of flames behind them, and that was all. On the other side, beyond the clay cut, they heard the bel-

lowing whistle of the engine; a few more strokes, and they reached the switch.

"Jump, Jim, for God's sake, jump quick!" The next moment the train swept round the curve over the frog and glided smoothly down the siding, where it stopped; but the hand-car had disappeared.

When they came back they found Jim Reeves's body by the broken lever of the switch; Long Mike too they picked up beside him, with a shattered leg and an ugly gash across the forehead, while on the other side of the track "Dumb Dick" was clutching the broken handle of the hand-car and sobbing like a child. Strong men lifted their crushed bodies with tender care, and side by side they laid them on a bed of fragrant balsam boughs; a woman's light hand wiped away the blood from Mike's rough face and held moist linen to his bleeding brow. Soon he opened his eyes and looked solemnly, with a puzzled expression, into the anxious faces of the women and children that stood around him, silently watching for his recovery. Then he remembered all; for a moment a bright smile lit up his plain features and died away slowly as he caught sight of his companions stretched beside him. Coming through the distant smoke the rays of the red evening sun touched their pale faces with a ruddy glow and wove a soft golden halo around their passive heads. With a slight quiver Long Mike passed away in the sunset silence to join his comrades.

When Jack finished there was a pause; then we all looked up at him with the same question on our lips. He rose slowly from the corner in which he had been sitting. "You want to know where I heard all this?" he asked. "Oh! I am 'Dumb Dick.' To be frank with you, boys, I have been a special detective on the C. P. R. for several years, and if I tell you so now it is because my contract is up as soon as I have handcuffed Mr. James Bowles over there. Don't you move!" he called out, covering him with his revolver. "I suppose," he continued, addressing the man he had called Bowles, "that it would have been more correct to chain you first and tell my story afterwards; but I knew you could not give me the slip. That man, boys, was Murphy's partner in a contract on this road and tried to get him to swindle the company. Matt wouldn't do it and threatened to show him up,—and now that he's dead this fellow takes his revenge out in attacking his character. However, he's so badly wanted at headquarters just now that he will keep his mouth shut about Murphy for the next ten years."

*John Heard, Jr.*

## THE HUNDREDTH MAN.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"  
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XXXIV.



WHEN our poor Gay had been sufficiently aroused from her lethargy of soul and body to make one feeble stroke in battle against Death, the action and its result appeared to interest her, and she made other strokes with encouraging effect. Day by day her arm grew stronger, her attitude more determined, until the enemy, from falling back little by little, retreated altogether, accompanied by the insidious ally who had incited him to the conquest of Gay's young life.

To all Gay's friends this was a season of great rejoicing, and to Mrs. Justin it was a resurrection. She had watched the gradual death of the bright, strong young friend she had known so well, and had seen her utterly pass away, leaving in her stead a helpless, listless, careless being whose living was not life and of whom there was but little left to die. But now Gay was once more the true Gay, not yet quite her old self, but hour by hour approaching nearer to that most lovable creation.

As she grew stronger her friends came to her; and among them, Stratford. This friend, from the moment he had heard of the change in Gay, had braced himself for action should she return to that life which had been supposed lost to her. In that event there must be no doubt, no indecision, no hesitation; his part must be chosen and must be enacted steadfastly and honestly unto the end.

There was no hesitation, no doubt, no indecision. He came to her as the friend of old, the adviser, the helper, the master. These, and no more, he intended ever to be. Without a question or a thought, Gay seated herself at his feet. To her the action was again as natural as when she had sat there before.

Arthur Thorne came also to Gay; came earlier than Stratford. He had told Mrs. Justin of that memorable interview with the almost dying girl, and he concealed nothing of what he had done, or felt, or said. Mrs. Justin smiled

sadly. Her heart was pained, but she could not reproach him. If it should be that he had given Gay back to her, he deserved gratitude which could not be measured. She was ready to yield him this, but she gave him no more. His hopes were not her hopes.

When Gay was strong enough to come into the library and sit in the easy-cushioned chair before the tall wide window, Arthur, as has been said, was among her earliest visitors. Nothing could have induced him to deny himself this privilege, and yet it was a hard thing for this young man to present himself before this young girl. He had said all that lover could say, but as a lover he must now say nothing. What may burst forth from a full soul to one whose life is ending must be repressed when that life is slowly and feebly beginning again. He must meet her as though that other meeting had not been, and without knowing what effect his words had had upon her.

Arthur had plunged into love's Rubicon, but he had not crossed it. Chilling and dangerous as might be its waters, he would make no stroke forward until the time had come for him to seek his fate upon the other shore.

While Gay had been constantly in the mind of Arthur, so into Gay's mind, as she quietly lay on her lounge and in her chair during the happy hours when in a slow and steady tide her health and strength flowed back upon her, came thoughts of Mr. Thorne. On that day when his voice had roused her from her dream of girlhood and from her half-unconscious gazing into the bright world of empty air beyond her window, she had not wondered when she turned and saw him at her side. The faculty of wonder had gone to sleep or had died. All things to her were commonplace and ordinary. But it was not long before the recollection of that kneeling figure by her side caused wonder to revive. At first she asked herself why he had come to her? why it had been he who had incited her to turn on Death and resist him? But this question she did not ask long; it answered itself. She remembered well his words, and having looked on his pale and earnest countenance, it was impossible to



forget it, or to misconstrue its meaning. Then she asked herself, Why did he feel this way? Thus questioning, musing, pondering, she went back over her intercourse with Arthur Thorne, called to mind this and that thing he had done or said, suited motives to his actions, or resolved his actions back to motives, and so Arthur came often and dwelt long in her thoughts without meeting with any hustling or incommoding company.

The matter was now plain enough to her on his side, but not at all plain on hers. Often and often she tried to make it plain to herself on her side, but she could not do it. She came to the conclusion that this was something too hard for her just now, and she gave up the attempt. One definite thing she did for Mr. Thorne,—she gave him a new position in her mind. Up to this time she had always looked upon him as a Number Two. He was gentle; he was considerate; he was kindness itself; he was talented; he had learned many things and he knew how to think for himself; he was handsome, with the bearing of a gentleman; and in his soul she had found many sympathies; but, notwithstanding all this, she had looked upon him as Number Two. But now there was a change. Speaking as he had spoken, and feeling as he had felt, no matter why or to what end, there was no one to whom Arthur Thorne could stand second.

When the time came that she could see visitors the heart of Gay was troubled. Of course he would come to see her, and what would he do? His presence might be embarrassing, but then, on the other hand, it would be so very strange if he did not come. What would he say to her? Would he look as he did when she last saw him? As for herself—what she should say, or think, or do, she knew not. The whole affair was very puzzling, and it depended so much upon circumstances.

When Gay's friends began to come to her, Mrs. Justin never left her alone with visitors. Enthusiasms and draughts needed her watchful eye. She too was anxious about Mr. Thorne, but when he came he brought with him no cold accompaniment of outer air, left behind him no open doors nor undrawn portière, and his manner was under the same quiet restraint that it was wont to be. But his face was very pale, and any stranger could have seen that his interest in Gay's condition was deep and true. Gay herself was a little pale at first, but this soon passed away. When he had gone, she fell into a state of wonder. Could it be true that all that had happened which she remembered? Or was it one of the queer dreams which had come to her at that time? But after he had made her two or three visits, Gay

began to imagine that what she saw in him was an outer crust of kind restraint and tender regard for her new strength, and that there was something under this crust which sometimes shook it, although so slightly that perhaps no one knew it but herself. The presence of Mrs. Justin was a bar to words or emotion, but Gay wondered that there was not the least little bit of a sign that he remembered what he had said; if, indeed, he had ever said it. If he ever should speak, would he show that he had repented having been carried away by his sorrow that she was going to die? or would he think it well not to speak again? or would he repeat what he had said?

Gay was quite right when she thought she saw beneath Arthur's quiet restraint some signs of internal commotion. In fact he was torn, he was almost riven; he slept not by night, nor took aught of comfort in his life. He, too, questioned himself, but he only asked: "What does she think of me? What does she expect of me?"

One day, when Arthur was with the two ladies in the library, Mrs. Justin was called away to receive a visitor. Gay offered no opportunity to the embarrassment of silence, and began instantly to speak.

"Do you know, Mr. Thorne," she said, "that I have a very funny idea about you? I believe that you have forgotten my name, and that you are ashamed to ask anybody what it is. You don't address me by any name whatever, and I sometimes fancy that while you are sitting here you are going over the alphabet in your mind, hoping that in that way the name will come to you, and I suppose that in such cases people generally slip too quickly over A, because it is the first letter, and they are in such a hurry to get on to the others."

Arthur drew closer to her. "Once," he said, speaking very quickly, and in a low tone, "I called you by a name which perhaps I had no right to use, but, until I know that, I can never call you by any other. Do you remember?"

A tender glow came into Gay's cheeks and temples as though the fair Hygeia had suddenly touched her with a wand and sent into her veins the rich young blood which once coursed through them. There was a faint sparkle in her eyes, but this was hidden by the long lashes which now shaded them.

"You spoke very kindly to me that day," she said. "You were so good to me—"

"Oh, don't speak of kindness," interrupted Arthur. "I beg you not to think of that now. Don't you remember that I called you Gay? that I said I loved you? Don't you remember that?"

"I remember," said Gay, speaking very softly, with her eyes still more shaded, "but I have thought—have fancied—that it might have been one of those dreams I used to have."

"It was not a dream," said Arthur, a trembling earnestness in his voice. "It was all real. Oh, Gay, dear Gay, I called you that. I said I loved you. May I call you so again? May I say so once more?"

"Mr. Thorne," said Gay, still speaking very softly, "I think that this is all too soon. You could not have had those feelings very long; and as for me,—not knowing but it might be a fancy or a dream,—what you now say seems to come so unexpectedly. Do you not think you ought to wait?"

"Wait!" exclaimed Arthur. "How long?"

"I don't know," said Gay—"some time."

"And may I love you while I wait?" asked Arthur.

The glow on her cheeks and temples increased somewhat, as if Hygeia had forgotten to remove her wand, and it spread to the little ears which lay among the soft light brown, almost golden, hair which once had covered Arthur's hand, and even spread itself upon his wrist. The light in her eyes, now but slightly shaded, seemed to flash something of itself into her lips, which tremulously moved, as though they held between them a word with which they might play but not let go. But the word was too strong for them, and as for a moment Gay's large eyes were turned upon Arthur's glowing face, it made a quick escape.

"Yes," said Gay.

Wait! Who on earth could have waited? Arthur did not; in a moment he had her in his arms. And, when she was there, it came to her in a flash of consciousness that all the thinking she had been lately doing, all the wondering, all the questioning of herself, had been but the natural, simple, and certain pathway to those arms.

#### XXXV.

WHEN Enoch Bullripple reached the western town in which lived those persons who were said to have inherited legal rights in the Cherry Bridge farms, he found but one of them. This was a Mr. Hector Twombly, a man of about forty years of age, a very stout and even plump figure, a round face totally devoid of beard, red cheeks and lips, and with as much of an outward air of boyishness as is compatible with forty years of actual age. By profession he was a stock-raiser, a general merchant, a grist and saw mill owner, and one of the proprietors of an important stage and mail route.

Mr. Twombly listened with great attention to Enoch's account of the business which had brought him there, and then he invited the old farmer to take supper with him, and to stay all night, and, in fact, to make his house his home as long as he should be in that part of the country. The next morning in the very plainly furnished counting-room of his store, in which the greater part of his extensive and varied business was conducted, he communicated to his visitor his decision regarding the Cherry Bridge property.

"Now, then, Mr. Bullripple," said Mr. Twombly, sitting up very straight in his chair, with one plump, well-shaped hand upon each of his outspread knees, "this is about the size of this business as it appears to me. My uncle, Thomas Brackett, who I never saw and have heard very little about,—my mother having married young and come out here pretty much among the first settlers,—owned the farm you live on and that other one, and when he died they went, naturally enough as everybody thought, to his nephew Peter, who was living with him, and who everybody looked upon as the same thing as his son and heir. That is the way in which I have heard the matter stated."

"You've put it just right," said Enoch.

"Now, then, when Mr. Peter Brackett walked into that property there wasn't nobody there to ask any questions, and it isn't likely that Mr. Peter Brackett bothered his head about any sister of his uncle who went out West ever so long ago, and might be dead by that time, for aught he knew. Perhaps he never heard of her."

"You bet he did!" said Enoch, "but that's neither here nor there."

"No," said Mr. Twombly, "that's neither here nor there. Well, then, after a while Mr. Peter got tired of farming and concluded to sell out, and he did sell out to you and to that other gentleman, and you two paid for the property, cash down, clean and finished, bargain and sale. You showed me your papers, and I suppose the other gentleman could show his, if he was here."

"Yes," said Enoch, "but that farm was first bought by my brother-in-law, and he had to give a mortgage on the land. This was took up and paid by Mr. Stull, who now owns the farm."

"All right," said Mr. Twombly. "You and Mr. Stull now own the two farms, having bought and paid for them; and then, somehow or other, you hear that old Tom Brackett had other nephews besides the aforementioned Peter, and that I am one of them and my brother Ajax the other, and you come out here and put the whole case before me. Now,

it ain't for me to ask whether you did this because you was so touchy honest that you couldn't sleep in your bed till you knew everybody had his rights, or because you thought somebody else might come out here and make a bargain with us and so get the inside track of you. That's what I haven't got the right to bother myself about."

"No," said Enoch, "you hain't."

"But this much I have got a right to do, and that is to say that when you bought that farm you bought it, and when you paid for it it was yours. Now, if I and my brother Ajax have any rights in this business, and there isn't any doubt but what we have, our rights are in the money that Peter Brackett got for those farms, and not in the farms themselves, which you two men have fairly bought and paid for."

"That's not the way the law looks at it," said Enoch. "Peter Brackett sold what wasn't all his."

"That's the way I look at it," said Mr. Twombly. "Durn the law! And my brother Ajax will look at it just as I do, because if he don't I'll break his back, and he knows it. Now, sir, we've got nothing to do with those two farms that have been fairly bought and sold. What we've got to do with is the money Peter Brackett got for them. You've told me where he is settled, and when we're ready we'll come down on him. That's our business. And all we've got to do with you is to have the papers made out, giving you a clear title to your farm, as far as I and Ajax are concerned. My lawyer here will attend to that, and there is a cowboy in town who is going to start out early to-morrow morning to the ranch where Ajax is just now, and he'll sign them and send them back day after to-morrow. And if that Mr. Stull wants his business fixed up in the same way, all he's got to do is to send his documents out here and let me see for myself that everything is all straight, and we'll give him the same sort of title as we give you."

Thereupon Mr. Twombly and Mr. Bullripple shook hands on the bargain. And while waiting for the arrival of the return cowboy with the signature of Ajax, Enoch's host drove him about the surrounding country in a handsome buggy with two fast trotters, showed him over his two mills and his store, his stock yards and his stage stables, and gave him to eat and drink of the best and the most abundant.

When Mr. Bullripple returned to Cherry Bridge, he felt that he now truly owned his farm, but that he had lost his opportunity of triumphing over Mr. Stull and Zenas Turby. It was true that he had prevented those two plotters from triumphing over him. Enoch

had expected more than this, but this was really so much he felt that he ought to be satisfied. He had, indeed, come off wonderfully well.

But there was a minor triumph left open to him, and the crafty old farmer was not slow to avail himself of it. He would assume the position of the benefactor of Mr. Stull. He would say to him: "You need trouble yourself no more about this affair; I have been out West myself and have arranged everything with the heirs of your property. I will tell you exactly what you have to do in order to make your title quite secure. I am very glad to be able to put you once more on a sound footing in our part of the country; and this, too, without any trouble or expense on the part of yourself or your agents."

Enoch knew that this would be very hard on J. Weatherby Stull, whose soul would naturally scorn the idea that it was possible for any one to bestow a benefit upon him, especially one whom he hated on account of injuries conferred. He knew too that by this course of action he would deal a heavy, although an indirect, blow at his old enemy, Zenas Turby. Enoch had put this and that together to such purpose that he had become convinced that Turby was Stull's agent in this matter of the Cherry Bridge farms; and that, when the principal should be made aware that the whole business had been settled without the knowledge of his agent, the latter would, as Enoch put it to himself, "ketch fits."

To a certain extent Enoch's plan was quite successful. When Mr. Stull was informed of what had been done he was angry, and would have been mortified had he not attributed the failure of his scheme to the stupidity of Turby, who was summoned to New York, and who did, in very truth, catch fits.

Had this failure of a well-planned project occurred a month or two earlier, Mr. Stull would have been much more affected by it than he now was. Other plans and purposes had failed at about the same time, and the strong mind of Mr. Stull was rising above the storms which beset him, in order that he might see how he could take advantage of them. It was his custom to turn, if possible, bad fortune, as well as good, to his advantage. When he discovered that his ownership of Vatoldi's was becoming dangerous, not only on account of John People's intended marriage but because of his daughter Matilda's possession of his secret, and her opposition to a Vatoldi connection, and when he found out that Matilda would certainly marry Mr. Crisman, with or without paternal consent, he was at first extremely indignant, and afterwards sternly resolved.

He brought his mind to the determination that Vatoldi's had had its day, and must be put behind him, but he would put it behind him in his own and in an advantageous way. He came to the same decision concerning his daughter's marriage. Crisman, he found, was a man of good character and fair connections and of more than the average business ability. If his hard-headed and inflexible daughter would marry this man she might do so, and he would place the couple in a position which would be creditable to himself and his family, and in which Crisman might rise if he should prove equal to mercantile soaring. Then Mr. Stull would put Matilda and her husband behind him. Another object grander than a restaurant or a daughter's marriage loomed up before him, and to this he would devote his life.

When John People was informed by Mr. Stull that the latter had decided that John should buy out Vatoldi's, the young man was frightened. It was too much! It was beyond his belief in his powers! He would much prefer that Mr. Stull should sell out to some one else, and that he should continue as junior partner and manager. But Mr. Stull told him that it was impossible to sell to any one else. The transaction could take place between John and himself, and no others. The terms decided upon by Mr. Stull were not easy ones. John was to raise a certain sum in cash, and pay it down; he was then to make payments at fixed and frequent intervals both as interest and as installments on the remainder of the high price put upon the establishment, which would make it necessary for him to do a very lucrative business, and for a long time to hand over to Mr. Stull a very large proportion of his profits.

When Miss Burns heard of Mr. Stull's purpose in this matter she was not frightened. It would be a hard and long fight, she knew, but she advised John to go into it. In fact, she decided that he should go into it. As soon as the transfer of the business should be completed they would marry, and then she would give up her position in the store, and enter, heart, soul, and body, into her husband's business. She would sit behind the desk and be the cashier, thus saving money to John and giving him the opportunity to be in all the other places in which he ought to be, and to do all the other things which he ought to do.

John People is now owner of Vatoldi's. He has not paid for it, and it will be years before he does so, but, so far, he has fulfilled all his obligations. His brow has been a good deal furrowed by the necessity of hard work and careful calculation in order to do this, but all signs of resignation have disappeared from it, and have been succeeded by a general air of

cheery earnestness. His wife is much plumper than when she was Miss Burns; sweet-breads, lamb-chops, and all the delicacies of the restaurant are her own whenever she wants them, without a preliminary reservation in the corner of an ice-box. Mrs. People makes her son long visits, especially in the winter when there is little to do at the farm, and although she thinks John the most fortunate as well as the most deserving of men, she is convinced that no better fortune ever befell him than when he escaped the clutches of that Stull girl.

There is one great change in the Vatoldi establishment: Mr. Stull is never seen there. He has put it behind him. The restaurant, however, is as well managed and as popular as it ever was.

"I shall make it a rule," said John People to his wife, "to manage that place exactly as if I expected, at from fifteen to twenty minutes past one, to see Mr. Stull walk in at the door and clap his eyes on everything on the premises, from a spot on a table-cloth to an overdone steak."

Thus over the fortunes of Vatoldi's hovers the invisible but protecting influence of J. Weatherby Stull.

The good fortune of John People not only bore heavily upon that young man, but upon his Uncle Enoch. Mr. Bullripple entirely approved of the purchase of Vatoldi's, although he fully appreciated the weight of the load that it would lay not only on his nephew's shoulders, but his own. John had not been able to save much money, and in order to make the first cash payment it was necessary that he should be generously helped. To this end Enoch collected every cent that he could possibly gather together, and put himself under obligations to Mr. Stratford for the remainder of the money needed. The old farmer had no fear but that in the course of years John would be able to pay back everything, and would eventually die a rich man. If his nephew had desired assistance in order to enter into agricultural pursuits Mr. Bullripple would not have lifted a finger to aid him. But he had great faith in the right kind of a restaurant.

Miss Matilda had most truly succeeded in her various plans, but while she was entirely satisfied, she was not elated. She had expected to succeed. She thoroughly understood her father's character, and although she knew that it would be utterly impossible to dam or stop the powerful current in which his nature flowed, it was quite possible, were the impediment wide enough, high enough, and solid enough, to turn the stream in a new direction. She could be such an impediment, and having thrown herself across his current, suggesting



at the same time a change of channel, she was not at all surprised to see the change made.

In the course of the winter Mr. Crisman and Miss Stull were married in a manner entirely suited to the social position of the bride. To these proceedings Mr. Stull gave a lofty and dignified assent. The element of interest in his approbation appeared to be but moderate, and, entirely contrary to his previous record, he interfered very little with the details of this important family occasion. It is probable, however, that no feeling, whether of apathy or disapprobation, could have prevented him from taking his usual place as director of affairs had he not known that that position had been assumed by his daughter Matilda.

With capital furnished by his father-in-law, Mr. Crisman entered, as a junior partner, the great mercantile firm of which he had been an employee, and he looked upon himself as in every way a most fortunate and successful man. In his marriage relation he was indeed quite fortunate. From the very beginning his wife set herself to work to manage him, and in order that she might do so without trouble to herself or dissatisfaction to him, she also set herself to work to make him happy. Having, by diligent study, made herself thoroughly acquainted with his character, she succeeded admirably in both these regards.

When Mr. Crisman thought of that love affair which antedated his engagement to Miss Stull,—and during said engagement such a thought did sometimes come to him,—he found that the place in his sentiments which once had been filled by this love was now occupied by a modified form of anger, which was principally aimed at a want of respect for his opinions, his position, and himself which had been exhibited by all the persons with whom that affair had connected him. But these thoughts came less and less frequently—like Mr. Stull, Crisman was a man who could put things behind him.

When the powerful current of Mr. Stull's action and interest had been turned from its course by his daughter Matilda, aided by the force of events, she had no idea of the new channel in which it would flow. No one, indeed, except her father, could have had such an idea, and even he, when he came to survey and fully comprehend the nature and extent of this fresh channel, was surprised at what he deemed its importance and its grandeur.

Mr. Stull was a man whose pleasure in life was to be found in lofty flight. Whether he soared as a restaurant keeper, a social and church pillar, or as a financial operator, he wished to fly high and look down on his fellows; and his strength of wing was powerful and enduring. There were some flights he

could not take, and these he did not essay. He would have liked to look down upon railroad kings, but he dwelt upon no Andes, nor were his wings of condor size.

He had long had in mind a scheme which pleased him much; and for some years he had thought that a great part of the fortune which he intended to leave behind him should be devoted to carrying out this scheme. But now his purpose was changed. His speculations and investments had been exceptionally successful, and he was a very rich man much sooner than he had expected to be. It was quite possible for himself to do, in these vigorous years of his natural life, what he had expected to order that others should do after his death. When this decision had been reached, it greatly gratified the soul of Mr. Stull. This new object of his life was far higher, far nobler, than anything he had yet touched. It would give him loftiness, it would give him power.

Mr. Stull determined to found, create, and direct a Law Hospital. He had never studied law, nor did he pretend to understand its principles or practice; but, in the course of his varied business life, he had become acquainted with many phases of its effect upon society as well as many phases of its relations to the ordinary and to the extraordinary man. Pondering upon this subject, he had come to the conclusion that, in its general relation to mankind, law was to be looked upon in the same light as medicine and surgery. If the latter demanded hospitals for their perfect and complete practice, so did the former. As the means of amelioration or removal of those evils against which the powers of medicine and surgery are directed are open to all, so Mr. Stull thought the amelioration or removal of those evils against which the power of the law is directed should be equally open to all. Therefore he determined to found a Law Hospital, where those persons who were unable to pay for legal protection should receive it as freely as the ailing poor receive medicine and treatment in hospitals of the other kind.

When Mr. Stull undertook an important enterprise, he brought his strong and practical intellect to bear upon its probable disadvantages as well as its advantages, and before he spoke of this great scheme, he made himself quite ready to meet any objections that might be urged against it. When persons came to him and said that such an institution would have a very bad effect upon the poor, for it would encourage them to be quarrelsome and go to law, Mr. Stull rose easily above the objectors and replied: "There is no more reason to suppose that than to suppose that the ordinary hospital encourages sickness or broken legs among the poor. It will be almost



impossible for a sham or unworthy case to get into my institution. There will be a Board of Examiners composed of high legal talent who will investigate every application, and if there are not good grounds for taking it into the courts it will be rejected, but if, on the other hand, it shall be found to be based on good grounds, it will be carried through to the very end, to the very end, sir; if it should be the case of a brakeman against a millionaire, it will be carried through; you may be sure of that. And then, again, sir, it will prevent a great deal of litigation. There are lawyers, sir, who take up unjust cases for clients who are unable to pay in hopes of sharing in unjust advantages. My institution will greatly assist in putting an end to such practices. The fact that it never takes up an unjust case will shine as an example, sir, and those who are unjustly proceeded against will find in my Law Hospital a strong ally in defense."

Mr. Stull was a vigorous upholder of strict justice. He was not generous, he was not forbearing, he had not a kindly spirit. His present enterprise was intended as much to defeat and humble the unjust rich as to assist the oppressed poor. If he could have legally revenged himself upon Enoch Bullripple he would have done so gladly; and had he seen another person oppressing the old farmer in a perfectly legal way he would have had no disposition to interfere. Furthermore, what he did for the advantage of mankind must carry out some of his own practical ideas, and must be of advantage to himself. These conditions he fully expected the Law Hospital to fulfill.

In the first place, it would give him power and position. By its aid he might be enabled to take an occasional flight above the head of even a railroad king. There was no station which would please and suit him so well as that of the Founder and Director-in-Chief of the great institution he intended to establish. Then, again, he expected his Law Hospital to become a source of profit. It would be an admirable school of practice for young lawyers who would pay fees for this advantage, and who would not only be supervised by the body of high legal talent who would direct the operations of the institution, but would receive from said body much valuable assistance and instruction. The vast resources of the Hospital would be open, not only to the poor, but to those who would be able to pay, and its strictly regulated charges and prompt and vigorous methods would prove a great inducement to persons who would hesitate to place themselves in the power of unrestricted and irresponsible legal advisers.

The scope of this institution was a very wide one. It would be a great Law School; the

decisions of its Board of Examiners would meet with such high regard that, in time, it would come to be looked upon almost in the light of a court of law; it offered to the poor the legal redress of wrongs; and to all men it would afford the opportunity of obtaining the assistance of the law of the land in a systematic, economic, and perfectly practical and business-like manner.

And it would enable this generation, and in all probability many generations hereafter, to read on a marble slab in the great entrance hall the name of its Founder and first Director-in-Chief, J. Weatherby Stull.

## XXXVI.

AS THE winter months went on, the goddess Hygeia did so truly touch with her wand the fair Gabriella Armatt that this young person bloomed out in full health and vigor; and when the jonquils in the little yard in front of Mrs. Justin's town house forced their tender blossoms into the uncertain air of spring, they were greeted with no happier eyes than those of Gay.

Our heroine was not one who had put things behind her. In her life it had seemed as if certain things had pushed her before them, and, remaining stationary themselves, had gradually faded from sight as she went on. That first young love, which had grown to be a true, conscientious, but anxious affection, had not gone on with her. She had now begun a new life, and it was a life without that old affection.

If, in those melancholy days in the past year when she seemed to be left alone in the world, her soul had, half-unconsciously, looked toward Horace Stratford with vague feelings other than those of friend to friend or scholar to master, those feelings existed no more. Her new life had begun without them. When Stratford looked upon her now he saw not that certain something, that sympathetic stamen which at times springs suddenly from a woman's heart, and which had made her perfect in his eyes; she was his friend, loyal and warm; she was his disciple, earnest and trusting; but on her face that certain something never appeared—for him.

The effect upon Arthur Thorne of his love for Gay was somewhat surprising, even to himself. He had thought it would change him, make a different man of him, but in fact it produced in him but little change that was radical. His tastes, his strict regard for the proper, and his conscientious views of duty to himself and society, still remained upon the solid foundations on which they had always stood, but into his nature had come a warm-

hued liberality of feeling which was born of his admiration for Gay's nature.

Gay's nature was a strong one and fully animated, and it would have had its influence upon any man, but it could not put into a man's nature what was not there. With Crisman she would have failed utterly, but in the warm radiance of her influence the colors came out in the nature of Arthur Thorne as the bright spots and brilliant hues appear upon the wings of a moth as he draws their somber folds from his cocoon into the bright light of day.

As to Gay's aspirations and the life-work to which she had looked forward, these two young people, from having widely different opinions, came to think alike. When Gay started on her course of advanced study, she had not definitely fixed her mind upon the special path in life to which this study was to lead her, but she had determined that she would do something which should satisfy her ambition and be of service to other people. She had no notion that one whit of her work in college and afterwards should be wasted. She was to be something which should be worthy of herself, of her instructors, and of those heights of knowledge to which she hoped to climb. Even when she became engaged to Crisman her ideas did not change, although by the counsel of Mrs. Justin, and, subsequently, by the influence rather than by the direct advice of Stratford, she modified them. She would put her intellect in perfect training before she decided on what field she would send it forth to do battle. Even the academic degree to which she directed her course was looked upon more as a guiding point than an object; she might never claim it, but if she made herself worthy of it her intellect would be well trained.

When Gay's purpose of study was made known to Arthur Thorne during the days he spent at Cherry Bridge, he was very much opposed to it and talked a great deal to Mrs. Justin about it. He believed that when any one entered upon a course of earnest endeavor, it should have a fixed and definite object. If the young lady intended to devote herself to any branch of philosophy, science, or literature, she should concentrate her energies upon those studies which would prepare her for her future work. When he became engaged to Gay this idea of the limitation and concentration of her energies, even at her present stage of progress, was still in his mind. But when the two had talked over the matter they came to think alike. Arthur still believed that earnest study should have its object, but he soon understood that Gay had an object, and his soul expanded itself to appreciate its beauty

and value. He agreed with her that the conviction that one's intellect has been well cultivated is a sufficient reward for the labor of the cultivation.

They would work together,—there could be no doubt about that,—and if the time came when they felt they were able to do something for the world which in a degree would repay the world for what it had done for them, then they would do the thing which they believed they best could do. If their young ambitions led them truly, they would not only penetrate to the head-waters of thought and knowledge, but they would lend their services towards clearing out their channels and digging down into their sources. But if ambition led them not so far, they would stop when they could feel content that they had fulfilled the duty they owed their intellects, and had done their best to qualify themselves to think and act and live.

There is no danger that they will flag in this projected career. They are strong, earnest, and enthusiastic; and in Stratford they will always have a wise and steadfast friend and backer. Their life-work and their life-love will go on together, and the one will not be interfered with by the other.

Gay and Arthur were married in the time of early roses; and then they went away and wandered joyously; coming back when the peaches were ripe and the juice of the grape-clusters was beginning to turn red and purple. Then it was that Mrs. Justin invited the young couple to her house at Cherry Bridge, to which Stratford still came over from the Bullripple farm on most of the days of the week. These holidays of Gay and Arthur could not last much longer, for in the early autumn they must go into the city and begin the life they had marked out for themselves, which, for Arthur, would not be a very easy one, for it was necessary that his professional labors should keep pace with every other kind of work or study.

They made good use, therefore, of this pleasure-time, and Gay, knowing the country better than her husband, generally acted as guide and suggestor. She took him, at the close of a day, through the sugar-maple grove to the little eminence where they could sit on the top rail of the fence and see the sunset glories of the western sky. They rowed upon the creek, and it was astonishing what a memory Gay possessed for sunken trees, shallow places, and sharp turnings. She guided Arthur into the tributary stream overshadowed by the forest, trees, and they stopped at the spot in the heart of the woods where all seemed quiet and motionless save the dragon-flies and the flecks of sunlight on the surface of the pool and where a spreading and low-hanging grape-vine formed a water-arbor under which a little boat might

lie. Now the air bore not the perfume of the tender blossoms of the vine, but the wild grapes hung dark, though not yet ripe, from under their broad leaves, and Gay could put up her hand and touch them.

One morning the two were sitting together on a rustic bench on the lawn. Gay held a book in her lap, on the blank leaf of which she was making a sketch, not from nature, but from her imagination. Arthur, one arm on the back of the seat, watched with ardent interest the rapid growth of the drawing. They were in the shade, but all the air was full of light. Gay was very lovely that day. She wore a morning gown of pale blue, the front generously draped with white soft-hanging lace which ran away in graceful lines into the folds which lay about her feet. The wide brim of her hat was lined beneath with light blue silk, which threw a subduing influence upon the golden tints which always seemed ready to break out in the masses of hair beneath it, and extended its shade over the fair face, now slightly bent towards the drawing. Upon the crown and broad straw brim of this hat were clusters of apple-blossoms, which lay as naturally as if it had been spring-time and they had just dropped there from some tree.

Mrs. Justin and Stratford were standing upon the piazza looking at the young people on the lawn. It was a charming picture and well worthy their contemplation.

"Now, sir," said the lady, "there we see the full fruition of your work. Are you satisfied with it?"

"I am," he answered. "It was good work. And are you yet fully content?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Justin, "I believe I am. You know it was hard for me to be content, but I am beginning to see that events, as you controlled them, have resulted in great good."

Stratford made no answer. If he had spoken from the depths of his heart he must have said that great good indeed had resulted from what he had done; great good to Gay, great good to Arthur, and even good to that first lover, Crisman; good to every one, except himself. For in the fight he had fought he had been hurt—he had conquered, but he had been hurt.

The essence of Mrs. Justin's nature was loyalty, loyalty to past affection, loyalty to present friendships, and it was the ardent earnestness of this sentiment which threw into her friendship a sensitive and perceptive sympathy. Stratford said nothing; but she saw in his face something of what he thought.

"My friend," said she, laying her hand upon his arm, "could you have loved that girl?"

"Yes," said Stratford, "I could have loved her."

Mrs. Justin looked at him intently for a moment, and then she said: "Horace Stratford, I believe that you, yourself, are the hundredth man you have been looking for."

An expression of surprise came into the face of Stratford, and then he smiled, but the smile did not last long. "If you think so," he said, "I accept your decision, and my search is ended."

*Frank R. Stockton.*

THE END.

## HIS ARGUMENT.

AD HOMINEM.

"BUT if a fellow in the castle there  
Keeps doing nothing for a thousand years,  
And then has — Everything! (That isn't fair  
But it's — what has to be. The milk-boy hears  
The talk they have about it everywhere.)

"Then, if the man there in the hut, you know,  
With water you could swim in on the floor,  
(And it's the ground. The place is pretty, though,  
With gold flowers on the roof and half a door!)  
Works — and can get no work and nothing more.

"What I will do is — nothing! Don't you see?  
Then I'll have everything, my whole life through.  
But if I work, why I might always be  
Living in huts with gold flowers on them too —  
And half a door. And that won't do for me."

QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.

*Sarah M. B. Piatt.*

AZALIA.

By the author of "Uncle Remus," "Little Compton," etc.

VI.



SUMMONS was sent for Uncle Prince, and the old man soon made his appearance. He stood in a seriously expectant attitude.

"Prince," said General Garwood, "these ladies are from the North. They have asked me about the dead Union soldier you brought home during the war. I want you to tell the whole story."

"Tell 'bout de what, Marse Peyton?" Both astonishment and distress were depicted on the old negro's face as he asked the question. He seemed to be sure that he had not heard aright.

"About the Union soldier you brought home with your young master from Virginia."

"Whar Miss Hallie, Marse Peyton? Dat her in dar wid de peanner?"

"Yes, she's in there."

"I 'lowed she uz some'r's, kaze I know 'tain't gwine never do fer ter git dat chile riled up 'bout dem ole times; en it'll be a mighty wonder ef she don't ketch col' in dar whar she is."

"No," said General Garwood; "the room is warm. There has been a fire in there all day."

"Yasser, I know I builted one in dar dis mo'nin', but I take notice dat de draffs dese times look like dey come bofe ways."

The old man stood near the tall mantel, facing the group. There was nothing servile in his attitude; on the contrary, his manner, when addressing the gentleman who had once been his master, suggested easy, not to say affectionate, familiarity. The firelight, shining on his face, revealed a countenance at once rugged and friendly. It was a face in which humor had many a tough struggle with dignity. In looks and tone, in word and gesture, there was unmistakable evidence of that peculiar form of urbanity that cannot be dissociated from gentility. These things were more apparent, perhaps, to Helen and her aunt than to those who, from long association, had become accustomed to Uncle Prince's peculiarities.

"Dem times ain't never got clean out'n my

min'," said the old negro, "but it bin so long sence I runn'd over um, dat I dunner wharabouts ter begin skacely."

"You can tell it all in your own way," said General Garwood.

"Yasser, dat's so, but I fear'd it's a mighty po' way. Bless yo' soul, honey," Uncle Prince went on, "dey was rough times, en it look like ter me dat ef dey wuz ter come 'roun' ag'in hit 'u'd take a mighty rank runner fer ter ketch onenigger man w'at I'm got some 'quaintance wid. Dey wuz rough times, but dey wa'n't rough 'long at fust. Shoo! no! dey wuz dat slick dat dey ease we-all right down 'mong's de wuss kind er tribbylation, en we ain't none un us know it twel we er done dar."

"I know dis," the old man continued, addressing himself exclusively to Miss Eustis and her aunt; "I knows dat we-all wuz a-gittin' 'long mighty well, w'en one day Marse Peyton dar, he tuck 'n' jinded wid de army; en den 'twa'n't long 'fo' word come dat my young marster w'at gwine ter college in Ferginny, done gone en jinded wid um. I ax myse'f, I say, w'at de name er goodness does dey want wid boy like dat? Hit's de Lord's trufe, ma'am, dat ar chile wa'n't mo' dan gwine on sixteen ef he wuz dat, en I up 'n' ax myse'f, I did, w'at does de war want wid baby like dat? Min' you, ma'am, I ain't fin' out den w'at war wuz — I ain't know w'at a great big maw she got."

"My son Ethel," said Mrs. Garwood, the soft tone of her voice chiming with the notes of the piano, "was attending the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He was just sixteen."

"Yassum," said Uncle Prince, rubbing his hands together gently, and gazing into the glowing embers, as if searching there for some clew that would aid him in recalling the past. "Yassum, my young marster wuz des gone by sixteen year, kaze 'twa'n't so mighty long 'fo' dat, dat we-all sont 'im a great big box er fix-in's en doin's fer ter git dar on he's birfday; en I sot up mighty nigh twel day tryin' ter make some 'lasses candy fer ter put in dar wid de yuther doin's."

Here Uncle Prince smiled broadly at the fire.

"Ef dey wuz sumpin' w'at dat chile like, hit wuz 'lasses candy; en I say ter my ole 'oman, I did, 'Mandy Jane, I'll make de candy,

en den w'en she good en done I'll up en hol-ler fer you, en den you kin pull it.' Yassum, I said dem ve'y words. So de ole 'oman, she lay down 'cross de baid, en I sot up dar en b'iled de 'lasses. De 'lasses 'u'd blubber en I'd nod, en I'd nod en de 'lasses 'u'd blubber, en fus news I know de 'lasses 'u'd done be scorched. Well, ma'am, I tuck 'n' burnt up mighty nigh fo' gallons er 'lasses on de account er my noddin', en bimeby w'en de ole 'oman wake up, she 'low dey wa'n't no excu-sion fer it; en sho nuff dey wa'n't, kaze w'at make I nod dat a-way?

"But dat candy wuz candy, mon, w'en she did come, en den de ole 'oman she tuck 'n' pull it twel it git 'mos' right white; en my young marster, he tuck 'n' writ back, he did, dat ef dey wuz anythin' in dat box w'at make 'im git puny wid de homesickness, hit uz dat ar 'lasses candy. Yassum, he cert'n'y did, kaze dey tuck 'n' read it right out'n de letter whar he writ it.

"Twa'n't long atter dat 'fo' we-all got de word dat my young marster done jindind inter de war wid some yuther boys w'at been at de same school-'ouse wid 'im. Den, on top er dat, yer come news dat he gwine git married. Bless yo' soul, honey, dat sorter rilded me up, en I march inter de big-'ouse, I did, en I up 'n' tell mistis dat she better lemme go up dar en fetch dat chile home; en den mistis say she gwine sen' me on dar fer ter be wid 'im in de war en take keer un 'im. Disholp me up might'ly, kaze I wuz a mighty biggity nigger in dem days. De white folks done raise me up right 'long wid um, en way down in my min' I des laid off fer ter go up dar in Ferginny en take my young marster by he's collar en fetch 'im home, des like I done w'en he use ter git in de hin-'ouse en bodder 'long wid de chickens.

"Dat wuz way down in my min', des like I tell you, but bless yo' soul, chile, hit done drap out 'mos' 'fo' I git ter 'Gusty, in de Nunited State er Georgy. Time I struck de railroad I kin see de troops a-troopin' en year de drums a-drummin'. De trains wuz des loaded down wid um. Let 'lone de pas-senger kyars, dey wuz in de freight-boxes yit, en dey wuz de sassiest white mens dat yever walk 'pon topside de groun'. Mon, dey wuz a caution. Dey had niggers wid um, en de niggers wuz sassy, en ef I hadn't a-frailed one un um out, I dunner w'at would er 'come un me.

"Hit cert'n'y wuz a mighty long ways fum dese parts. I come down yer fum Ferginny in a waggin w'en I wuz des 'bout big nuff fer ter hol' a plow straight in de' furrer, but 'tain't look like ter me dat 'twuz sech a fur ways. All day en all night long fer mighty nigh a

week I year dem kyar-wheels go clickity-clock, clickity-clock, en dem ingines go choo-choo-choo, choo-choo-choo, en it look like we ain't never gwine git dar. Yit, git dar we did, en 'tain't take me long fer ter fin' de place whar my young marster is. I laid off ter fetch 'im home; well, ma'am, w'en I look at 'im he skeer'd me. Yassum, you may b'lieve me er not b'lieve me, but he skeer'd me. Stiddier de boy w'at I wuz a-huntin' fer, dar he wuz, a great big grow'd-up man, en, bless yo' soul, he wuz a-trompin' 'roun' dar wid great big boots on, en, mon, dey had spurs on um.

"Ef I hadn' er year 'im laugh, I nev'd a-know'd 'im in de roun' worl'. I say ter my-self, s'I, I'll des wait en see ef he know who I is. But shoo! my young marster know me time he lay eyes on me, en no sooner is he see me dan he fetched a whoop en rushed at me. He 'low: 'Hello, Daddy! whar de name er goodness you rise fum?' He allers call me Daddy sence he been a baby. De minute he say dat, it come over me 'bout how lonesome de folks wuz at home, en I des grabbed 'im, en 'low: 'Honey, you better come go back wid Daddy.'

"He sorter hug me back, he did, en den he laugh, but I tell you dey wa'n't no laugh in me, kaze I done see w'iles I gwine long w'at kinder 'sturbance de white folks wuz a-gittin' up, en I know'd dey wuz a-gwine ter be trouble pile 'pon trouble. Yit dar he wuz a-laughin' en a-projickin', en 'mongs' all dem yuther mens dey wa'n't none un um good-lookin' like my young marster. I don't keer w'at kinder cloze he put on, dey fit 'im, en I don't keer w'at crowd he git in, dey ain't none un um look like 'im. En 'tain't on'y me say dat; I done year lots er yuther folks say dem ve'y words.

"I ups en sez, s'I, 'Honey, you go 'long en git yo' things, en come go home 'long wid Daddy. Dey er waitin' fer you down dar'—des so! Den he look at me cute like he us'ter w'en he wuz a baby, en he 'low, he did:

"'I'm mighty glad you come, Daddy, en I hope you brung yo' good cloze, kaze you des come in time fer ter go in 'ten'ance on my weddin'.' Den I 'low:

"'You oughtn' be a-talkin' dat a-way, honey. W'at in de name er goodness is chil-luns like you got ter do wid marryin'?' Wid dat, he up 'n' laugh, but 'twa'n't no laughin' matter wid me. Yit 'twuz des like he tell me, en 'twa'n't many hours 'fo' we wuz gallopin' cross de country to'ds Marse Randolph Herndon' place; en dar whar he married. 'En you may b'lieve me er not, ma'am, des ez you please, but dat couple wuz two er de purtiest chilluns you ever laid eyes on, dar Miss Hallie in dar now fer ter show you I'm a-tellin' de

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true word. 'Mos' 'fo' de weddin' wuz over, news come dat my young marster en de folks wid 'im mus' go back ter camps, en back we went.

"Well, ma'am, dar we wuz — a mighty far ways fum home, Miss Hallie a-cryin', en de war gwine on des same ez ef 'twuz right out dar in de yard. My young marster 'low dat I des come in time, kaze he mighty nigh pe'sh'd fer sumpin' 'n'er good ter eat. I whirled in, I did, en I cook 'im some er de right kinder vittles; but all de time I cookin', I say ter myse'f, I did, dat I mought er come too soon, er I mought er come too late, but I be bless' ef I come des in time.

"Hit went on dis a-way scan'lous. We marched en we stopped, en we stopped en we marched, en 'twuz de Lord's blessin' dat we rid hosses, kaze ef my young marster had 'a' bin 'blige' ter tromp thoo de mud like some er dem white mens, I speck I'd 'a' had ter tote 'im, dough he uz mighty spry en tough. Sometimes dem ar bung-shells u'd drap right in 'mong's whar we-all wuz, en dem wuz de times w'en I feel like I better go off some'r's en hide, not dat I wuz anyway skeery, kaze I wa'n't; but ef one er dem ur bung-shells had erstrucken me, I dunner who my young marster would 'a' got ter do he's cookin' en he's washin'.

"Hit went on dis a-way, twel, bimeby one night way in de night, my young marster come whar I wuz layin', en shuck me by de shoulder. I wuz des wide 'wake ez w'at he wuz, yit I ain't make no motion. He shuck me ag'in, en 'low: 'Daddy! O Daddy! I'm gwine on de skirmish line. I speck we gwine ter have some fun out dar.'

"I 'low, I did: 'Honey, you make 'aste back ter break'us, kaze I got some sossige meat en some gennywine coffee.'

"He ain't say nothin', but w'en he git little ways off, he tu'n 'roun' en come back, he did, en 'low: 'Good-night, Daddy.' I lay dar en I year un w'en dey start off. I year der hosses a-snortin', en der spurrers a-jinglin'. Ef dey yever wuz a restless creetur hit uz me dat night. I des lay dar wid my eyes right wide open, en dey staid open, kaze, atter w'ile, yer come daylight, en den I roused out, I did, en built me a fire, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' I had break'us a-fryin' en de coffee a-b'ilin', kaze I spected my young marster eve'y minute; en he uz one er dese yer kinder folks w'at want he's coffee hot en all de yuther vittles on de jump.

"I wait en I wait, en still he ain't come. Hit cert'n'y look like a mighty long time w'at he stay 'way; en bimeby I tuck myse'f off ter make some inquirements, kaze mighty nigh all he's comp'ny done gone wid 'im. I notice dat de white mens look at me mighty kuse w'en I ax um 'bout my young marster; en bimeby

one un um up en 'low, 'Ole man, whar yo' hat?' des dat a-way. I feel on my haid, en, bless goodness! my hat done gone; but I 'spon' back, I did, 'Tain't no time fer no nigger man fer ter be bodder'n' 'bout he's hat,' des so. Well, ma'am, bimeby I struck up wid some er my young marster' comp'ny, en dey up 'n' tell me dat dey had a racket out dar en de skirmish line, en dey hatter run in, en dey speck my young marster be 'long terreckery. Den I year some un say dat dey speck de Yankees tuck some pris'ners out dar, en den I know dat ain't gwine do fer me. I des runn'd back ter whar we been campin', en I mount de hoss w'at my young marster gun me, en I rid right straight out ter whar dey been fightin'. My min' tol' me dey wuz sumpin' 'n'er wrong out dar, en, I let you know, ma'am, I rid mighty fas'; I sholy made dat ole hoss git up fum dar. De white mens dey holler at me w'en I pass, but eve'y time dey holler I make dat creetur men' he's gait. Some un um call me a country-ban', en say I runnin' 'way, en ef de pickets hadn't all been runnin' in, I speck dey'd 'a' fetched de ole nigger up wid de guns. But dat never cross my min' dat day.

"Well, ma'am, I haid my hoss de way de pickets comin' fum, en ef dey hadn't er been so much underbresh en so many sassyfac saplin's, I speck I'd 'a' run dat creetur ter def; but I got ter whar I hatter go slow, en I des pick my way right straight forrerd de bes' I kin. I ain't hatter go 'so mighty fur, nudder, 'fo' I come 'cross de place whar dey had de skirmish, en fum dat day ter dis I ain't never see no lonesome place like dat. Dey wuz a cap yer, a hut yander, en de groun' look like it wuz des strowed wid um. I stop en listen. Den I rid on a little ways, en den I stop en listen. Bimeby I year hoss whicker, en den de creetur w'at I'm a-ridin', he whicker back, en do des like he wanten go whar de t'er hoss is. I des gin 'im de rein, en de fus news I know, he trot right up ter de big black hoss w'at my young marster rid.

"I look little furdur, I did, en I see folks lyin' on de groun'. Some wuz double' up, en some wuz layin' out straight. De win' blow de grass back'ards en forrerd, but dem sojermen, dey never move; en den I know dey wuz dead. I look closer, en dar 'pon de groun' 'mos' right at me wuz my young marster layin' right by de side er one er dem Yankee mens. I jumped down, I did, en run ter whar he wuz, but he wuz done gone. My heart jump, my knees shuck, en my han' trimble, but I know I got ter git away fum dar. Hit look like at fus' dat him en dat Yankee man been fightin', but bimeby I see whar my young marster bin crawl thoo de weeds en grass ter whar de Yankee man wuz layin', en he had

one arm un' de man' haid, en de ter han' wuz gripped on he's canteen. I fix it in my min', ma'am, dat my young marster year dat Yankee man holler fer water, en he des make out fer ter crawl whar he is, en den I foun' um bofe.

"Dey wuz layin' close by a little farm road, en not so mighty fur off I year a chicken crowin'. I say ter myse'f dat sholy folks must be livin' whar dey chickens crowin', en I tuck 'n' mount my young marster' hoss, en right 'roun' de side er de hill, I come 'cross a house. De folks wuz all gone, but dey wuz a two-hoss waggin in de lot, en some harness in de barn, en I des loped back atter de yuther hoss, en 'mos' 'fo' you know it, I had dem creetur's hitch up; en I went en got my young marster en de Yankee man w'at wuz wid 'im, en I kyard um back ter de camps. I got um des in time, too, kase I ain't mo'n fairly start 'fo' I year big gun, *be-bang!* en den I know'd de Yankees mus' be a-comin' back. Den de bung-shells 'gun ter bus', en I ax myse'f, w'at dey shootin' at me fer, en I ain't never fin' out w'at make dey do it.

"Well, ma'am, w'en I git back ter camps, dar wuz Cunnel Tip Herndon, w'ich he wuz own br'er ter Miss Hallie. Maybe you been year tell er Marse Tip, ma'am; he cert'n'y wuz a mighty fine man. Marse Tip, he 'uz dar, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' Miss Hallie wuz dar, kaze she ain't live so mighty fur; en Miss Hallie say dat my young marster en de Yankee man mus' be brung home terge'er. So dey brung um."

Uncle Prince paused. His story was at an end. He stooped to stir the fire, and when he rose, his eyes were full of tears. Humble as he was, he could pay this tribute to the memory of the boy soldier whom he had nursed in sickness and in health. It was a stirring recital. Perhaps it is not so stirring when transferred to paper. The earnestness, the simplicity, the awkward fervor, the dramatic gestures, the unique individuality of Uncle Prince cannot be reproduced; but these things had a profound effect on Miss Eustis and her aunt.

#### VII.

THROUGHOUT the narrative the piano had been going — keeping, as it seemed, a weird accompaniment to a tragic story. This also had its effect, for so perfectly did the rhythm and sweep of the music accord with the heart-rending conclusion, that Helen, if her mind had been less preoccupied with sympathy, would probably have traced the effect of it all to a long series of rehearsals; in fact, such a suggestion did occur to her, but the thought perished instantly in the presence of the unaffected simplicity and the child-like earnestness which animated the words of the old negro.

The long silence which ensued — for the piano ceased and Hallie nestled at Helen's side once more — was broken by General Garwood.

"We were never able to identify the Union soldier. He had in his possession a part of a letter and a photograph of himself. These were in an inner pocket. I judge that he knew he was to be sent on a dangerous mission, and had left his papers and whatever valuables he may have possessed behind him. The little skirmish in which he fell was a surprise to both sides. A scouting party of perhaps a dozen Federal cavalymen rode suddenly upon as many Confederate cavalymen who had been detailed for special picket duty. There was a short, sharp fight, and then both sides scampered away. The next day the Federal army occupied the ground."

"It is a pity," said Helen, "that his identity should be so utterly lost."

"Hallie, my dear," said Mrs. Garwood, "would it trouble you too much to get the photograph of the Union soldier? If it is any trouble, my child —"

Hallie went swiftly out of the room and returned almost immediately with the photograph and handed it to Helen, who examined it as well as she could by the dim firelight.

"The face is an interesting one, as well as I can make out," said Helen, "and it has a strangely familiar look. He was very young."

She handed the picture to her aunt. Her face was very pale.

"I can't see by this light," said Miss Tewksbury. But Uncle Prince had already brought a lamp which he had been lighting. "Why, my dear," said Miss Tewksbury, in a tone of voice that suggested both awe and consternation, — "Why, my dear, this is your brother Wendell!"

"Oh, Aunt Harriet! I thought so — I was afraid so — but are you sure?"

"As sure as that I am sitting here."

Helen burst into tears. "Oh, why didn't I recognize him? How could I fail to know my darling brother?" she cried.

Hallie rose from her low stool, and stood gazing at Helen. Her face was pale as death, but in her eyes gleamed the fire of long-suppressed grief and passion. She seemed like one transformed. She flung her white arms above her head, and exclaimed:

"I knew it! I knew it! I knew that some poor heart would find its long-lost treasure here. I have felt it — I have dreamed it! Oh, I am so glad you have found your brother!"

"Oh, but I should have known his picture," said Helen.

"But, my dear child," said Miss Tewksbury in a matter-of-fact way, "there is every

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"DEY WAS LAVIN' CLOSE BY A LITTLE FARM ROAD."

reason why you should not have known it. This picture was taken in Washington, and he never sent a copy of it home. If he did, your father put it away among his papers. You were not more than twelve years old when Wendell went away."

"Perhaps if Hallie will get the fragment of letter," said General Garwood to Miss Tewksbury, "it will confirm your impression."

"Oh, it is no impression," replied Miss Tewksbury; "I could not possibly be mistaken."

The fragment of letter, when produced, proved to be in the handwriting of Charles Osborne Eustis, and there was one sentence

in it that was peculiarly characteristic. "Remember, dear Wendell," it said, "that the war is not urged against men; it is against an institution which the whole country, both North and South, will be glad to rid itself of."

It would be difficult, under all the circumstances, to describe Helen's thoughts. She was gratified — she was more than gratified — at the unexpected discovery, and she was grateful to those who had cared for her brother's grave with such scrupulous care. She felt more at home than ever. The last barrier of sectional reserve (if it may be so termed) was broken down so far as she was concerned, and during the remainder of her stay, her true

character — her womanliness, her tenderness, her humor — revealed itself to these watchful and sensitive Southerners. Even Miss Tewksbury, who had the excuse of age and long habit for her prejudices, showed the qualities that made her friends love her. In the language of the little rector, who made a sermon out of the matter, "all things became homogeneous through the medium of sympathy and the knowledge of mutual suffering."

In fact, everything was so agreeable during the visit of Helen and her aunt to Waverly — a visit that was prolonged many days beyond the limit they had set — that Uncle Prince remarked on it one night to his wife.

"I'm a nigger man, 'Mandy Jane," said he, "but I got two eyes, en dey er good ones. W'at I sees I knows, en I tell you right now, Marse Peyton is done got stricken."

"Done got stricken 'bout what?" inquired 'Mandy Jane.

"'Bout dat young lady w'at stayin' yer. Oh, you nee'n' ter holler," said Uncle Prince in response to a contemptuous laugh from 'Mandy Jane. "I ain't nothin' but a nigger man, but I knows w'at I sees."

"Yes, you is a nigger man," said 'Mandy Jane triumphantly. "Ef you wuz a nigger 'oman you'd have lots mo' sense dan w'at you got. W'y, dat lady up dar ain't our folks. She mighty nice, I speck, but she ain't our folks. She ain't talk like our folks yit."

"No matter 'bout dat," said Uncle Prince. "I ain't seed no nicer 'oman dan w'at she is, en I boun' you she kin talk mighty sweet w'en she take a notion. W'en my two eyes tell me de news I knows it, en Marse Peyton done got stricken long wid dat white 'oman."

"En now you gwine tell me," said 'Mandy Jane with a fine assumption of scorn, "dat Marse Peyton gwine marry wid dat w'ite 'oman en trapse off dar ter de Norf? Shoo! Nigger man, you go ter bed 'fo' you run yo'self 'stracted."

"I dunno whar Marse Peyton gwine, 'Mandy Jane, but I done see 'im talkin' 'long wid dat white lady, en lookin' at her wid he's eyes. Huh! don't tell me! En dat ain't all, 'Mandy Jane," Uncle Prince went on; "dat Bud Stucky, he's f'rever 'n' eternally sneakin' 'roun' de house up dar. One day he want sumpin' ter eat, en nex' day he want Miss Hallie fer ter play en de peanner, but all de time I see 'im a-watchin' dat ar white lady fum de Norf."

"Hush!" exclaimed 'Mandy Jane.

"Des like I tell you!" said Uncle Prince. "Well, de nasty, stinkin', oudacious villyun!" commented 'Mandy Jane. "I lay ef I go up dar en set de dogs on 'im, he'll stop sneakin' 'roun' dis place."

"Let 'im 'lone, 'Mandy Jane, let 'im 'lone,"

said Uncle Prince solemnly. "Dat ar Bud Stucky, he got a mammy, en my min' tell me dat he's mammy kin run de kyards en trick you. Now you watch out, 'Mandy Jane. You go on en do de washin', like you bin doin', en den ole Miss Stucky won't git atter you wid de kyards en cunjur you. Dat ole 'oman got er mighty bad eye, mon."

### VIII.

UNCLE PRINCE, it appears, was a keen observer, especially where General Garwood was concerned. He had discovered a fact in regard to "Marse Peyton," as he called him, that had only barely suggested itself to that gentleman's own mind — the fact that his interest in Miss Eustis had assumed a phase altogether new and unexpected. Its manifestations were pronounced enough to pester Miss Tewksbury, but, strange to say, neither General Garwood nor Miss Eustis appeared to be troubled by them. As a matter of fact, these two were merely new characters in a very old story, the details of which need not be described or dwelt on in this hasty chronicle. It was not by any means a case of love at first sight. It was better than that — it was a case of love based on a firmer foundation than whim, or passion, or sentimentality. At any rate Helen and her stalwart lover were as happy, apparently, as if they had just begun to enjoy life and the delights thereof. There was no love-making, so far as Miss Tewksbury could see, but there was no attempt on the part of either to conceal the fact that they heartily enjoyed each other's companionship.

Bud Stucky continued his daily visits for several weeks, but one day he failed to make his appearance, and after a while news came that he was ill of a fever. The ladies at Waverly sent his mother a plentiful supply of provisions, together with such delicacies as seemed to them necessary, but Bud Stucky continued to waste away. One day Helen, in spite of the protests of her aunt, set out to visit the sick man, carrying a small basket, in which Hallie had placed some broiled chicken and a small bottle of home-made wine. Approaching the Stucky cabin, she was alarmed at the silence that reigned within. She knocked, but there was no response; whereupon she pushed the door open and entered. The sight that met her eyes and the scene that followed are still fresh in her memory.

Poor Bud Stucky, the shadow of his former self, was lying on the bed. His thin hands were crossed on his breast, and the pallor of death was on his emaciated face. His mother sat by the bed with her eyes fixed on his. She made no sign when Helen entered, but con-

tinued to gaze on her son. The young woman, bent on a mission of mercy, paused on the threshold, and regarded the two unfortunates with a sympathy akin to awe. Bud Stucky moved his head uneasily, and essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat. He made another effort. His lips moved feebly; his voice had an unearthly, a far-away sound.

"Miss," he said, regarding her with a piteous expression in his sunken eyes, "I wish you'd please, ma'am, make maw let me go." He seemed to gather strength as he went on. "I'm all ready, an' a-waitin'; I wish you'd please, ma'am, make 'er let me go."

"Oh, what can I do?" cried Helen, seized with a new sense of the pathos that is a part of the humblest human life.

"Please, ma'am, make 'er let me go. I been a-lyin' here ready two whole days an' three long nights, but maw keeps on a-watchin' of me; she won't let me go. She's got 'er eyes nailed on me constant."

Helen looked at the mother. Her form was wasted by long vigils, but she sat bolt-upright in her chair, and in her eyes burned the fires of an indomitable will. She kept them fixed on her son.

"Won't you please, ma'am, tell maw to let me go? I'm so tired er waitin'."

The plaintive voice seemed to be an echo from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Helen, watching narrowly and with agonized curiosity, thought she saw the mother's lips move, but no sound issued therefrom. The dying man made another appeal:

"Oh, I'm so tired! I'm all ready an' she won't let me go. A long time ago when I us' ter ax 'er, she'd let me do 'most anything, an' now she won't let me go. Oh, Lordy! I'm so tired er waitin'! Please, ma'am, ax 'er to let me go."

Mrs. Stucky rose from her chair, raised her clasped hands above her head, and turned her face away. As she did so, something like a sigh of relief escaped from her son. He closed his eyes, and over his wan face spread the repose and perfect peace of death.

Turning again towards the bed, Mrs. Stucky saw Helen weeping gently. She gazed at her a moment. "Whatter you cryin' fer now?" she asked with unmistakable bitterness. "You wouldn't a-wiped your feet on 'im. Ef you wuz gwine ter cry, whyn't you let 'im see you do it 'fore he died? What good do it do 'im now? He wa'n't made out'n i'on like me."

Helen made no reply. She placed her basket on the floor, went out into the sunlight, and made her way swiftly back to Waverly. Her day's experience made a profound impression on her, so much so that when the

time came for her to go home, she insisted on going alone to bid Mrs. Stucky good-bye.

She found the lonely old woman sitting on her door-sill. She appeared to be gazing on the ground, but her sun-bonnet hid her face. Helen approached and spoke to her. She gave a quick upward glance and fell to trembling. She was no longer made of iron. Sorrow had dimmed the fire of her eyes. Helen explained her visit, shook hands with her, and was going away, when the old woman, in a broken voice, called her to stop. Near the pine-pole gate was a little contrivance of boards that looked like a bird-trap. Mrs. Stucky went to this and lifted it.

"Come yer, honey," she cried, "yer's somepin' I wanten show you." Looking closely, Helen saw molded in the soil the semblance of a footprint. "Look at it, honey, look at it," said Mrs. Stucky; "that's his darlin', precious track."

Helen turned and went away weeping. The sight of that strange memorial which the poor mother had made her shrine, leavened the girl's whole after life.

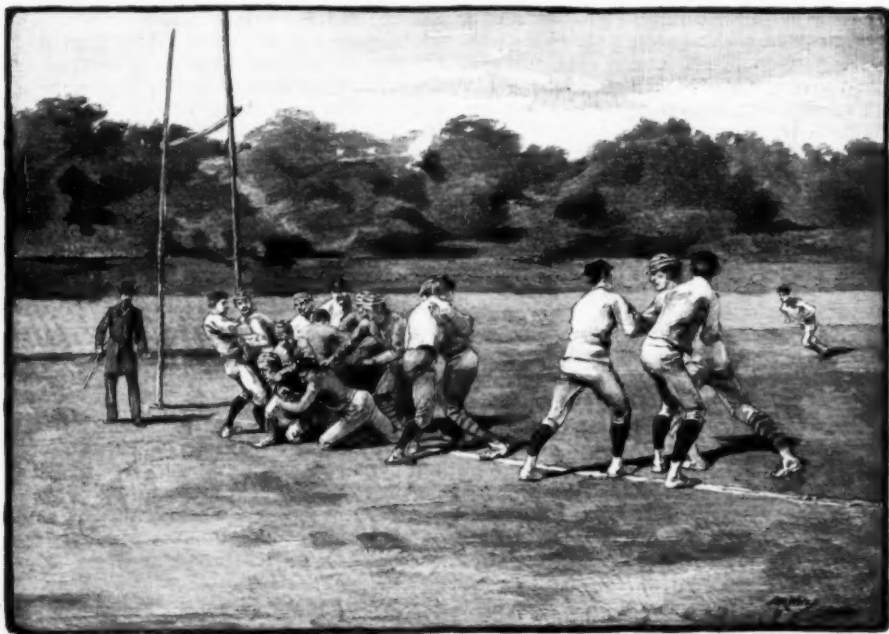
When Helen and her aunt came to take their leave of Azalia, their going away was not by any means in the nature of a merry-making. They went away sorrowfully and left many sorrowful friends behind them. Even William, the bell-ringer and purveyor of hot batter-cakes at Mrs. Haley's hotel, walked to the railroad station to see them safely off. General Garwood accompanied them to Atlanta, and though the passenger depot in that pushing city is perhaps the most unromantic spot to be found in the wide world,—it is known as the "Car-shed" in Atlantesque,—it was there that he found courage to inform Miss Eustis that he purposed to visit Boston during the summer in search not only of health, but of happiness, and Miss Eustis admitted, with a reserve both natural and proper, that she would be very happy to see him.

It is not the purpose of this chronicle to follow General Garwood to Boston. The files of the Boston papers will show that he went there, and that, in a quiet way, he was the object of considerable social attention. But it is in the files of the "Brookline Reporter" that the largest and most graphic account of the marriage of Miss Eustis to General Garwood is to be found. It is an open secret in the literary circles of Boston that the notice in the "Reporter" was from the pen of Henry P. Bassett, the novelist. It was headed "Practical Reconstruction," and it was conceded on all sides that even if the article had gone no further than this, it would have been a very happy description of the happiest of events.

*Joel Chandler Harris.*



## THE AMERICAN GAME OF FOOT-BALL.



A TOUCH-DOWN.

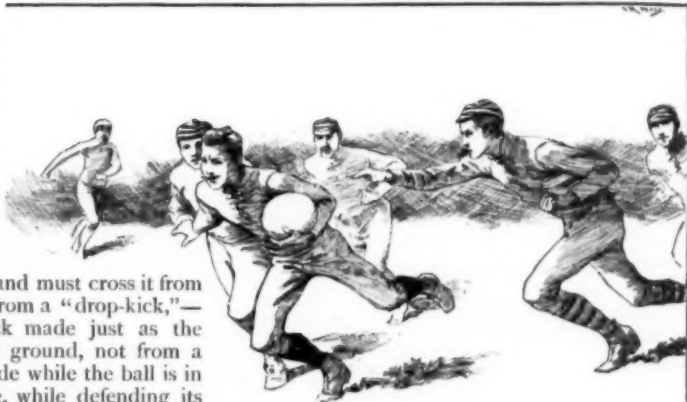


HOWEVER odd the title of this article may seem, its implications are correct and legitimate. The undergraduates of American colleges, taking the so-called Rugby game of foot-ball, have developed it into a game differing in many of its phases from any of its English prototypes. There were already differences in the game in its primitive home. Kicking the ball was, of course, common to all; but there was, further, the so-called Rugby game, whose leading feature, speaking roughly, was that the player might run with the ball; there was the Association game, in which, speaking as roughly, the player might "charge," that is, run against, an opponent and might not run with the ball; and there were a dozen other variants of the game. The peculiar feature of the Rugby game was the "scrummage," of which more will be said farther on; and American players, working out the scrummage into a new form, have

changed the possibilities of the game very greatly, and have made it, in addition to its individual opportunities for the exhibition of skill, one of the most scientific of outdoor games in its "team-playing," or management of the entire side as one body. It would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to enter into a technical explanation of the finer points of this team-play, or to give a minute statement of the rules of the game; all that can be hoped for is to give him who witnesses the American game some general knowledge of it, so that he may follow it with intelligence and enjoyment.

On entering the ground and securing his post of observation, the spectator will see before him a field 330 feet long and 160 feet wide. The shorter line is the "goal-line." Across the field, at intervals of five yards, are white lines parallel to the goal-lines; these are meant to guide the umpire in the imposition of penalties for fouls, off-side playing, or delaying the game, the penalty being commonly a loss of five yards by the side which

is in fault. In the middle of each goal-line is the "goal," two upright posts  $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet apart with a cross-bar 10 feet from the ground. In order to score a goal, the ball must pass between the uprights and over the cross-bar, and must cross it from a "place-kick," or from a "drop-kick,"—that is, from a kick made just as the ball is leaving the ground, not from a "punt," a kick made while the ball is in the air. Each side, while defending its own goal, necessarily faces the goal of its opponents, and its object is to advance the ball, by running with it or by kicking it, toward its opponents' goal-line, to plant the ball on the ground on the other side of the opponents' goal-line, which constitutes a "touch-down" and scores four points in the game, and to kick the ball over the cross-bar of the opponents' goal or force the opponents to make a "safety" touch-down in their own territory. When a touch-down is made, the successful



RUNNING WITH THE BALL.

side takes the ball any distance it wishes straight out into the field, its opponents remaining behind their goal-line until the ball is kicked. One man, lying on the ground, holds the ball in proper position; another, when the ball is dropped to the ground, kicks it; if the ball goes over the cross-bar, it counts two points in addition to the four points for the touch-down, and, if the goal is missed, it counts nothing. A touch-down and a successful goal thus count together six points; a goal kicked from the field, without a previous touch-down, counts five points; and a "safety" touch-down counts two points against the side which makes it.

The feature in this process of advancing the ball which is most difficult for even the practiced eye to follow, and which will probably always remain a profound mystery to the unskillful, is the prohibition of "off-side playing." The general principle, however, is not difficult of comprehension: it is merely that no player has legal rights when he is between the ball and his opponents' goal; he is then "off-side" until the ball has touched an opponent, or one of his own side carries the ball ahead of him or runs in front of him, having touched the ball while behind him. So long as he is "off-side," a player must not interfere with the ball or with his opponents. The players of both sides are so continually on- and off-side that it is hardly possible to follow the process. A line of men comes charging down the field: the ball is kicked back over their heads, and they are all technically off-side. In an instant the ball is kicked back again, and they are all on-side again and entitled to play, since the ball has touched one of their opponents. The shifting is often so rapid and constant that the men themselves almost come to forget the prohibition until one of them happens to play

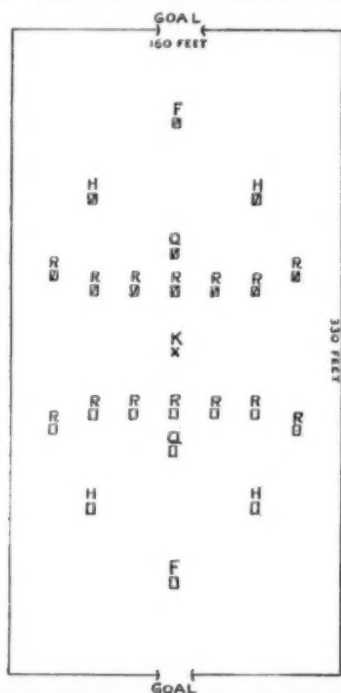


DIAGRAM OF THE FIELD.



A GOAL.

at a moment when he is off-side, and then the imposition of a penalty, the loss of five yards by his side, recalls him to a sense of the rules of the game.

"Passing" the ball, or throwing it from one to another, is another feature of the game. Hardly any combination of team-playing and individual skill is more noteworthy than the sight of a first-rate team carrying the ball down the field, each player taking his turn in running with the ball, and, when hard pressed, passing it over the head of an opponent to one of his own side, more fortunately situated, who carries it farther. Considering that the egg-shape of the ball makes it the concentrated essence of irregularity, that only the most skillful player can even hazard a guess at the direction which it will take after a bound, and that an error of but an inch in the direction of a

throw may carry the ball a dozen feet away from the place at which it was aimed, one may be pardoned for admiring the certainty with which individuals and teams make each point of play and combine them all into an organized system. Passing has also its phase of off-side playing. A "pass forward" is not allowed, and is a foul; the ball must be thrown straight across the field, parallel to the goal-line, or in any direction back of that line.

Hitherto we have been looking at the game only from the standpoint of the side which is advancing the ball. It is not to be supposed that its opponents are idly watching the ball's progress: it is their object to check the advance of the ball, and to retort by advancing it in their turn and toward their objective point,—the opposite goal. One way of doing this is by a "fair-catch," or, in base-ball language, a "fly-catch," of a kick or throw from an opponent, provided he who catches the ball makes a mark with his heel while catching, and does not move from it until the catch is admitted. The mark is then the dividing point between the two teams; both take position between it and their own goals; and the player who caught the ball kicks it back toward the opposite goal, usually by a "punt." The more common way of checking the advance of the ball is by a "tackle." Any player may run with the ball. While he is doing so, any opponent may seize him and cry "Held!" or throw him and hold him until he cries "Down!" If the tackle is made by seizing the runner above the shoulders or below the hips, it is a "foul tackle," and penalties are imposed for it. If it is a fair tackle, it effectually blocks the further progress of the ball; the game is stopped for the moment; and some means must exist for putting the ball into play again and resuming the



A FAIR-CATCH.

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A FOUL TACKLE, LOW.

game. This brings us to the peculiar feature of the American game, the "scrimmage."

In the English game, the scrimmage consists in placing the ball on the ground, after which both sides crowd around it and kick indiscriminately and furiously until the ball emerges and is carried off by one of the players. The game had hardly been introduced into America when the new players saw that the English scrimmage was altogether illogical; it was certain that one or more of the players would be off-side during the process. A new form of the scrimmage was developed at once. The enforcement of the rule against off-side playing, together with the natural desire of the players to get as near as possible to the opposite goal, led to the arrangement of the two sides in parallel lines, neither being ahead of the ball; and this was the origin of "lining-up" at the beginning of the American scrimmage. The ball is placed on the ground; side A, which has the ball, forms in a line, no player being allowed to get ahead of the ball, that is, to be off-side; side B forms in a parallel line as near as convenient to the line of side A; the player in the center of A's line, the "center rush," kicks the ball backward, or "snaps it back," to the quarter-back, who "passes" it to another player; and the ball is "in play" again, side B trying to break through in pursuit of it, and side A trying to prevent this by getting into the way, any holding or striking being absolutely forbidden. The bulk of the game is thus made up of occasional kicks and free catches, and a great deal of running with the ball, tackles, and consequent scrimmages. When the ball goes outside of the side-lines, it is put into play again in much the same way as in the scrimmage. The two sides "line up" at right angles with the side-

line; a member of side A, which has the ball, standing astride the side-line, either throws the ball straight in, over the heads of the players, or, more commonly, bounds it backward to one of his own side, and the ball is in play.

The introduction of the American form of the scrimmage has quite changed the character of the game. It soon forced a reduction of the numbers engaged, from fifteen on a side to eleven, which has since been the rule. Every subsequent development of the game has made it more scientific and more difficult to play with the highest success. The game has, in fact, become a miniature game of strategy, and can best be comprehended by comparing the football-field to a battle-field, limited by the side-lines, and the respective sides to two armies, managed on military principles by the captains. Four arms of the foot-ball service have been developed, as the spectator may see on watching two teams lining-up at the beginning of a game, or at the beginning of a scrimmage. Across the field stretch the football infantry, the "rush-line," or "rushers." They are the seven heavy men of the team, but must also be agile, very fair runners, and quick in tackling. Their most powerful player is usually in the middle of the line, and is commonly known as the "center-rush": he snaps the ball back in the scrimmage. The two players on the ends of the line, the "end-rushes," stand slightly back of the main line,—in more military language, "the wings are slightly refused,"—in order to tackle any player who may succeed in passing the main line at those points. Behind the "center-rush," generally, plays the "quarter-back," answering very much to the quartermaster's department: he takes the ball from the "center-rush," in the scrimmage, and serves it out to the players back of him, who are to do the running.



A FOUL TACKLE, HIGH.



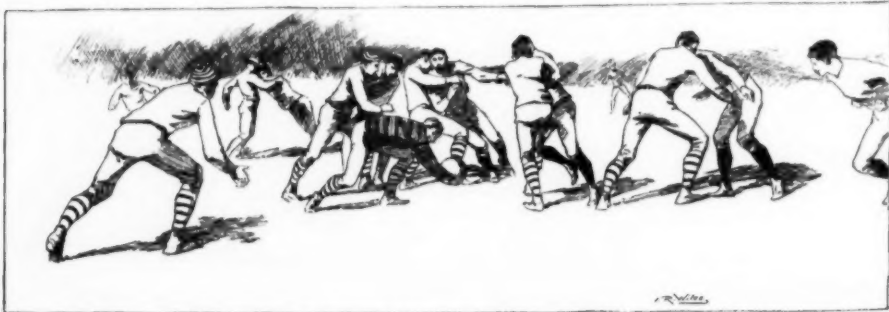
A FAIR TACKLE.

He is usually smaller than the rushers, but must be uncommonly active and clear-headed, capable of meeting very hard usage, and of occasionally making points regularly belonging to any of the other departments of the team. The Princeton and Yale quarter-backs of the past two years, Hodge and Beecher, playing quite different types of the game, are probably the best of those who have ever held the position. Behind the quarter-back, and covering the two sides of the field, are the "half-backs," the cavalry of the team. They are the runners *par excellence*: all must be runners, but these more than any of the others. They are the ones to whom the quarter-back usually passes the ball at the beginning of a scrimmage, and the one to whom it is passed either makes a straightforward dash for an opening in the enemy's line made for him by his own rush-line, or, more commonly, flanks the opposing line, having due regard to the side-lines of the field, and endeavors to carry the ball as far as possible into the enemy's territory before he is tackled and "downed." The most brilliant playing is done by the half-backs. They must be strong not only in running, but in dodging;

and it is not uncommon to see a first-rate half-back carry the ball almost or quite the full length of the field, dodging one opponent here and another there, thrown headlong again and again, but up and away before the tackle can be completed, and finally score a touch-down, while the heavier rushers, who have grasped at him and missed him, toil panting and disgusted after him in hopes of another opportunity. Farthest to the rear, and at first in front of his own goal, is the eleventh player, the "full-back." He constitutes the artillery of the team. He is to relieve a too-great pressure on his team by an opportune punt over the heads of the line, while his rushers follow the ball down the field, ready to tackle any opponent who secures the ball, cause a "down," and thus transfer the struggle to the enemy's territory.

One who gets the full force of the military nature of the American game of foot-ball will have comparatively little difficulty in following intelligently the real course of the game, even though he be quite ignorant of many of the more minute points, of the difference between a "kick-off" and a "kick-out," between a "punt-on" and a "punt-out," or between a "kick-over" and a "touch-down." He will see the real beauty of the team-play, and the individual play, skillful as it may be, will pale before it. He will be able to appreciate the real strategy with which the opposing captains handle the respective arms of their service, pitting cavalry against infantry here, scattering cavalry by infantry there, or using the artillery to search out the weak points of the opposing team by long punts into their territory. The "noise of the captains and the shouting" will take on a new significance to him, and he will no longer wonder that the American undergraduate takes such an intense interest in his own game of foot-ball.

Individual playing is done mainly by the half-backs, as has been said, and their work is that which usually brings their college's



QUARTER-BACK TAKING THE BALL.

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undergraduates nearest to a state of semi-delirious enthusiasm. The best example was the game of 1885 between Princeton and Yale. Watkinson, one of the Yale half-backs, excelled in punting and in the accuracy of his drop-kicks; Lamar, one of the Princeton half-backs, and the finest player whom his college has ever put into that position, excelled in running and more especially in dodging.

to defeat; he might then, perhaps, even sympathize with the Princeton man who, when the ball was brought out for the kick at goal, covered his eyes with his hands, saying faintly to those around him, "Fellows, tell me when it's over!"

Feats like "Lamar's run" are of course the exhilarating element of the game; the solid beef and pudding, which wins a series of



THE SCRIMMAGE. HALF-BACK TAKING THE BALL.

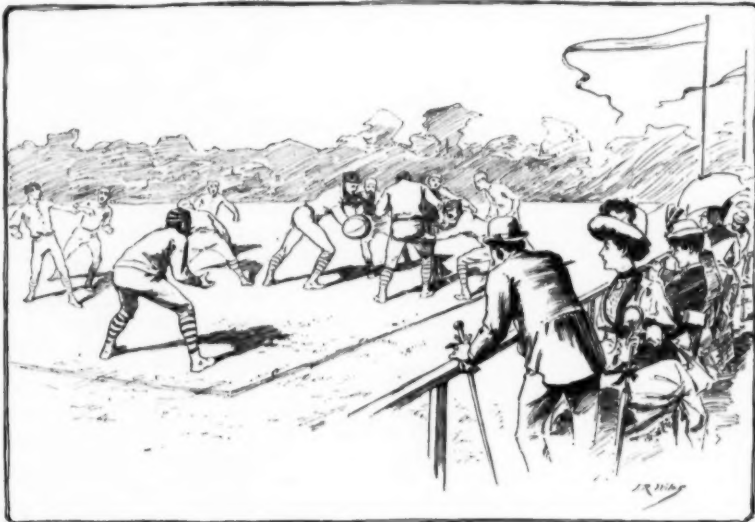
Toward the end of the first half of the game, and after half a dozen misses, Watkinson at last sent the ball flying over Princeton's goal by a drop-kick from the field, scoring five points. For the rest of the game, the two evenly matched teams struggled desperately, Princeton to score something, Yale to prevent it; and, when less than ten minutes' playing-time remained, Yale was still successful and the score was 5 to 0 in her favor. In an instant, the whole aspect of affairs was changed. One of Watkinson's long punts crossed the field diagonally, throwing the Yale line out of alignment for the moment. Lamar caught the ball while running at full speed, and went like a flash between two of the Yale rushers, entrapped one of the half-backs into missing tackle, and dodged another; and lo! the whole field was before him, without an opponent between him and the much-longed-for Yale goal. A touch-down and a goal followed; and the team which seemed assured of the game but a moment before had lost it by a score of 6 to 5. He who "cannot understand the popularity of foot-ball" should have been there to witness the frantic excitement, the cheers, the embracings, and the general delirium of those spectators who were but a moment ago resigned

games, is the team-playing; and the development of this is in the handling of the infantry, the rush-line. A good half-back of five or six years ago could, with the necessary physical characteristics, play almost as good a game now; but the rush-line of to-day would completely outwit and reduce to nullity the strongest rush-lines of the past. "Rush-line tricks" are the leading feature of the modern form of the game; against an unskilled team they are deadly, and score touch-downs and goals with bewildering rapidity. Instead of passing the ball from a scrimmage to a half-back, the quarter-back will hold it for an instant until one or another of his rush-line takes it from him and charges with it. But the clock-work precision with which the whole matter is managed, the manner in which every other player of the rush-line supports the one who has the ball and does just the work necessary to help him break the opposing rush-line, show that nothing has been left to chance. Such "rush-line tricks" are possible only through perfectly organized team-play, and an ingenious system of signals. The spectator, during the scrimmage, can hear an almost constant flow of conversation from the captain to his men, exhortations to "play hard," or "put

the ball through," or apparently superfluous information on every kind of subject connected with the game. He is really managing his team, telling them to whom the ball is to be passed next by the quarter-back and what players are to do special pieces of work connected with the play. Every sentence has its pregnant word, conventionalized to mean to the players something quite different from the meaning which the opponents will probably attach to it; and the whole system, carefully memorized and practiced for weeks, enables the captain to keep his team well in hand throughout the game. Each team has its pet system of signaling, which it fondly imagines to be undiscoverable; while the first few minutes of a "great" game are spent in studying the signals of the opposing team, to see whether they have been changed since the last season.

Under its new form, the game has taken a high place in the affections of the American

no other form of exercise. Every spectator knows that the players are in the acme of physical condition, and that they are able and more than willing to strain every muscle to the breaking point rather than allow their rivals to outscore them. Every student as well as every player knows that the playing of the team, rather than its success, will go far to measure the college's reputation for every physical characteristic which goes to make up a man, and for those psychological traits which have so great a weight on the exhibition of mere physical powers. Wesleyan and Pennsylvania have a pride in showing how well their teams can play. Harvard, though unfortunate for the last few years, has put her mark too high in the past to be willing to fall below it. Yale wants three championships at least. Princeton having no Medical School or Law School from which to draw graduate players, has a pride in showing that her undergraduates can fill the lack. College feeling, in its



OUT OF BOUNDS — PUTTING BALL INTO PLAY.

undergraduate. In the three colleges in which it is played most successfully, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, the undergraduates would probably give up base-ball a trifle more willingly than foot-ball. There is enough in the game to stir one's pulses. The training has been a long period of self-surrender and of self-denial, and it has enabled the players to show courage, constancy, an intelligent willingness to meet and defeat physical dangers, and an ability to think connectedly in the presence of physical dangers, to an extent offered by

most intense form, permeates the whole season, and is not confined to a twenty minutes' dash for victory or a tedious procession. Yet one who played the game in the past, and likes it not a whit the less in the present, must feel regret in seeing the general disposition to consider the game one which is objectionable as a game for students who are gentlemen. The criticisms upon it have run in two general lines, though they have branched out into many different phases. They are, first, the innate roughness of the game, and

the likelihood of severe accident, or even death, from it; and, second, its tendency to degenerate into brutality and personal combat, from the personal contact between the players, which is an inevitable feature of it.

The first point has its true and its false side. The game is as safe as any outdoor game can well be, provided it is played with the careful preparation and training which are the rule in the larger colleges; it is a dangerous and unfit game when men undertake to play it without such preparation and training. In the season of last year, two fatal accidents were reported; both occurred in colleges which were attempting to play the game as it is played by the leading teams, without any of the preparation which they find an essential. The writer, who has been in the habit of attending the regular games of the college with which he is connected, has felt under obligations, to be equally consistent in attending the daily practice games of the men, in order to watch the preliminary training; and he must confess to a great respect for the good sense and good management of the undergraduates who have the matter in charge. The "University team" is selected provisionally; it is pitted daily against a second, or "scrub," team of somewhat larger numbers; both teams are kept under careful training and supervision; the playing is made short and as gentle as possible at first, until the men begin to become "hard"; the playing is then gradually lengthened and made more severe, as the men become able to endure it; and, by the time the season comes to its last game, the players are able to endure with impunity treatment which would be dangerous to men who are "soft," or out of condition. After the first few weeks are over, and serious playing has begun, men who have not yet played are not encouraged, or, in extreme cases, even allowed, to play on the "scrub" team; the managers think it inadvisable to run any risks. The players are not only brought to a point of physical condition which makes it a pleasure to watch them; they are taught how to fall, when a fall is inevitable, in such a way as to retain control of the ball without hazarding a broken bone or a dislocation. When the closing games come on, the player can take what seems to the spectator a frightful fall not only without a bruise, but so skillfully that it is regularly necessary for his opponent to "hold him down" lest he rebound and take to his

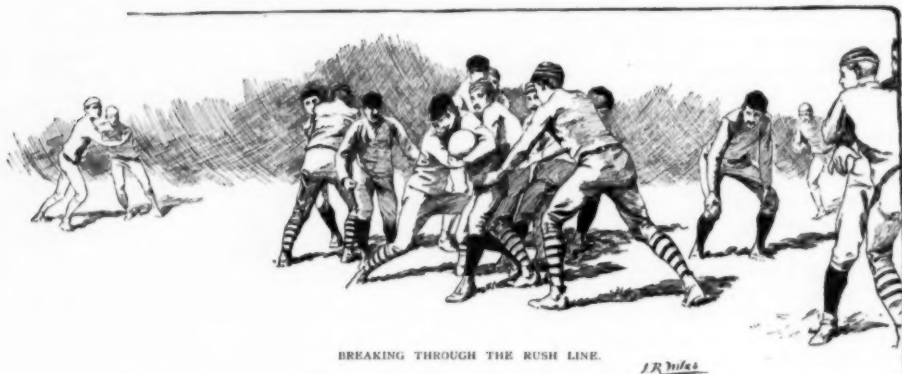
heels again. The preliminary practice games can hardly be more severe elsewhere than at Princeton; and yet the writer has never seen a serious accident occur there. An accident may occur, of course, and will give no warn-



DROPPING ON THE BALL.

ing of its coming, but its coming has been put as far as possible out of the range of probability. But if men in other colleges wish to play foot-ball, as should be the case, they must not ignore the systematic course of preparation, take the final playing of a well-trained team as a model, and attempt to imitate it. It is from such folly that the recurring accidents in foot-ball come. With good physical condition in the players, the requisite training, and suitable grounds, the game is not only one of the best of outdoor sports, but one of the safest.

The asserted tendency of the game to degenerate into personal combat is at least as serious a question; and it has much the same answer. The writer's observation has led him to believe that, in nine cases out of ten, a general tendency to indulge in striking with the fist is the result of conscious inferiority. When a team finds itself constantly outwitted by the team-play of its opponents, it is apt to become exasperated and to be tempted into striking; while the captain who is managing his team as a whole would be annoyed and interfered with by a disposition on the part of any of his men to abandon their functions in his plans and turn to a personal assault on the opponents. From this point of view, the natural development of the game into team-playing is itself a corrective to any tendency to blows; a successful team can no longer afford to indulge in individual combat. The belief is confirmed by the testimony of players. They say that difficulties of this sort come only in the minor games; and that, in the



BREAKING THROUGH THE RUSH LINE.

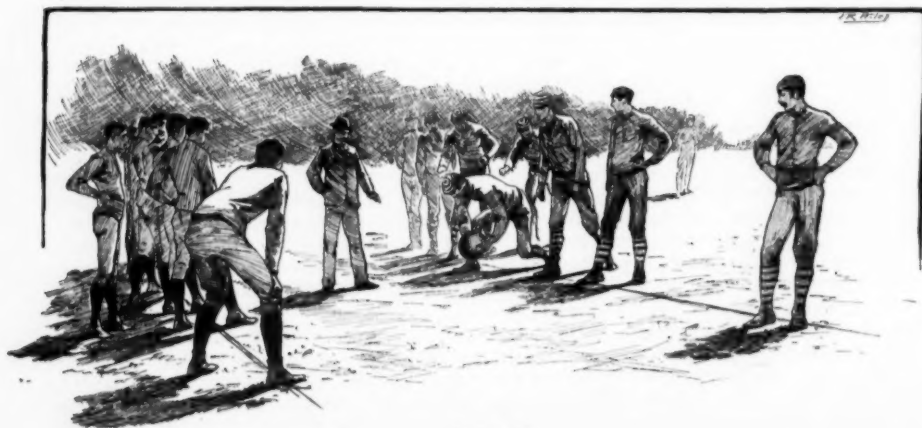
J.R. Dufres

games with the stronger teams, toward the end of the season, where the teams are played strictly as units, the tendency to strike is very far less and may generally be disregarded.

An influence of a somewhat higher moral nature is the fact that the intensity of the later competition has made every prominent football player known to his rivals in other colleges. They canvass all his characteristics, his methods of play, and their fair or foul character. He knows that he is to meet them in after life, and is to leave a reputation among his contemporaries, not only in his own college, but in other colleges. He is not over-anxious to make that reputation one for foul dealing, ugly temper, and brutality; and the natural results of this better acquaintance are telling more for good every year. Still, it must always be admitted that the game offers more provocatives to a naturally bad temper than any other outdoor sport. The credit of those who learn to undergo such discipline and to con-

trol their tempers under such provocatives should be the greater; but an artificial restriction may be of service even to them. Until this season every umpire has been much restrained from inflicting the penalties prescribed by the rules, from the fact that the undergraduates of the injured college would ascribe a defeat to him. It is for this reason that the effort has been made, with the concurrence of the undergraduates themselves, to transfer the appointment of such umpires to a graduate committee, so that they will be removed from all sense of responsibility to the undergraduates.

Even in past years, very far the most of the striking has been quite imaginary. The player who has the ball is permitted to thrust off any one who attempts to tackle him; but such "warding-off" must be done with the open hand only. The reporter or spectator who sees a stalwart player running down the field, one arm holding the foot-ball,



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while the other is moving with the rapidity of a steam-engine's piston toward and from an opponent, asks no further testimony than "that of his senses" that this is another scandalous case of "slugging," as striking has come to be called. If he should look a little closer, he would see that the "striker's" hand was open and the fingers up, so as to make any real striking impossible. Again, at the beginning of a scrimmage, the proximity of the two lines gives an appearance of constant striking. One team is on a line with the ball; the other is parallel to the first, at such distance as pleases it. Theoretically each side has a right to be on a line with the ball, so that the line between the two sides ought to be geometrical, or imaginary. In practice, however, only the side which has the ball can play on an exact line with it, but the other side naturally presses as close as possible to the theoretical dividing line. Until the ball is snapped back, the side which has the ball is continually thrusting its opponents back, but the action is precisely the same as in "warding-off." In either case, the spectator who wishes to know whether there is real striking or not must watch *the hand*, and not the motion of the arm, or he may do extreme injustice to young men who are undergoing successfully a severe trial of temper, and overcoming temptations which most of the spectators could not endure, and who deserve credit for it.

The real evil of the game is the betting. It is not true that the number of those who bet is large; and it is true that it is far more the graduates than the undergraduates who bet; but it must be admitted that the fact of the betting is demoralizing, both to those who bet and to the team. It is said by some that a college should not concern itself with the question whether men bet on intercollegiate games or not. It is the name of the college which brings the spectators, and the opportunities for and temptations to betting; and the writer must admit the right of the college to stop the use of its name for any such purpose. He would not be understood, however, as wishing to see the college exercise this right, and thus lose the great benefits of intercollegiate athletics. He would far prefer to ground an appeal to the undergraduates to put down betting on the purely material side of the good of the game,—partly from the fact that, if the game becomes a mere medium for betting, it will be a public nuisance, and ought to be suppressed; and partly from its effects on the team and its playing.

It is not the fault of the college periodicals that there is any betting among undergraduates; their influence has been cast strongly and persistently against the whole vicious system.

Their editors are usually among the most judicious of the undergraduates, and they know the dangers which surround the game at present, and have been persistent in warning students against this particular evil of the game. It is to their influence that we have most reason to look with hope for a development of right feeling on this point among undergraduates; and it is only from undergraduates that any strong influence can be brought to bear upon graduates.

Three colleges, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, are the leading foot-ball institutions at present. With them, the whole foot-ball season, from the beginning of the college year until Thanksgiving Day, is crowded with foot-ball games,—the intercollegiate matches, class games, games between eating and other clubs and between societies. The man who does not "kick" to some extent in the course of the season is quite an exception. Every man in college is, or considers himself, a competent critic of the captain's methods; and every step in the training of the team and the development of its style of play for the season is watched with the keenest scrutiny, and, in its turn, has its influence on the minor games. All this is the chief argument for intercollegiate athletics, in that they oust for the time the "forbidden and abhorrent forces" which are always lying in wait for the recreations of college students, and carry the interest off into the direction of healthy, outdoor sports. From this point of view, no game can claim a higher place than the American game of foot-ball. Not every man can own a shell; and the percentage of cost per man to the healthy results of a boat-race would startle any one who should attempt to figure it up. But any twenty-two men who can combine to own a foot-ball, and to procure a place in which to play, have a whole season of sound and attractive exercise in this one "bag of wind." Let them once become interested in the game, and their spare time goes to it; they will have none left for demoralizing amusements. Cases of serious discipline are more rare during the foot-ball season than in any other part of the college year; and, so far as the writer's observation has gone, the most strenuous supporters of the game among college faculties are those who have most to do with college discipline.

But how about those who spend more time in such amusements than they can really spare? This question is asked more often than any other; and those who ask it do not seem to recognize the injustice to the modern college faculties which is implied in it. The development of the American college is not in a direction which makes the implications



of the question possible. It is less possible every year for a man to waste his time, and yet remain in college. The increase of numbers alone has made the process of "weeding out" incompetent or lazy men in freshman year more of a possibility, and more of a feature in college life; and the influence of this process lasts throughout the course. The "high-class man" who gets on a football team is thereby compelled to organize his time more carefully, to cut off every other drain upon it, and to give spare time to nothing else; the man of less ability is compelled to follow a course as nearly parallel as his ingenuity will enable him to take; and the effects are somewhat like those which high taxation often has on a people, in bringing out more work than would be the case without it. The organization of athletics has a parallel effect. The undergraduate managers of a successful foot-ball team now form a strong organization, which watches the course of promising players with a care which a college professor is not always in a position to give; and it will go to almost any lengths of pressure upon a player rather than allow him to forfeit his place in college through waste of time. The hopelessly athletic student thus gets less mercy every year; and the influences which college athletic organizations bring to bear upon such students, the ingenious expedients by which they extort study from men who do not incline to study, are among the most instructive features of college life, to those who know of them. They fail again and again, of course; but they do a work to which any other agency is incompetent.

The game has found little favor at the South, but almost every Northern college now plays it more or less. The Intercollegiate Foot Ball Association, founded in 1876, consists of the three colleges named above, Wesleyan University, and the University of Pennsylvania. Each team plays one game with each of the other four teams during the season, the last game falling to the two teams which stood highest during the previous season. For the past few years these two teams have regularly been those of Yale and Princeton; and these two are to be the contestants this year. This is always the great game of

the year; the two teams come to it, usually, with an unbroken record of victories over all their other opponents; and the result of the game is to decide the championship for the coming year.

No prudent man will ever venture into the question of the past championship records of the two leading opponents. The championship rules of the Association have been so loose and unsystematic, and have offered so many opportunities for disputes, that the newspaper statements of the championships of past years are quite worthless. Most of the opportunities for dispute seem now to have been covered, and it is to be hoped that the present year will see a clear and undisputed victory for one side or for the other.

It would be far easier to write a "vivid" description of this final game than of all the boat-races that ever were rowed; the excitement is more prolonged; the ups and downs of the game are constant and never to be foreseen; and the points of individual and team playing are vastly more numerous, more perceptible, and more easily apprehended. The enormous crowd, the coaches filled with men and horns, the masses and shades of color among the spectators, the perpetual roar of cheers, including the peculiar slogans of almost all the Eastern colleges, combine to make up a spectacle such as no other intercollegiate game can offer; while the instant response of the spectators to every shifting phase of the play shows that a very large number of them have enjoyed the advantage of a good foot-ball training in the past. But, to him who really likes the game, and who understands its possible influence on the development of Americans, the excitement, the cheers, the blowing of horns, and the ebb and flow of the game, count for little. There is, instead of them, a feeling of thankfulness for the antecedent process of which all this is only a symptom, and a moving force for the coming year; a satisfaction in knowing that this outdoor game is doing for our college-bred men, in a more peaceful way, what the experiences of war did for so many of their predecessors in 1861-65, in its inculcation of the lesson that bad temper is an element quite foreign to open, manly contest.

*Alexander Johnston.*



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## TWELVE YEARS OF BRITISH SONG.\*

### THE TYPICAL VICTORIAN PERIOD.



WITH respect to the poetry of Great Britain, the fancy may be indulged that this year's festivals not only celebrate the rounding of a brilliant and distinct period, but stand for a kind of Secular Games as well.

It is just a century since Burns and Coleridge and Wordsworth were in the joy of that new dawn, when

"To be young was very heaven";

and no other land than theirs, meanwhile, has shown a more unbroken procession of imaginative poets. There was a brief nooning between the early and later rehearsals, but the music of great voices has never wholly stopped. This still is heard, though more than a decade of years ago it seemed, and rightly, as if the typical Victorian era were complete. But in the summer of the North the last hours of a day whose wings of light come near to touching its successor's,—although the winds fall and the chief workers mostly go to rest,—have a luster of their own. The survival of influences that long since became historic is a chance coincidence with the prolongation of a fortunate reign, and due to veteran leaders whose strength has been more than equal to their day.

Tennyson and Browning, although two generations of younger men pay homage to them, have been, with the exception of Swinburne, the most unflagging poets of the recent interval. Moreover,—and maugre the flings of wits who judge them by trifles and failures, and who neither care for nor comprehend their important work,—they have given us much that is up to the standard of their prime. In no respect have they been superannuated or piping out of date,—little as they have had to do with the jest and prettiness, the vivacious experiments, with which youth busies itself ere an hour comes for serious attention to the conduct of a new movement.

Yet if literary eras, like those of Elizabeth and Anne, are characterized by a special style or spirit, that for which the Victorian is already historic, on its poetic side, results from certain idyllic and reflective tendencies, with their in-

terblendings and outgrowths. It ceased to be dominant before 1875, going off, as I pointed out, into æsthetic neo-Romanticism on the one hand, and a sub-dramatic or psychological method on the other. If life may be judged by its mature and most prolonged activities, the Victorian school will be recognized as we have recognized it. It is beyond ordinary precedent that its two chief poets are still in voice, and still preëminent. Of Browning it may be said that he has bided his time, and now is the master of an enthusiastic following. But even Tennyson has charged his later idylls with passion, and succeeded in making at least his lyrics dramatic. On the technical side, recent craftsmen take their cue from the forms, melody, color of Swinburne and Rossetti. What differs and is strictly novel, though much in vogue, seldom aspires to the higher range in which these elder leaders have moved almost alone.

The conjectural length of a poet's life doubtless is not yet reckoned in the tables of insurance actuaries. But the longevity of modern poets really seems to have been governed by their mental cast. The romancers, and the lyrists of great sensibility or intense experience, quicken their heart-beats and often have died young. Many poets of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," whose intellect is the regulator of well-ordered lives, have lived long: such men as Emerson and Longfellow in America,—as Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning in England. The recent drift—and they have strengthened it—has been toward the rule of intellect over passion, and the brain-power of such masters has maintained them in wonderful vitality and productiveness to an advanced age.

However this may be, the most suggestive portion of the record now before us is that concerned with the last-named poets. England alone can now boast of two so equal in years and fame, yet so distinct in genius, and still producing works unsurpassed by the efforts of their juniors. Like two noble galleys they still head the fleet, and with all sails spread, though the mists of an unknown sea are straight before them. As for the laureate, all England knows him by heart. Successive ranks of generous and cultured youth have doted on his works, so that his gradual age is watched and understood, somewhat as in a family the

\* This paper consists of extracts from a forthcoming Supplement to the next edition of "Victorian Poets,"—a book first published in 1875, much of whose contents

originally appeared in this magazine. From the sections here given, the writer's notices of many poets, dramatists, etc., are necessarily omitted.

bodily and mental changes of its revered master are observed by the household. At times his verse, and oftener than that of his more dramatic compeer's, has sprung from sudden outbursts of feeling, and never more so than in the fine heat and choler of his later years. New readers may not comprehend these moods, but they are intelligible to those who have owed him so much in the past, and do not affect our judgment of his long career.

#### TENNYSON.

A GOOD deal of force has been expended by the laureate to disprove the claim that he would not greatly excel as a dramatist for either the closet or the stage. His mental and constructive gifts are such that, if he had begun as a "writer of plays," he doubtless would have been successful,—but never, I believe, could have reached his present eminence. His first drama, "Queen Mary," seemed to confirm an early prediction that he might yet produce a tolerable work of that kind, though only by a *tour de force*. Since then, through sheer will and persistency, he has composed a succession of dramas, historical and romantic; but neither will nor judgment, nor the ambition to prove his mastery of the highest and most inclusive form of literature, has enabled him in the afternoon of life to triumph as a dramatist. The first actor of England, with matchless resources for theatrical presentation, was able more than once to make the performance of a play by Tennyson a notable and picturesque event, but nothing more; nor have those produced with equal care by others become any part of the stage repertory. There are charmingly poetic qualities in the minor pieces, and one of them, "The Cup," is not without effects,—but even this will not hold the stage,—while "The Falcon" and "The Promise of May" are plainly amateurish. They contain lovely songs and trifles, but when a great master merges the poet in the playwright he must be judged accordingly. "Harold" and "Becket" are of a more imposing cast, and have significance as examples of what may—and of what may not—be effected by a strong artist in a department to which he is not led by compulsive instinct. Their ancestral themes are in every way worthy of an English poet. "Harold," in style and language, is much like the Idylls of the King, nor does it greatly surpass them in dramatic quality, though a work cast in the standard five-act mold. There is a strong scene where the last of the Saxon kings is forced to swear allegiance to William of Normandy. As a whole, the work is conventional, its battle-scenes reminiscent of Shakspeare and Scott, and the diction tinged with the

author's old mannerisms. "Becket," seven years later, is his nearest approach to a dramatic masterpiece, and at a different time might have ranged itself in stage-literature. It is quite superior, as such, to pieces by Talfourd, Knowles, etc., that are still revived; but this is poor praise indeed for one of Tennyson's fame, and assuredly not worth trying for. It must be admitted that years of self-abstraction, of intimacy with books and nature, are not likely to develop the gift of even a born novelist or dramatic poet. Human life is his proper study: his task the expression of its struggle, passion, mirth and sorrow, virtue and crime,—and these must be transcribed by one that has been whirled in their eddies or who observes them very closely from the shore.

In striking contrast, Tennyson's recent lyrical poetry is the afterglow of a still radiant genius. Here we see undimmed the fire and beauty of his natural gift, and wisdom increased with age. What a collection, short as it is, forms the volume of "Ballads" issued in his seventy-first year! It opens with the thoroughly English story of "The First Quarrel," with its tragic culmination,—

"And the boat went down that night,— the boat went down that night!"

Country life is what he has observed, and he reflects it with truth of action and dialect. "The Northern Cobbler" and "The Village Wife" could be written only by the idyllist whose Yorkshire ballads delighted us in 1866. But here are greater things, two or three at his highest mark. The passion and lyrical might of "Rizpah" never have been exceeded by the author, nor, I think, by any other poet of his day. "The Revenge" and "Lucknow" are magnificent ballads. "Sir John Oldcastle" and "Columbus" are not what Browning would have made of them; but, again, "The Voyage of Maeldune" is a weird and vocal fantasy, unequally poetic, with the well-known touch in every number. Five years later another book of purely Tennysonian ballads appeared. Its title-piece, "Tiresias," may be classed with "Lucretius" and "Tithonus," yet scarcely equals the one as a study, or the other for indefinable poetic charm. "The Wreck" and "Despair" are full of power, and there are two more of the unique dialect-pieces, "To-morrow" and "The Spinster's Sweet-arts." A final Arthurian idyll, "Balin and Balan," is below the level of the work whose bulk it enlarges. "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," much inferior to the Balaklavan lyric, shows that will cannot supply the heat excited by a thrilling and instant occasion.

A poem in this volume, "The Ancient Sage," consists of speculations on the Nameless,—

and on the universal question which presents itself ever more strenuously as life's shadows lengthen. In this sense, it is of kin to Browning's "Ferishtah" and "Jochannan Hakkdosh." Still more noteworthy is the impetuous elegiac, "Vastness," written in 1885, and as yet not placed in a collection. The persiflage bestowed upon this, and afterward, in various quarters, upon the second "Locksley Hall," proclaimed the rise of a generation not wonted to the poet's habit of speech; more, it revealed one out of patience with its creeds, and consoling itself by avoiding resolute thought upon what confronts and challenges our mortality. Tennyson, smitten by the death of a friend, reflects that not here alone dear faces steadily vanish,—but

"Many a planet by many a sun may roll  
with the dust of a vanish'd race."

In the knowledge of this, what are all our politics, turmoil, love, ambition, but "a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?" What is it all, forsooth, if at last we end,

"Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd  
in the deeps of a meaningless Past?"

As was natural, the sequel to "Locksley Hall" was received with more than curiosity — with a certain philosophical interest. I do not see that it is out of temper with that servid chant which, forty-five years before, seized upon all young hearts and caught the ear of the world. Here is the same protest against conditions: in youth, a revolt from convention and class-tyranny; in age, a protest against lawlessness and irreverence. The poet now as then resists the main grievance — but with an old man's increased petulance of speech. His after-song does not wreak itself upon the master passions of love and ambition, and hence fastens less strongly on the thoughts of the young; nor does it come with the unused rhythm, the fresh and novel cadence, that stamped the now hackneyed measure with a lyric's name. Yet, as to its art and imagery, the same effects are there, differing only in a more vigorous method, an intentional roughness, from the individual early verse. The new burthen is termed pessimistic, but, for all its impatient summary of ills, it ends with a cry of faith. And so ends "Vastness":

"Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love  
him forever: The dead are not dead but alive."

If Browning is more intelligibly an optimist, it is because he studies mankind from a scientific point of view, keeping his own temper and spirits withal. He has a more abiding and "saving faith" in the immanence of a beneficent ruling power. Both these poets have deepened and widened their outlook: the one listens to the roll of the ages, and marks the

courses of the stars; the other pierces the soul, to find the secret of a universe in the microcosm, man. Tennyson is the more impressed by that science which observes the astronomic and cosmic whole of nature, while biology and psychology are anticipated by Browning and subjected to his usufruct.

When the laureate was raised to the peerage — a station which he twice declined in middle life — he gained some attention from the satirists, and his acceptance of rank no doubt was honestly bemoaned by many sturdy radicals. It is difficult, nevertheless, to find any violation of principle or taste in the receipt by England's favorite and official poet of such an honor, bestowed at the climax of his years and fame. Republicans should bear in mind that the republic of letters is the only one to which Alfred Tennyson owed allegiance; that he was the "first citizen" of an ancient monarchy which honored letters by gratefully conferring upon him its high traditional award. It would be truckling for an American, loyal to his own form of government, to receive an aristocratic title from some foreign potentate. Longfellow, for example, promptly declined an order tendered him by the King of Italy. But a sense of fitness, and even patriotism, should make it easy for an Englishman, faithful to a constitutional monarchy, to accept any well-earned dignity under that system. In every country it is thought worth while for one to be the founder of his family; and in Great Britain no able man could do more for descendants, to whom he is not sure of bequeathing his talents, than by handing down a class-privilege, even though it confers no additional glory upon the original winner. Extreme British democrats, who openly or covertly wish to change the form of government, and even communists, are aware that Tennyson does not belong to their ranks. He has been, as I long since wrote, a liberal conservative: liberal in humanity and progressive thought, strictly conservative in allegiance to the national system. As for that, touch but the territory, imperil the institutions, of Great Britain, and Swinburne himself — the pupil of Landor, Mazzini, and Hugo — betrays the blood in his veins. Tennyson, a liberal of the Maurice group, has been cleverly styled by Whitman a "poet of feudalism"; he is a celebrator of the past, of sovereignty and knighthood; he is no lost leader, "just for a ribbon" leaving some gallant cause forsworn or any song unsung. In all fairness, his acceptance of rank savors less of inconsistency than does the logic of those who rail at the world for neglect of genius, and then upbraid them both for coming to an understanding.

As a final word about Lord Tennyson, a laureate of thirty-seven years' service, it may



be said that no predecessor has filled his office with fewer lapses from the quality of a poet. Southey's patriotic rubbish was no better, and not much worse, than his verse at large. Wordsworth, during the few years of his incumbency, wrote little official verse. Tennyson has freshened the greenness of the laurel; a vivid series of national odes and ballads is the result of his journey as its wearer. That some of his perfunctory salutations and pæans have been failures, notably the Jubilee ode of the current year, is evidence that genius does not always obey orders. The Wellington ode, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the dedications of "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls," and such noble ballads as those of "Grenville," "The Revenge," "Lucknow"—these are his vouchers for the wreath, and, whether inspired by it or not, are henceforth a secure portion of his country's song.

## BROWNING.

OLD lovers of Tennyson feel that he is best understood by those who grew up with his poems, and profited by his advance to the mature art and power of "In Memoriam" and the four chief "Idylls." Browning began and continued in quite another way. A neophyte might as well get hold of his middle-life work, and thence read backward and forward. If one prefers to gain an introduction to the author of "The Inn Album" from a sustained poem, rather than from his lyrics, nothing better could be chosen than that nervous, coherent work, the first in date of his productions during the time we are considering. I recall its effect upon one or two of my younger friends, who ascribe to it their first sense of those profound emotions which set the spirit free. Seldom is there a work more inwrought with characterization, fateful gathering, intense human passion, tragic action to which the realistic scene and manners serve as heightening foils, than this thrilling epic of men and women whose destinies are compressed within a single day. The tragedy ends with the death of two sinners, whose souls are first laid bare. No one of Browning's works is better proportioned, or less sophisticated in diction,—the latter, in truth, being never suffered to divert attention from the movement and interest of this electric novel in verse. It was quickly followed by a various little book, "Pacchiorotto." The poet now turns upon his critics, with countering satire and a defense of his hardy methods; but he welcomes, in title-piece and epilogue, "friends who are sound" to his Thirty-Four Port, promising "nettle-broth" galore to the feeble and maudlin. Of the shorter efforts, "A Forgiveness" displays to the full his dramatic and psychological mastery.

Its verse is modeled with the strong right hand that painted "My Last Duchess," to which it is in all respects a vigorous companion-piece.

A third translation from the Greek drama, the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, is marked by fidelity to the text, gained through a free disregard of English idiom, but scarcely has the sweetness and grace of "Balaustion" and "Aristophanes' Apology."

The volume entitled "La Saisiaz: The Two Poets of Croisic," like "The Inn Album," commends itself to lay readers, being direct and forcible, with abundant food for thought. The opening poem, in the "Locksley Hall" measure, bravely considers the problem of mortal and immortal life. Its successor reeks with humorous wisdom, irony, knowledge of the world. An ideal lyric supplements them, inscribed to the woman whose aid to the writer's song is symbolized by the cricket's note that helped out a minstrel's tune when his lyre had broken a string. But the finest and richest display of Browning's triune lyrical, narrative, and analytical vigor, which he has given us since the memorable "Dramatic Lyrics" and "Men and Women," is found in the series (1879-80) of "Dramatic Idylls." These silence the critic's complaint of the neglect or dilution of the poet's original genius. The most impressive of the metrical tales are "Martin Ralph," "Clive"—a marvelous evocation—and "Ned Bratts"—a Holbeinish conjecture of the effect on a dull brutish hind of Bunyan's teachings. "Pheidippides," a figure of the Athenian runner with news from Marathon, is superb, and "Doctor —" quite unapproachable for jest and satire. The story of "Muyléykeh" and his Arab steed is already a classic. Always throughout these vivid impersonations, as in "Ivan Ivanovitch" and "Pietro of Albano," the magician's supreme intent is to reveal

"What's under lock and key —  
Man's soul!"

"Jocoseria" (1883), made up of brief and sturdy poems, illustrates again the author's habit of exploration through all literatures for his texts and themes. After the grim, pathetic ballad of "Donald" and the grimmer "Christina and Monaldeschi," we have in "Jochannan Hakkadosh" the vital lessons of the book. The Rabbi, and the pupils who find his sayings hard indeed, are no inapt types of our modern poet and his circle. As in "Paracelsus," Browning's favorite theorem continues to be the soul's real victory achieved in the apparent failures of earthly life. His latter years are given more and more to the consideration of eternal rather than temporal questions. Under the guise of a dervish he proffers, in "Ferishtah's Fancies," a sum of hopeful wis-



dom as to the meaning of existence, the goodness of the Creator. The thought, like all great thought, is simple, yet put so subtle-wise as to make it well that our latter-day Solomon has the fame that tempts a world to study the riddling homilies of his old age. To those who balk thereat no comfort is vouchsafed except such as they find in "Pambo" of the preceding volume,—for he still merrily "offends with his tongue," though clearly an interpreter of the purest theistic spirit of our time. My brief references to Browning's plenteous aftermath close with his "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day." His intellect disports itself more than ever in these half-dozen citations of far-away personages whom he raises from the dead at will. The work is capricious enough, but he does not forget, in the most rugged and obscure passages, to give us interludes that prove his voice still unimpaired. "Gerard de Lareise" is smooth and delicate enough for a fastidious ear, with rare bits of song included, and music itself receives expert attention in "Charles Avison." The prologue and epilogue of this book are not its least essential matters. All in all, however, it is not so ultimate and satisfactory as one could desire. At whatever worth he may rate the clubs of quidnuncs associated to study him, he does not disdain to make riddles for them, as in the *Prelude*, and to choose remote, obscure topics for their discussion—somewhat as the wizard Michael Scott, compelled to supply tasks for his familiar, succeeded at last by ordering him to make ropes out of sea-sand. He is right in affording them no special clues, for that which, written in verse, can be conveyed as well by a paraphrase, certainly is not poetry.

Most of the foregoing work, so varied and affluent, is in rhymed verse. Great respect is paid to the observance of the rhyme, even though meaning and measure halt for it. Whitman's Hebraic chant, often vibrating with profound rhythmical harmony, is the outcome of a belief that rhymes are hackneyed and trivial; and as Browning's rhymes are not seldom forced and artificial to a degree reached by no other master, the question is asked why he should rhyme at all, why he does not confine himself to his typical blank-verse and other free-hand measures.

To this it might be replied that he was born a poet, with the English lyrical ear and accentual instinct; that he rhymes by nature, and exquisitely, as we see from all his simpler melodies, and that he is not the man to slight an intuitive note of expression. With all his headlong tyranny over restraints of form, an adherence to rhyme, as in the case of Swinburne, is "a brake upon his speech"; otherwise

his fluency, although the result of endlessly changeable thought, would quite outleap the effective limits of art. That the brakes creak and groan is a proof they are doing their work. But what of his involved and parenthetical style? A rule concerning language is that it has power to formulate not only problems of absolute geometry, but those of imaginative thought; and clearness of style has been a grace of the first poets and thinkers. When Browning's tangled syntax is involuntary, it may denote a struggling process of thought, for the style is the man. But, in defense of such of these "hard readings" as seem voluntary and of aforethought, we call to mind the oriental feeling that truth is most oracular when couched in emblems and deep phrases. Nature arms her sweetest kernels with a prickly and resistful exterior, so that they are procured by toil which gives them worth. This poet surrounds his treasures with labyrinths and thorn-hedges that stimulate the reader's onset. The habit is defensible when the treasures are so genuine. To experts and thinkers, who do not need a lure to make them value the quest, such things are an irritation and open to the disfavor shown by many who yield to none in respect for Browning's creative power.

#### BROWNING CLUBS.

YET it is plain that both the style and matter of his work, after years of self-respecting adherence to his own ways, have at last given occasion for the most royal warrant of fame and appreciation ever granted to poet or sage while still in the flesh. To be sure there never was a time when such a result could more reasonably be expected. Our period exceeds all others, even the Alexandrian, in literary bustle and research. What organized phalanxes for the study and annotation of our classics,—of course, and as is fitting, with the Shakspeare societies at their head! How rude the capture of Shelley, the avatar of our ideality and lyrical feeling! Old and young, even the "little hordes" of Fourier's socialistic dream, divide the ethereal raiment of the poet's poet, that each may bear away some shred of its gossamer. Shelley's lifelong and reverent lovers, who yield themselves silently to the imponderable, divine beauty of his numbers, and who would as soon make an autopsy of Lycidas himself as to approach his verse with hook and scalpel, look with equal wonder at the tribes which now claim their poet as if by right of discovery and the select few who burden his music with their notes and scholia. To its transformation into a "cult" they apply the stricture of a famous preacher who was concerned at the multiplication of

cheap Bibles. The evangelical bodies, he declared, by placing Holy Writ in every lobby and corridor, have dispelled the sacred awe in which it was held, and in fact have made it "as common as a pack of cards." Feeling, taste, instinct,—all are against making a text-book of Shelley's poetry, almost the last reliquary guarded, with some right of distant kinship, by those who claim a humble inheritance of song. The sudden uprising of many Browning clubs is the latest symptom of the rage for elucidation. The like of it has not been witnessed since the days of the neo-Platonists and grammarians; nor were there a thousand printing-presses at the command of the Alexandrian scholiasts. Not only more than one University quadrangle, but every mercantile town, from London, where the poet dwells, to the farthest outpost of the western continent, has its central Browning Society, from which dependents radiate like the little spiders that spin their tiny strands near the maternal web. Emerson was a seer; Browning is a virile poet and scholar; but it has been the same with the followers of both—a Browning student of the first order can do much for us,—while one of the third or fourth remove, whose degree is expressed algebraically as  $B^{\frac{1}{n}}$  or  $\sqrt[n]{B}$ ,

may be and often is as prosaic a claimant to special illumination as one is apt to meet. The "study" of Browning takes strong hold upon theorists, analysts, didacticians, who care little for poetry in itself, and who, like Chinese artists, pay more respect to the facial dimensions of his Muse than to her essential beauty and the divine light of her eyes. The master himself may well view with distrust certain phases of a movement originating with his more-favored disciples; nor is poetry that requires annotation in its own time, surer, on that account, of supremacy in the future. Perhaps the best that can be said of this matter is that something out of the common is needed to direct attention to a great original genius, and to secure for a poet, after his long experience of neglect, some practical return for the fruits of his imagination.

A contrast between the objective, or classical, dramatic mode and that of Browning is not derogatory to the resources of either. In the former, the author's thinking is done outside of the work; the work itself, the product of thought, stands as a creation, with the details of its molding unexplained. The other exhibits the play of the constructor's thought. The result, as affecting the imagination, justifies the conventional aim—to make us see, as in real life, the outside of persons and events, concerning ourselves rather with actual speech and movement than with a search for hidden

influences, esoteric laws. To read one of Browning's psychical analyses is like consulting a watch that has a transparent glass, instead of a cap of gold, surmounting the interior. We forget the beauty and proportions of the jeweled time-piece, even its office as a chronicler of time, and are absorbed by the intricate and dexterous, rather than artistic, display of the works within. Here is movement, here is curious and exact machinery—here is the very soul of the thing, no doubt; but a watch of the kind that marks the time as if by some will and guerdon of its own is even more suggestive and often as satisfying to its possessor. All the more, Browning represents the introspective science of the new age. Regard one of his men or women: you detect not only the striking figure, the impassioned human speech and conduct, but as if from some electric coil so intense a light is shot beyond that every organ and integument are revealed. You see the blood in its secretest channels, the convolutions and gyrations of the molecular brain, all the mechanism that obeys the impulse of the resultant personage. Attention is diverted from the entire creation to the functions of its parts. Events become of import chiefly for the currents which promote them, or which they initiate. Browning's genius has made this under-world a tributary of its domain. As a mind-reader, then, he is the most dramatic of poets. The fact that, after scrutinizing his personages, he translates the thoughts of all into his own tongue, may lessen their objective value, but those wonted to the language find nothing better suited to their taste.

His judicial acceptance of things as they are is largely a matter of temperament, and does not imply that he is more devout and theistic, or a sounder optimist, than his chief compeer. The broadening effect of experience as a man of the world also has much to do with it. Both Tennyson and Browning are highly intellectual. The former's instinct for art and beauty is supreme, and mental analytics yield to them in his work. To Browning poetic effects, of which he has proved himself a master, often are nothing but impedimenta, to be discarded when fairly in pursuit of psychological discovery.

A conclusion with respect to Tennyson, in my review of his career from a much earlier point of time, was that he would be regarded long hereafter as, "all in all, the fullest representative" of the "refined and complex Victorian age." To this I added that he had carried his idyllic mode "to such perfection that its cycle seems already near an end" and "a new generation is calling for work of a different order, for more vital passion and dramatic force." After many years, he still seems

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to me the exponent of the typical Victorian period—that in which the sentiment poetized in the “*Idylls*” and “*In Memoriam*” was at its height. It is equally true that Browning was in reserve as the leader-elect of the present succeeding time. The Queen is still on her throne, but her reign outlasts the schools to which her name belongs. New movements are initiated, and Browning is their interpreter so far as poetic insight is concerned. To this we only have to add that he is an eminent example of the justice of our exception to Taine’s dogma of the invariable subjection of an artist to his accidental conditions. He has proved that his genius is of the kind that creates its own environment and makes for itself a new atmosphere, whether of heaven or of earth.

## SWINBURNE.

SWINBURNE also has been a leader, particularly on the side of form and expression, and through his brilliant command of effects which novices are just as sure to copy as young musicians are to adopt the “methods” of a Chopin or a Liszt. Obvious tendencies of the new school reveal the influence of Browning, modified structurally by Swinburne’s lyrical abandonment and feats of diction and rhythm.

As he reaches middle life, the volume of his productions becomes remarkable, putting to confusion those who doubted his vitality and staying-power. His second classical drama, “*Erechtheus*,” is severely antique in mold, with strong text and choruses. But it is relatively frigid, apart from common interest, and lacks something of the fire and melody of *Atalanta*. The author’s compulsive lyrical faculty, however, has not ceased its exercise—the resulting odes, songs, and manifold brief poems having been collected chiefly in the second series of “*Poems and Ballads*,” and in “*Studies in Song*,” “*Songs of the Springtides*,” “*A Century of Roundels*,” and “*A Midsummer Holiday*.” Their variety and splendor sustain the minstrel’s early promise:—any one of the collections would make a reputation. If they have been greeted with less than our old wonder and relish, it is due to the unforgetable novelty of those first impressions, and to the profusion of this poet’s exhaustless out-giving. Masterpieces of their kind among the new songs and ballads are the “*Ave atque Vale*,” of which I wrote in a former essay, and “*A Forsaken Garden*.” The translations from Villon charm the ear with a witching sense possibly unfelt by the vagabond balladist’s contemporaries. Swinburne is still at the head of British elegiac and memorial poets. Witness the twin odes in honor of Landor and Hugo, covering the entire progress of their

achievements, and the second ode to Hugo, the lines to Mazzini, and other compositions in the highest mood of tributary song. A pervasive element of these books is that relating to the sea, of which their author is a familiar and votary. One of them (as also the poem “*By the North Sea*”) is inscribed to his “best friend, Theodore Watts,” the poet and critic to whom Mr. Swinburne is indebted for loyal companionship and devotion. The “*Songs of the Springtides*” are surcharged with endless harmony of ocean winds and surges. “*Thalassius*,” “*On the Cliffs*,” “*The Garden of Cymodoce*,” full of alliterative and billowy cadence, are fashioned in a classical and nobly swelling mold. The unique poem of Sappho, “*On the Cliffs*,” was suggested by the fancy that the nightingales still repeat fragments of her Lesbian song. “*A Midsummer Holiday*” takes us again by the sea and through the long-shore lanes of England; its refrain—“*Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name*”—recalls the enduring freshness of a poet to whom still the avowal can be made that—

“Each year that England clothes herself with May  
She takes thy likeness on her.”

Elaborate and refined as all these pieces are, they exhale a purely English atmosphere. “*A Century of Roundels*” is the most simple and distinctive of the lyrical collections. Among the noteworthy roundels are several discoursing with Death, and those on Autumn and Winter; best of all, the clear-cut series on “*A Baby’s Death*.” In the latter, as in the cradle-songs and other notes of infancy and childhood, he is winning and tender—in all his poems on age, reverent and eulogistic. The artistic motive of his political outbursts, at various crises, is quite subordinate to their writer’s impulsive views; their satire and invective possibly act as safety-valves and are of interest to curious students of the poetic temperament in its extremes.

Not a few consider “*Tristram of Lyonesse*” to be his most attractive and ideal narrative poem. The conception of the Arthurian legend is distinct from that of either Tennyson or Arnold, and the verse is rich with desire, foreboding, and pathetic beauty. The opening phrase, *The Sailing of the Swallow*, is enchanting; the description of Iseult of Ireland is a wonder, and the whole coil of burning love and piteous mischance was never before so marvelously woven.

Of Swinburne’s recent dramas, “*Mary Stuart*” completes the most imposing Trilogy in modern literature, and is, while less romantic than “*Chastelard*” and less eloquent than “*Bothwell*,” a fit successor to the two. Its vigor is condensed and joined with a gravity becom-

ing the firm hand of maturer years as it depicts the culmination of this historic tragedy — the taking-off of a picturesque, impassioned, superbly selfish type of royalty and womanhood. The author's consistent ideal of Mary Stuart is formed by intuition and critical study, and is reasonably set forth in his prose essay. The future will accept his conception as justly interpreting the secret of her career. In the *Trilogy* her fate, through the agency of Mary Beaton, is made the predestined outcome of early and heartless misdeeds, and dramatically ends the steady process of the work.

"*Marino Faliero*," post-dating by sixty-five years Byron's drama of that name, following the same chronicle and with the same personages, is a direct challenge to comparison. Both are fairly representative of their authors. Neither is a stage-play: Byron's was tested against his own judgment, and he found no fault with the critics who thought his genius undramatic. There is no talk of love in either play, except the innocent passion which Swinburne creates between Bertuccio and the Duchess. Both poets make the Doge's part o'erstep all others, but Byron lightens Faliero's monologues with stage business, etc., and pays serious attention to the action of the piece. Swinburne uses the higher poetic strain throughout; his language is heroic, the verse and diction are always imposing, but proportion, background, and the question of relative values obtain too little of his attention. All know the slovenly and unstudied character of Byron's blank verse. Swinburne adheres to the type, equally finished and prodigal, to which he has wonted us. In every sense he is a better workman. But the directness and simplicity of Byron's drama are to be considered. The death-speech which he puts in Faliero's mouth, theatrical as it is, will continue memorable as a fine instance of Byronic power. In the modern play the Doge's speech extends to fifteen pages (with the chanting interludes), and this directly after a trial-scene in which he has done most of the talking. Half this rhythmical eloquence would be more impressive than the whole.

In spite of Swinburne's deprecation of Lord Byron, and his own more direct inheritance from Shelley, he has several of the former's traits: the scorn of dullness and commonplace, faith in his own conclusions, and the swift and bold mastery of a forcible theme. Continuing the habit of prose-writing, as is the custom of the times, he has displayed his scholarship and versatility in new critical essays. The value of some of these — such, for example, as the prose dithyrambic on Hugo — lies not so much in their judicial quality as in those felicitous critical epigrams which take the reader by their sudden insight and originality. "A Note

on Charlotte Brontë" is admirable in this way, for all its tendency to extremes. The volume of "*Miscellanies*" (1886) contains, on the whole, his soundest and most varied prose-writing, much of it as well considered as one could desire, and expressing, brilliantly of course, the judgment of a poetic scholar in his dispassionate mood. It is interesting to see how easily and royally Mr. Swinburne keeps up his domination over an active class of writers. His scholarship, indisputable talent, and Napoleonic method of judgment and warfare, render him a kind of autocrat whom few of his craft care to encounter openly, though specialists in matters of research and criticism occasionally venture on rebellion. Whatever ground he loses is lost in consequence of a law already pointed out, which operates in the case of a vein too rich and productive. The torrent of his rhythm, beautiful and imaginative as it is, satiates the public — even animals fed on too nutritious food will turn to bran and husks for a relief. And the workings of his genius, from its very force and individuality, are such as he cannot be expected to vary or suspend.

DEATH has summoned with his impartial touch both young and old alike from the cycle of poets considered in our original review. What more I wish to say concerning Rossetti, Horne, Wells, O'Shaughnessy, Marston, Collins, and others who have joined the silent majority, must be said elsewhere. Nor does the space assigned me here permit an extension of former remarks upon Arnold, W. Morris, Miss Rossetti, Payne, Buchanan, and other old acquaintances, — some of whom, such as Bell Scott, Noel, Patmore, and George Meredith, have materially changed or enriched their respective notes. Many authors not hereinbefore reviewed come properly within our annals of the last twelve years; dramatists like Merivale, Gilbert, Ross Neil; colonial and provincial poets, upon whose list are Gordon, Sladen, Sharp, Anderson, Toru Dutt, Roberts, etc.; song-makers and London lyrists, among whom are Aidé, Ashby-Sterry, Clement Scott; not to forget a satirist like Courthope, and translators — a class whose service in England is never at an end. But the remainder of the present article must be devoted to remarks on the latter-day poets not embraced in the foregoing classification, and to discussion of tendencies manifest in the spirit of recent British song.

SYMONDS — EDWIN ARNOLD — AUSTIN —  
LEWIS MORRIS, ETC.

Or the poets whose books have appeared mainly since the date of our earlier review,



several are conspicuous for the extent of their work, and demand attention in any notice of the time. What are their respective claims to the favor awarded leaders whom they rival in productiveness?

Symonds is fairly typical of the best results of the English university training. He is an exemplar of taste; this, and liberal culture, joined with fine perceptive faculties, endow a writer who has the respect of lovers of the beautiful for his service as a guide to its history and masterpieces. A wealth of language and material sustains his prose explorations in the renaissance, his Grecian and Italian sketches, his charming discourse of the Greek poets and of the Italian and other literatures. He has given us complete and almost ideal translations of the sonnets of Angelo and Campanella. Coming to his original verse, we again see what taste and sympathy can do for a receptive nature; all, in fact, that they can do towards the making of a poet born, not with genius, but with a facile and persistent bent for art. The division between friendship and love is no more absolute, as not of degree but of kind, than that between the connoisseur and the most careless but impassioned poet. Symonds recognizes this in a thoroughbred preface to "*Many Moods*," a book covering the verses of fifteen years. He proffers attractive work, good handling of the slow meters, and an Italian modification of the antique feeling. There is some lyrical quality in his "*Spring Songs*." Almost the same remarks apply to a later volume, "*New and Old*." Its atmosphere, landscape, and notes of sympathy therewith are so un-English that one must possess the author's Latinesque training to feel them adequately. We have sequences of polished sonnets in the "*Animi Figura*" and its interpreter, "*Vagabundi Libellus*." These studies of a "beauty-loving and impulsive, but at the same time self-tormenting and conscientious mind" are his most satisfactory efforts in verse; but if their emotions are, as he avows, "imagined," he reasons too curiously for a poet. "*Stella*" has a right to complain of his hero, and it is no wonder she went mad. His poems are suggestive to careful students only, in spite of their exquisite word-painting, and the merit of sonnets like those on "*The Thought of Death*." Admiring the finish of them all, we try in vain to recall the one abiding piece or stanza. Here is scholar's work of the first order, the outcome of knowledge and a sense of beauty. Perhaps the author would have succeeded as well as a painter, sculptor, or architect, for in any direction taste would be his mainstay. Nothing can be happier than his rendering, with comments, of the medieval Latin Student's Songs,

neatly entitled "*Wine, Woman, and Song*"; and in the prose "*Italian By-ways*" his critical touch is so light and rare that we are thankful for his companionship.

Those who wish to make more than a ripple on the stream may profit by the example of Edwin Arnold. During the latest quarter of a busy life he has gained a respectful hearing in his own country and something like fame in America. He is not a creative poet, yet the success of his Asiatic legends is due to more than an attractive dressing-up of the commonplace. He has zest, learning, industry, and an instinct for color and picturesqueness strengthened through absorption of the Oriental poetry, by turns fanciful and sublime. Above all, he shows the advantage of new ground, or of ground newly surveyed, and an interest in his subject which is contagious. There is a man behind his cantos, and a man clever enough to move in the latest direction of our unsettled taste and thought. A distinct theme and motive, skillfully followed, are the next best things to inventive power. The "*Light of Asia*" was not an ordinary production. With "*The Indian Song of Songs*," and "*Pearls of the Faith*" it formed a triune exposition, on the poetic side, of the Hindoo and Arabian theologies. Probably Arnold's ideals of Buddhism, even of Islamism, insensibly spring from a western conception, but he conveys them with sensuous warmth and much artistic skill. In these books and the translations from the Mahābhārata, he works an old vein in a new way. Both the accuracy and ethics of his Oriental pieces have been lauded and attacked with equal vehemence. They have received great attention in that part of the United States where discussion is most "advanced" and speculative, and where Buddhism and theosophy are just now indiscriminately a fashion, and likely to pass away as have many fashions that led up to them. Arnold's longer works may soon be laid aside, but such a lyric as "*After Death in Arabia*," whether original or a paraphrase, will be treasured for its genuine beauty and serene pledges to human faith and hope.

Alfred Austin's essays on "*The Poetry of the Period*" justly attracted notice. They were epigrammatic, conceived in a logical if disciplinary spirit, and almost the first severe criticism to which our "chief musicians" have been subjected. Here was one who dared to lay his hand on the sacred images. He bore down mercilessly upon "the feminine, narrow, domesticated, timorous" verse of the day, calling Tennyson feminine, Browning studious, Whitman noisy and chaotic, Swinburne and Morris not great because the times are bad, and only less tedious than the rest. While an



iconoclast, his effort was constructive in its demand for the movement and passion that have animated more virile eras. When so lusty a critic himself came out as a poet, it fairly might have been expected that he would at least, whatever his demerits, avoid the tameness thus deplored. But movement and the divine fire are precisely what are lacking in Mr. Austin's respectable and somewhat labored books of verse. "The Human Tragedy," a work by which he doubtless would wish to be judged, includes an early-printed section, "Madonna's Child," which is a key to the poem. The whole requires ten thousand lines, cast in *ottava rima* and other standard forms. The Georgian measures are here, but not their force and glow. The movement is of the slowest, the philosophy prudish, and the story hard to follow: lovers are kept from marriage by religious zeal; they don the Red Cross, travel and talk interminably, and finally are shot, and die in each other's arms to the great comfort of the reader. "Savonarola" is a better work,—a studious tragedy, but not relieved by humor and realism, and with few touches that are imaginative. The title-piece of "At the Gate of the Convent" is artistic and interesting, and is followed by a good deal of contemplative verse, mostly lyrical in form, with the lofty ode not slighted. What we miss is the incense of divine poesy. The author's satirical interludes have point, and I have seen graceful lyrics from his pen, but his ambitious verse, on whatever principle composed, is not of the class that reaches the popular heart, nor likely, on the other hand, to capture a select group of votaries like those so loyal from the outset to Rossetti and Browning.

In every generation there is some maker of books who, without being a great writer, figures as such in his own and other minds. His thorough belief in his function and his hold upon a faithful constituency are things which men of better parts may not envy him, yet find beyond their reach. Lewis Morris with his "Epic of Hades," "Gwen," "Songs of Two Worlds," and other works of many editions, seems to be a writer whose fluent verse satisfies the popular need for rhythmical diet. Certain observances usually are noted in poetry of this kind. Its author handles a pretentious theme, and at much length, thus giving his effort an air of importance. He falls into the manner of popular models, and with great facility. He has a story to tell, or some lesson to teach, in all cases trite enough to an expert but more impressive to the multitude than the expert suspects. Finally, he has zeal and measureless industry, and takes himself more seriously than if he were a sensitive and less robust personage. It would be wrong

to say that Mr. Morris's verse is no better than that of Pollok, Tupper, and Bickersteth. But he bears to this, the most refined of periods, pretty much the same relation which they bore respectively to their own. "The Epic of Hades" is written in diluted Tennysonian verse, its merit lying in simplicity and avoidance of affectations. It is, however, only a metrical restatement of the Greek mythology according to Lempriere, and without that magic transmutation which alone justifies a resmelting of the antique. "Gwen" is a drama in monologue—an English love-story and, as far as "Maud" is dramatic, an attenuated Maud, without novelty of form or incident. In few of Morris's poems is there the radiant spirit which floods a word, a line, a passage, with essential meaning. In "The Ode of Life" he girds himself for a Pindaric effort, and strives with much grandiloquence to display the entire panorama of existence. His truest poetry, though neither he nor his admirers may so regard it, is found among the "Songs of Two Worlds" and "Songs Unsung," and chiefly in simple pieces like "The Organ Boy." A longer poem, "Clytemnestra in Paris," should be mentioned for its originality and interest; it is based on the trial reports of a recent murder, and shows the worth of a vivid subject and a conception due solely to the poet. Morris also is forcible, though prolix, in some of his speculative theses, but leaves an impression of infallibility and that there are few subjects he would hesitate to preempt.

A survey of these energetic writers leads to the inference that the more ambitious recent efforts do not acquaint us with the new poets who possess the greatest delicacy of hand and vision, and are subject to the most spiritual moods. The successive books of Walter Smith, author of "Olrig Grange," "Hilda," "Kildrostan," etc., only strengthen this inference. Their vogue with a class is due to the fact that, like Mrs. ("Violet Fane") Singleton's very feminine poem of "Denzil Place," each is what she honestly calls the latter—a story in verse. They are metrical novelettes, with the excess of interest and liveliness in favor of the lady, who gives zest to her romance by a warmth of realism, upon which the Scotch idyllist would doubtless blush to venture. Dr. Smith's "North Country Folk" contains some good short pieces. Mrs. Singleton's "Queen of the Fairies" is a tender story, purely and simply told. Her drama, "Anthony Babington," is very creditable, above the common range of woman's work, which scarcely can be said of her miscellaneous lyrics. Her love-poetry is of all grades, and not always in the best taste. Mrs. Pfeiffer has been an untiring producer

of verse of a different cast. Her early "Poems" embraced, besides a good ode "To the Teuton Woman," one or two striking ballads which indicated her natural bent, since developed in "The Fight at Rorke's Drift," and other spirited pieces. "Under the Aspens" is perhaps her most enjoyable collection. Her sonnets are thoughtful and intelligible, in this wise differing from the work of many sonnet-mongers, and those on Shelley and George Eliot are well worth preservation. In her more arduous flights she often fails, but there is an air of refinement and sincerity in much that comes from her pen.

Mrs. Hamilton King's long poem, "The Disciples," has been widely read. Four disciples of Mazzini narrate, chiefly in blank verse and rhymed heroics, the story of Garibaldi. The influence of the two Brownings is visible in Mrs. King's style. Her chief poem, the story of Fra Ugo Bassi, though too long, has strong passages and effective pictures of Italian and Sicilian scenery. Her defects are a lack of condensed vigor and imagination.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY — JAMES THOMSON.

THERE are one or two marked exceptions to the inference just now drawn. When Mr. Munby's "Dorothy" appeared, sound-minded readers had a sense of refreshment. It was a novel pleasure to light upon a complete and wholesome poem, faithfully and winningly going at its purpose, that of depicting pastoral English scenes and extolling health and strength as elements of beauty in woman. The heroine of this unique "country story in elegiac verse" is genuine as one of Millet's peasant-girls or Winslow Homer's fisher-maidens. Seldom, nowadays, do we find such pictures of farm-life, bucolic work and sports, outside of Hardy's and Blackmore's novels. The plowing-scene is a subject for a painter, and he could find, indeed, a score of charming themes in this one poem. Dorothy's sweet face and noble bearing require, it is true, the device of an aristocratic fatherhood, and there is possibly an implication of the benefits of cross-breeding. Munby equals Millet in honest candor, but I think he goes beyond nature in the one blemish of his idyll; there is an over-coarseness in giving even a plow-girl hands that would disgust a navy or pitman. As might be expected of the poet who wrote "Doris," that lovely pastoral, he is an artist, and has achieved a difficult feat in popularizing his elegiac distichs.

A second exception is that of a man to whom a long chapter might be devoted, and whose life and writings, I doubt not, will be subjects of recurring interest during years to come.

For it may almost be said of the late James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," that he was the English Poe. Not only in his command of measures, his weird imaginings, intellectual power and gloom, but with respect to his errant yet earnest temper, his isolation, and divergence from the ways of society as now constituted,—and very strangely also in the successive chances of his life so poor and proud, in his final decline through unfortunate habits and infirmities, even to the sad coincidence of his death in a hospital,—do the man, his genius, and career afford an almost startling parallel to what we know of our poet of "the grotesque and arabesque." Shelley, Heine, Leopardi, Schopenhauer,—such were the writers whom Thomson valued most, and whose influence is visible in his poetry. Yet the production already mentioned, and many others, have traits which are not found elsewhere in prose or verse. So much might be said of Thomson's work that I scarcely ought to touch upon it here. But "The City of Dreadful Night" may be characterized as a somber, darkly wrought composition, toned to a minor key from which it never varies. It is a mystical allegory, the outgrowth of broodings on hopelessness and spiritual desolation. The legend of Dürer's Melancholia is marvelously transcribed, and the isometric interlude, "As I came through the Desert thus it was," is only surpassed by Browning's "Childe Roland." The cup of pessimism, with all its conjuring bitterness, is drunk to the dregs in this enshrouded, and again lurid, but always remarkable poem. We have Omar Khayyám's bewilderment, without his epicurean compensations. "Vane's Story," the title-piece of an earlier volume, is similarly impressive, and minor lyrics are worth study for their intenseness and frequent strange beauty. "Vane's Story," though melodramatic, and curiously outspoken in its notion of life and death, its opposition to ordinary views, is not easily forgotten. On the side of artistic poetry we have the Arabic love-tale of "Weddah," and "Two Lovers"—a beautiful legend in quatrains. No one can read these, or the passionate "Mater Tenebrarum," or such a rhapsody as "He heard Her Sing," surcharged with melody and fire, without feeling that here was a true and foreordained poet. More profuse than Poe, less careful of his art, often purposely and effectively coarse, he holds a place of his own. He was a natural come-outer, and declared for all sorts and conditions of men, independently of rank or record. At times he proved, by such verses as "Sunday at Hampstead" and "Sunday on the River," that a blither nature underlay his gloom, and that happy experiences would

have made his song less pessimistic. But if ever a poet learned in suffering, it was he, and if the cup had passed from him we should have lost some powerful and distinctive verses. The posthumous volume, "*A Voice from the Nile*," contains, with a friendly memoir by Bertram Dobell, the fugitive productions of Thomson's early and later years.

#### VARIOUS RECENT POETS, AND THEIR TENDENCIES.

THE poetry of many recent and younger writers is still to be considered. They scarcely can be said to initiate a new school, or to divide themselves into groups like those formed by the minor poets of a slightly earlier time. Listening to various masters, and feeling the absence just now of any special tone or drift, more than one new aspirant essays some note of his own. Their very lack of assumption, and failure to claim by bold efforts a share of the attention secured by the novelists, imply a tacit acknowledgment that poetry cannot maintain at the moment its former dominance in the English world of letters. This is an unpromising attitude; but if they do not exhibit the ardent, full-throated confidence that begets leadership, there still are not a few who devote themselves to ideal beauty, and sing, in spite of discouragements, because the song is in them. They bear in one respect a mutual likeness. Though not given to the technical freaks of the recent art-extremists, the work of all displays a finish unknown at the outset of the Victorian period. The art of dexterous verse-making is so established that the neophyte has it at command. As with the technics of modern instrumental music, it is within common reach and not a subject for much remark.

Gosse, whom the public first knew as a poet, and who has become prominent as a literary scholar and critic, has not suffered general authorship to hinder his more ideal efforts for any length of time. That he is an attractive and competent master of English prose the leading journals and magazines bear constant witness, no less than his "*Studies in Northern Literature*," his "*Life of Gray*," lectures on poetry, and other essays, biographies, and contributions to works that are richer for his aid. All this prose matter has been refined and bettered by his poetic sensibility. And as a poet, the title of the first book for which he was sole sponsor, "*On Viol and Flute*," hints of his early quality. Though plainly alive to the renaissance movement, it was full of young blood and tuneful impulse; its contents appertaining to music, art, love, and the Norse legendary so familiar to him. His "*New Poems*," six years later in date, are simpler, more restrained

and meditative. They are deftly finished, pure and cool, a degree too cool for current taste. His classical sonnets — from the first he has been a good sonneteer — exhibit all these traits. He has a strong and logical sense of form, while his color is keyed to the tranquil and secondary, rather than the sensuous primitive, tones. A grace in which he has few equals is the fidelity to nature of his pastorals and lyrics. There is true and sweet landscape, the very spirit of the English coppices, rivers, and moors, in his quiet pieces. Successful with the French forms which he did much to introduce, he uses them sparingly; in fact, he seldom or never plays the tricks of the extreme decorationists, but trusts to the force of his thoughts and impressions. The contents of the volume, "*Firdausi in Exile*," may be taken, I suppose, as his most mature and varied work, for the early drama of "*King Erik*," though creditably done and on a theme quite native to him, does not show his bent to be strongly dramatic. Reviewing his verse, one finds a genuine feeling for nature, and subtle idealism, in "*Sunshine before Sunrise*," "*The Whitethroat*," "*Lying in the Grass*," "*The Shepherd of the Thames*," "*Obermann Yet Again*." His "*Theocritus*" has delicious melody and charm. There is a return in his longer poems, "*Firdausi*" and "*The Island of the Blest*," to the Italian method of Hunt and Keats. Gosse is an example of the latter-day poet who does so well and learnedly in prose as scarcely to obtain full credit for his natural poetic gift. His verse, like that of Arnold, with whom its spirit is allied, grows on one by quiet study. It is not often of a swift and lyrical character; yet that he can be both resonant and picturesque is evident from a vigorous ballad, "*The Cruise of the Rover*," which will bear reading with the sea-ballads of Tennyson and Kingsley, and of itself bestows upon its author the name of poet.

Blunt's "*Love Sonnets of Proteus*" are interesting as the artistic and sole utterance of their composer — the record, whether personal or not, of a man's successive love-experiences. This series of sonnets comes from one guided by the foremost English master, yet they are idiosyncratic and do not betray a weak or inexpert hand. Their savor of artificiality disappears when the writer ceases to be introspective, as in the fresh and wholesome sonnet on Gibraltar at the close. A claim to regard was at once established by "*Michael Field*," through her first volume, embracing the dramas of "*Callirhoë*" and "*Fair Rosamond*." It seemed a reoccupation of Swinburne's early ground, but this was only true with respect to the choice of themes. "*Callirhoë*" is classical merely in subject and time,

and is treated in a modern way, the characters being living men and women with a language compact of beauty and imagination. "Fair Rosamond" is brief, strong; the culminating act of a tragic scheme that has beguiled great artists to its handling. The dramas in this writer's second book, "The Father's Tragedy, etc.," reveal the same vigorous touch, but are diffuse and lack contrasting lights and shades; there is no humor,—speech and action are always at concert-pitch. Their diction, however, is more original than that of any other young writer. Often an epithet carries force, and is used in an entirely fresh way. This dramatist lacks proportion; her manner betokens close study of the Elizabethans, but of the minor ones rather than the greatest. Her work is notable for its freedom, even audacity, and contrasts in all respects with that of Tennyson—so correct of style and proportion, yet without natural dramatic fire. Her advance in "Brutus Ultor" is not of the right kind. It seems as if she hunted history for plots and themes. This is a Roman tragedy, compressed and over-*virile*—even coarse at times, as if the effort to speak as a man were a forced one. "Michael Field" is ambitious, and has warrant for it. Her motto should be "strength and beauty," and not strength alone. The "Nero" of Robert Bridges, an historical tragedy of the emperor's early reign, with narrower extremes of passion, is to my mind a more essentially *virile* work. There is a nobler severity in dialogue, which merits the name of Roman. The diction and blank verse are restrained, but impressive. The characters of Nero, Poppæa, Seneca, Agrippina, are distinctly drawn. While in a sense conventional, "Nero" shows the mark of a self-poised, confident hand. A few of the lyrics in Bridges' eclectic and privately printed volume of 1884 strengthen my opinion that he is a very ideal and artistic poet. The elegy "I have loved flowers that fade" is matchless in its way, apparently old in feeling yet perfectly original; and some of his songs rival it in their brief melody.

Canon Dixon's early work betrayed the close affinity between the new ecclesiasticism and the methods of Rossetti. His "Odes and Eclogues," on the other hand, are the most extreme type of Anglo-classic verse,—that peculiar grafting of modern thought upon the Grecian stock in which Arnold was a leading expert, and which is so fascinating to a scholar-poet. His latest lyrics have a peculiar wandering beauty. All his work is finished to a notable degree. Dixon and Bridges at this distance appear to be the chief lights of a quaintly esoteric Oxford School.

Miss Robinson's verse is a delicate spray,

engendered by influences which began with Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites, and in the end supplied the motive of British taste in plastic and decorative art, in letters, and in all the refinements of social life. She shows the effect of culture upon an impressible feminine nature, placed among devotees of the beautiful, and breathing its atmosphere from her childhood. Her classical studies were like those of Mrs. Browning, with an aesthetic training superadded that was not obtainable in Mrs. Browning's time. Her first little book, "A Handful of Honeysuckle," bears the obvious impress of Rossetti,—a shoot from his garden, but with new and fragrant blossoms of its own. The lyrics appended to her next work—a praiseworthy translation of "The Crowned Hippolytus"—were of a maturer cast. Afterward, applying her gift to humane transcripts of real life, she wrote "The New Arcadia," a group of ballads in behalf of suffering womanhood and England's poor. Doubtless this was too grave an experimental task, for in turning at last to Italy, and its *rispetti* and *stornelli*, she seems thoroughly at home. Her book of songs, "An Italian Garden," is the most essentially poetic of her works thus far. It breathes the Anglo-Italian spirit which is in fact her own. The *rispetti* forming her wreath of Tuscan cypress, with their beauty and sadness, are in every way characteristic of this poet, and in her most suggestive vein. Meanwhile her acquirements enable her to take an active part in the critical and biographical industries which the inevitable book-purveyor now opens for every rising author. Of her sister poets not yet mentioned, Mrs. Liddell and Miss Nesbit deserve notice. The former's "Songs in Minor Keys" are suffused with deep religious feeling, always expressed in good taste. Miss Nesbit's "Lays and Legends" suggest immature but promising individuality. She is capable of strong emotion which is most effective in her shorter lays.

Theodore Watts, the scholarly critic of poetry and romantic art, and a frequent contributor of verse to the literary journals, has thus far made no collection of his poems, except for private circulation. My knowledge of them is confined to some very perfect sonnets—a form of verse in which he is a natural and acknowledged master—and to a few lyrics of an elevated type. His ode to a Caged Petrel shows a large and eloquent method and a vivid perception of Nature's grander aspects. He apparently seeks to revive the broad feeling of the Georgian leaders; at all events, his touch is quite independent of any bias derived from the eminent poets with whom his life has been closely associated. Among the many writers of good



sonnets I may mention Hall Caine—Rossetti's young friend and memorialist. Dowden, whose critical work is always of a high order, has published a volume of poems, from which two or three imaginative examples of the same class have met my eye.

William Watson, judging from "The Prince's Quest," is a disciple of Morris and a good one—a poet of slow movement, from whom we have also careful sonnets and Landorian quatrains. Lee-Hamilton's varied "Poems and Transcripts," with the studies in "Apollo and Marsyas," remind one of the sculptor-poet Story by their reflection of Browning's manner; yet where he is Browningsque or Rossettian it is usually because the subject cannot be so well treated in another way. He has a taste for the psychologically dramatic, and usually interests the reader. "The Bride of Porphyron" and "The Wonder of the World" are far from commonplace, and his sonnets are exceptionally fine. W. J. Dawson is quite possessed by Rossetti, but has resources of fancy, rhythm, decoration. If he contrives to outgrow his pupilage, something of worth may be expected from him. There is much simplicity and grace in the "Poems" of Ernest Myers, largely suggested by study and travel, and they belong to the composite art school.

Many of the young writers devote themselves to cabinet-picturemaking, whether their dainty verse is properly idyllic or dramatic. The scenic tendency increases, just as it has grown, with an Irving to foster it, upon the stage. New poets strive, through affecting the mind's eye, to outdo the painter's appeal to the bodily vision. This invasion of a neighboring domain is a failure to utilize their own, and an undervaluation of the noblest of arts. Very pretty things of their kind, however, are often produced in this way.

A graceful scholar-poet is Lefroy, whose "Echoes" introduce us to old friends in a new guise. His open method is to compress into a single sonnet the tenor of some well-known poem. Gautier's "L'art," already paraphrased by Dobson, thus appears in sonnet-form, and many idylls of Theocritus are treated similarly. But these are supplemented by pleasing sonnets of English cloister and outdoor life. Raffalovich's "Cyril and Lionel" contains well-turned verse of a motive which, although it is not imitative, I find difficult to understand. By his name this writer would seem to be more justified than others in eking out his book with lyrics in other tongues than the English. Since the date of "Chastelard" this practice has been more or less affected by the new men. Swinburne put his French songs into a play where they rightly belong, as an

*obligato* to the action and discourse. Now every lutanist splits his tongue, like a parrot's, to sing strange words,—but there are capabilities still left in our native English. If such linguistic feats must be essayed, why not compose in the universal Volapük,—or more mellifluously in the late Mr. Pearl Andrews's "Alwato"?

A phase of the æsthetic crusade in defense of poetry as an utterance of the beautiful solely,—a movement having almost perfect development at its start with Keats so long ago,—has appeared in the outgivings of some of Ruskin's disciples, and avowedly in the verse of Oscar Wilde. His "Poems," with all their conceits, are the fruit of no mean talent. The opening group, under the head "Eleutheria," are the strongest. A lyric to England, "Ave Imperatrix," is manly verse,—a poetic and eloquent invocation. "The Garden of Eros," "Burden of Itys," "Charmides," are examples of the sensuous pseudo-classicism. There is a good deal of Keats, and something of Swinburne, in Wilde's pages, but his best master is Milton, whom he has studied, as did Keats, to good effect. His scholarship and cleverness are evident, as well as a native poetic gift. The latter indeed might prove his highest gift, if tended a little more seriously, and possibly he could be on better terms with himself in his heart of hearts, if he would forego his fancies, in behalf of his imagination—as there is still time for him to do. It is fair to accept the statement of his own ground, in his preface to the decorative verse of his friend Rennell Rodd,—though one doubts whether Gautier would not have dubbed the twain *jeunes brodeurs*, rather than *jeunes guerriers, du drapeau romantique*. The apostles of our Lord were filled, like them, with a "passionate ambition to go forth into far and fair lands with some message for the nations and some mission for the world." But not until many centuries had passed were their texts illuminated to the extent displayed by Mr. Rodd and his printer, with their resources of India-paper, apple-green tissue, vellum, and all the rarities desired by those who die of a rose in aromatic pain. Yet the verse of "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf" is not so effeminate as one would suppose. The minstrel's green-sickness is now well over, judging from his "Feda and other Poems"; and in throwing it off he shows a good deal of the vigor needful for a decisive mark.

Now, as a minor but genuine example of poetic art, not alone for art's sake, but for dear nature's sake,—in the light of whose maternal smile all art must thrive and blossom if at all,—take "A Child's Garden of Verses" by Stevenson. This is a real addition to the

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lore for children, and to that for man, to whom the child is father. The flowers of this little garden spring from the surplusage of a genius that creates nothing void of charm and originality. Thanks, then, for the fresh, pure touch, for the revelation of childhood with its vision of the lands of Nod and Counterpane, and of those next-door Foreign Lands spied from cherry-tree top, and beyond the trellised wall.

## GARDE-JOYEUSE.

FINALLY we observe what has been, all in all, the most specific phase of British minstrelsy since 1875. This is seen in the profusion of lyrical elegance, the varied grave and gay ditties, idylls, metrical cameos and intaglios, polished epistles and satires, classed as Society Verse, the Court Verse of older times. Perceiving signs of its revival, I could not foresee that it would flourish as it has, and really constitute the main thing upon which a lyrical interval would plume itself. Its popularity is curious and significant. The pioneer in verse of a movement already evident in society and household art was Austin Dobson. This favorite poet, by turns the Horace, Suckling, Prior, of his day, allying a debonair spirit with the learning and precision of Queen Anne's witty fabulists, has well advanced a career which began with "Vignettes in Rhyme." Enjoying the quality of that book, I felt that its poet, to hold his listeners, must change his song from time to time. Of this he has proved himself fully capable. His second volume, "Proverbs in Porcelain," gave us a series of little "proverbs" in dialogue, exquisite bits of "Louis Quinze," and perfectly unique in English verse. Nothing can excel the beauty and pathos of "Good-Night, Babette," with the Angelus song low-blended in its dying fall. The lines "To a Greek Girl," in the same collection, and the paraphrase of Gautier, "Ars Victrix," superadd a grace even beyond that of Dobson's early lyrics. Who has not read the "Idyll of the Carp," and the racy ballad of "Beau Brocade"? Here, too, are his little marvels in the shape of the rondel, rondeau, villanelle, triolet,—those French forms which he has handled with an ease almost inimitable, yet so wantonly provoking imitation.

Perhaps Dobson has more than others shaped the temper of our youngest poets, both English and American. A first selection from his works appeared in the United States in 1880, its welcome justifying a second in 1885. Meanwhile the choice *éditions de luxe*, "Old World Idylls," and "At the Sign of the Lyre," represent the greater portion of

his verse. Any author might point to such a record with pride; there is scarcely a stanza in these volumes wanting in extreme refinement, and this without marring its freshness and originality. In his place one should never yield—as there are stray omens that he sometimes is yielding—to any popular or journalistic temptation that would add a line to these fortunate pieces, except under the impulse of an artistic and spirited mood.

The influence of Dobson and his associates has been a characteristic—a symptomatic—expression of the interval between the close of the true Victorian period and the beginning of some new and, let us hope, inspiring poetic era. It has created, in fact, a sort of *école intermédiaire*, of which the gay and buoyant minstrelsy is doubtless preferable to those affected heroics that bore every one save the egotist who gives vent to them. For real poetry, though but a careless song, light as thistle-down and floating far from view, will find some lodgment for its seed even on distant shores and after long time. The roundelays of Villon, of Du Bellay and his *Pléiade*, waited centuries for a fit English welcome and interpretation. Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of old France," in 1872, captured the spirit of early French romantic song. Nine years afterward, his "Ballades in Blue China" chimed in with the temper of our new-fangled minstrel times. Such craftsmanship as the villanelle on Theocritus, the ballade to the same poet, and the ballades "Of Sleep" and "Of the Book-Hunter," came from a sympathetic hand. In the later "Ballades and Verses Vain" are new translations, etc., and a few striking addenda, memorably the resonant sonnet on the Odyssey. A "Ballade of his Choice of a Sepulchre" is Lang's highest mark as a lyricist, and perhaps the freest vein of his "Rhymes à la Mode" is in the long poems that do not fall under that designation, such as "The Fortunate Islands." He has almost preempted the "Ballade," but his later specimens of it are scarcely up to his own standard. "Cameos" and "Sonnets from the Antique" are at the head of their class, and naturally, for no other Oxonian is at once so variously equipped a scholar and so much of a poet. The fidelity, diction, and style of his prose translations of Homer and Theocritus are equally distinguished. Thus far his most serious contribution to poetry is "Helen of Troy,"—a poem taking, as one would expect, the minority view of its legend, and depicting the fair cause of Troy's downfall as a victim to the plots of the gods. It is written felicitously in eight-line stanzas of a novel type, and, while not strong in special phrases and epithets, has much tranquil beauty. On his working-day

side, readers never wait long for something bright from this versatile, inventive feuilletonist,—a master of persiflage, whose learned humor and audacity, when he is most insular, are, perhaps, the most entertaining.

#### CONSIDERATIONS.

IF imitation be flattery, Dobson and Lang have breathed sufficient of its incense. Their "forms" have haunted a multitude of young singers, and proved as taking and infectious as the airs of Sullivan's operettas. They have crossed the seas and multiplied in America more rapidly than the English sparrows which preceded them,—so that, as in the case of their feathered compatriots, the question is whether a check can be put to the breed. As I have said, this elegant rhyming, however light and delicate, is in fact a special feature of the latest Victorian literature, and, with its pretty notes tingling on the ear, is a text for some last words in discussion of what has gone before.

First, let me say that it is but shallow reasoning to worry over the outbreak of any fancy or fashion in art. Let a good thing—a much better thing than any form in verse—be overdone, and people will signify their weariness of it so decisively that the quickness of its exit will be as surprising as its temporary vogue.

What conclusions, then, are derivable from our summary of the British poetic movement of the last dozen years? We have paid tribute to the noble chants of a few masters who still teach us that Poetry is the child of the soul and the imagination. But one looks to the general drift of the younger poets, who initiate currents to the future, for an answer to the question,—What next? The direct influences of Keats, Wordsworth, and Shelley are no longer servilely displayed; few echo even Tennyson; Browning, Rossetti, and Swinburne are more widely favored; but ancestral and paternal strains are as much confused and blended in the verse of the newest aspirants as in genealogy. Their work is more composite than ever, judging from the poets selected as fairly representative. Only two of its divisions are sufficiently pronounced for even a fanciful classification. One is the Stained-Glass poetry, if I may so term it, that dates from the Blessed Damozel and cognate models by Rossetti and his group; the other, that Debonair Verse, whose composers apply themselves by turns to imitation of the French minstrelsy and forms, and to the æsthetic embroidery of Kensington-stitch rhyme,—for in each of these pleasant devices the same practitioners excel. Now the class first named, and the first division of the second, are of alien ori-

gin: they are exotics—their renaissance is of the chivalry, romance, mysticism, and balladry of foreign literatures. Only that witty, gallant verse which takes its cue from the courtly British models of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is an exception,—and that, whatever its cleverness and popularity, can hardly be termed inventive.

The next thing to be noted is the finical nicety to which, as we see, the technique of poetry has advanced. Never were there so many capable of polishing measures quite unexceptionable as to form and structure, never fewer whose efforts have lifted them above what is, to be sure, an unprecedented level—but still a level. The cult of beauty and art, delightfully revived so long ago by Hunt and Keats, has brought us at last to this. Concerning inspiration and the creative impulse, we have seen, first: that recent verse-makers who are most ambitious and prolific have not given much proof of exceptional genius. Their productions have the form and dimension of masterpieces, and little more. Secondly: those who appear to be real poets, shrinking from the effort to do great things in an uncongenial time, reveal their quality by lovely minor work—sometimes rising to an heroic and passionate but briefly uttered strain. And it is better to do small things well than to essay bolder ventures without heart or seriousness. Still, I think they must now and then doubt the importance of thus increasing, without specific increase of beauty and novelty, the mass of England's rich anthology. Looking back, years from now, it will be seen that one noble song on a compulsive theme has survived whole volumes of elaborate, soulless artisanship by even the natural poets.

What is it, then, that chills the "heart and seriousness" of those most artistic and ideal? The rise of conditions adverse to the imaginative exercise of their powers has been acknowledged from the first in these essays. It is clear that instinct has become measurably dulled, as concerns the relative value of efforts; so that poets do not magnify their calling as of old. There is less bounce, and, unfortunately, still less aspiration. Nor has the modern spirit, now freed from sentimental illusions, as yet brought its wits to a thorough understanding of what true Realism is—viz., that which is just as faithful to the ideal and to the soul of things as to obvious and external matters of artistic treatment. Here again the law of reaction will in the end prevail. Its operation is already visible in the demand for more inventive and wholesomely romantic works of fiction; and this is but the forerunner of a corresponding impulse by which the poet—the maker—the creative idealist—

whose office it is to perceive and illumine *all* realities, both material and spiritual, will have his place again.

For a time, however, the revival of creative prose-fiction may occupy more than one poetic mind. Novel-writing is more vigorously pursued than ever, by fresh hands. Journalism opens new and broader courts tempting for their influence, sense of power, and the subsistence yielded. Criticism, book-making, book-editing, are flourishing industries. Scholar's work is steadily pursued, and carried even to analysis of living authors. Our poetry itself is too scholarly. Arnold's happy statement concerning Byron, that "he did not know enough," does not apply to the typical latter-day poet. He has too much learning withal, of a technical, linguistic, treasure-hunting sort. The over-intellectuality and scholarship of many lyrists absorb them in curious studies, and deaden their impulse toward original and glowing efforts. They revive and translate, and borrow far too much the hoardings of all time. Even in their judgments they set an undue value upon the learning, reasoning, philosophy, of a master under discussion. Moreover, their literary skill and acquirements make the brightest of them serviceable aids to the publishers. No sooner are their names in public favor than the great houses smooth their way along the lucrative paths of book-making. Great and small houses have multiplied, and printing is easy and universal. To all this we indeed owe attractive series of critico-biographical volumes, anthologies catholic and select, encyclopædias, translations, and texts without end. Good and welcome as much of this work is, my present question must be — does it not chasten and absorb the poet's faculties? Has he not, at last, too good a literary market? The common-sense reply is that, after all, he must live,—and the belief is antiquated that poets, like caged birds, sing better for starving. Yet if you chance of late upon a unique and terribly earnest bard,—a man like Thomson,—you find that he was out of the literary "swim" and usually out of pocket; while his well-to-do brother more often is the man of letters corresponding to Southey and Wilson rather than to their fiery contemporaries. If the poetic drama, for example, were now more frequently calling for elevated work, imagination and subsistence would both be subserved. The stage does make welcome beautiful and witty verse of a light order, but what it regularly supports is the facile playwright; and its operettas and scenic plays are logically adapted to the zest for amusement and the ruling decorative frenzy.

The desire of the critic and the public alike, and first of all, is for something new and ad-

ditional. But that which is new is of higher worth when it contributes to the furtherance of a true national style. What is Spanish, French, German, we at once recognize as such, however different from previous works of like origin; but how seldom the later Victorian minstrelsy is essentially English! A recent article by W. P. P. Longfellow criticises existing tendencies of architecture in Great Britain. He records the progress of a style which advanced to its culmination with the design for the new Law Courts, and until the "Victorian Gothic was everywhere." He writes that —

"Success was due, not so much to the style chosen as to the fact that, having found a style which suited them, the English followed it unitedly and persistently. Here seemed to be a national movement, strong, deep, and promising to endure. . . . Then, suddenly, at the signal of two or three restless and clever young men, whose eyes had caught something else, the English architects with one accord threw the whole thing away; as a boy, after working the morning through at some plaything, with a sudden weariness drops his unfinished toy to run after the first butterfly. . . . They have seemed to show us that their progress was at the impulse of whim rather than conviction, ruled rather by fashion than tradition. It is the mobile Frenchman who in this century has set us an example of steadiness. If his work, like all the rest in our day, lacks some of the higher qualities of older and greater styles, it has, more than any other modern work, the coherency and firmness that are at the bottom of all style."

The point thus made has a bearing upon more arts than one. A style of architecture, it is true, is the outcome of centuries. Literary style has a readier formation and is quickly affected by individual leadership. Yet a national manner distinguished the most subtle and inclusive of literary forms in every important era. This is not sustained by curious devices and imitations, however choice and attractive, but by harmonizing personal quality with the national note of expression. I think there is a lack of recognizable and pervasive style in our English poetry of the period; that, with the exception of the portion which confessedly revives the manners of Queen Anne's time and the Georgian, it is chiefly English in its intense desire to escape from Anglicism.

What does this imply,—style being a visible emblem of spiritual traits,—other than a want, so far as poetry can indicate it, of individual and national purpose? Breadth, passion, and imagination seem to be the elements least conspicuous in much of the recent song. The new men withdraw themselves from the movement of their time and country, forgetting it all in dreamland—in no-man's-land. They compose sonnets and ballads as inexpressive of the resolution of an imperial and stalwart people as are the figures upon certain

modern canvases — the distraught, unearthly youths and maidens that wander along shadowy meads by nameless streams, with their eyes fixed on some hand we "cannot see, which beckons" them away.

It may be that before we can hope for a return of poetic vigor some heroic crisis must be endured, some experience undergone, of more import than the mock-campaigns in weak and barbarous provinces, whereby Great Britain preserves her military and colonizing traditions, and avoids the stagnation of utter repose. The grand old realm bids fair to have her awakening. There are clouds enough to bode sterner issues and nearer conflicts than she has faced since Cromwell's time. Ireland is filling men's ears with her threats and appeals. In a season of jubilee socialists crowd St. Paul's, their banners inscribed with "Jus-

tice and Liberty, or Death"; the Marseillaise is chorused in London thoroughfares, and London poets sing — triplets. The wise are not swift to pronounce this troubadour insouciance a mark of effeminacy and declining genius. A great dramatist makes Combeferre, Jean Prouvaire, and their comrades within the fated barricade, heroes all, while casting bullets and waiting for the struggle at dawn, sing — not battle-odes but love-songs. England's heroism and imagination are not to be judged by her verse at this moment. Whether the Mother of Nations is to be like Niobe, or long with loyal children to rise up and call her blessed, her poets in fit succession will enrich the noblest imaginative literature of any race or tongue, though, peradventure, "after some time be past."

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

#### THE GOING OUT OF THE TIDE.

THE eastern heaven was all faint amethyst,  
Whereon the moon hung dreaming in the mist;  
To north yet drifted one long delicate plume  
Of roseate cloud; like snow the ocean-spume.

Now when the first foreboding swiftly ran  
Through the loud-glorying sea that it began  
To lose its late-gained lordship of the land,  
Uprose the billow like an angered man,  
And flung its prone strength far along the sand;  
Almost, almost to the old bound, the dark  
And taunting triumph-mark.

But no, no, no! and slow, and slow, and slow,  
Like a heart losing hold, this wave must go,—  
Must go, must go,—dragged heavily back,  
back,  
Beneath the next wave plunging on its track,  
Charging, with thunderous and defiant shout,  
To fore-determined rout.

Again, again the unexhausted main  
Renews fierce effort, drawing force unguessed  
From awful deeps of its mysterious breast:  
Like arms of passionate protest, tossed in vain,  
The spray upflings above the billow's crest.  
Again the appulse, again the backward strain,—  
Till ocean must have rest.

With one abandoned movement, swift and wild,—

As though bowed head and outstretched arms  
it laid  
On the earth's lap, soft-sobbing,—hushed and stayed,  
The great sea quiets, like a weaned child.  
Ha! what sharp memory clove the calm, and drove  
This last fleet furious wave?

On, on, endures the struggle into night,  
Ancient as Time, yet fresh as the fresh hour;  
As oft repeated since the birth of light  
As the strong agony and mortal fight  
Of human souls, blind-reaching, with the Power  
Aloof, unmoved, impossible to cross,  
Whose law is seeming loss.

Low-sunken from the longed-for triumph-mark,  
The spent sea sighs, as one that grieves in sleep.  
The unveiled moon along the rippling plain  
Casts many a keen, cold, shifting silvery spark,  
Wild as the pulses of strange joy, that leap  
Even in the quick of pain.

And she compelling, she that stands for law,—  
As law for Will eternal,—perfect, clear,  
And uncompassionate shines: to her appear  
Vast sequences close-linked without a flaw.  
All past despairs of ocean unforgot,  
All raptures past, serene her light she gives,  
The moon too high for pity, since she lives  
Aware that loss is not.

*Helen Gray Cone.*



SHERMAN'S TROOPS DESTROYING RAILROADS AT ATLANTA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA AND THE CAROLINAS.



A FORAGER.

TOUS of the Twelfth Corps who had gone West with the Eleventh Corps from the Army of the Potomac, the distant thunder of "the battle of the clouds" was the first sound of conflict in the new field. Some of our "Potomac airmen," which had earned us the name of "Kid gloves and paper collars,"\* began to wear away as we better understood the important work to be done by the great army organizing around us, and of which we were to form a considerable part. A most interesting feature of these preparations was the reënlistment of the old three-years regiments. The two Potomac corps were consolidated, and we of the Twelfth who wore "the bloody star" were apprehensive lest different insignia should be adopted; but the star became the badge of the new (Twentieth) corps, the crescent men amiably dropping their Turkish emblem. Slocum, who had commanded the Twelfth so long, was assigned to command at Vicksburg, but was recalled to succeed Hooker in the command of the Twentieth Corps when

toward the end of August, 1864, Hooker asked to be relieved because Howard, who was his junior, had been placed at the head of the Army of the Tennessee to fill the vacancy made by the death of McPherson at Atlanta. This temporary separation from our commander was hard, as all will remember who crowded to his headquarters on the evening of April 7th, 1864. But the sorrow of the hour was dispelled by the generous hospitality of his staff and his indulgent order to waive all rank for the occasion.

We observed in the Western troops an air of independence hardly consistent with the nicest discipline; but this quality appeared to some purpose at the battle of Resaca, where we saw our Western companions deliberately leave the line, retire out of range, clean their guns, pick up ammunition from the wounded, and return again to the fight. This cool self-reliance excited our admiration. On we went in a campaign of continual skirmishes and battles that ended in the capture of Atlanta. The *morale* of the troops had been visibly improved by this successful campaign.

On my way to army headquarters at Atlanta to call upon a staff friend, I met General Sherman, who acknowledged my salute with a familiar "How do you do, Captain." Scrutinizing the insignia on my cap, he continued, "Second Massachusetts? Ah, yes, I know

\* The Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac was named "Kid gloves and paper collars" by the Fourteenth Corps of the Western Army owing to the West Point discipline of the Twelfth Corps, which was the natural result of having been commanded, first by Man-

field and then by Slocum, while it contained as subordinate commanders such men as Williams, Hamilton, Gordon, Ruger, Andrews, Hawley, and others. This discipline continued to the end and had its effect upon other troops.—D. O.



your regiment; you have very fine parades open there in the park."

Sherman could be easily approached by any of his soldiers, but no one could venture to be familiar. His uniform coat, usually wide open at the throat, displayed a not very military black cravat and linen collar, and he generally wore low shoes and one spur. On the march he rode with each column in turn, and

pound of baggage which could be dispensed with. The army was reduced, one might say, to its fighting weight, no man being retained but those capable of a long march. Our communications were then abandoned by destroying the railroad and telegraph. There was something intensely exciting in this perfect isolation. No commander but Sherman, we thought, would have dared this; other men would have shrunk from gloomy possibilities of starvation and final capture.

The engineers had peremptory orders to avoid any injury to dwellings, but to apply gunpowder and the torch to public buildings, machine shops, depots, and arsenals. Sixty thousand of us witnessed the destruction of Atlanta, while our post band and that of the 33d Massachusetts played martial airs and operatic selections. It was a night never to be forgotten. Our regular routine was a mere form, and there could be no "taps" amid the brilliant glare and excitement.

The throwing away of superfluous conveniences began at daybreak. The old campaigner knows what to carry and what to throw away. Each group of messmates decided which hatchet, stew-pan, or coffee-pot should be taken. The single wagon allowed to a battalion carried scarcely more than a grip-sack and blanket, and a bit of shelter tent about the size of a large towel for each officer, and only such other material as was necessary for regimental business.

Transportation was reduced to a minimum, and fast marching was to be the order of the day. Wagons to carry the necessary ammunition in the contingency of a battle, and a few days' rations in case of absolute need, composed the train of each army corps, and with one wagon and one ambulance for each regiment made very respectable "impedimenta," averaging about eight hundred wagons to a corps.

At last came the familiar "Fall in"; the great "Flying Column" was on the march, and the last regiment in Atlanta turned its back upon the smoking ruins. Our left wing (the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps under Slocum) seemed to threaten Macon, while the right wing (the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps under Howard) bent its course as if for Augusta. Skirmishers were in advance, flankers were out, and foraging parties were ahead gathering supplies from the rich plantations. We were all old campaigners, so that a brush with the



THE FATE OF THE RAIL FENCE.

often with no larger escort than a single staff-officer and an orderly. In passing us on the march he acknowledged our salutations as if he knew us all, but hadn't time to stop. On "the march to the sea" a soldier called out to Sherman, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant's waiting for us at Richmond." Sherman's acquaintance among his officers was remarkable, and of great advantage, for he learned the character of every command, even of regiments, and could assign officers to special duties, with knowledge of those who were to fill the vacancies so made. The army appreciated these personal relations, and every man felt in a certain sense that Sherman had his eye on him.

Before the middle of November, 1864, the inhabitants of Atlanta, by Sherman's orders, had left the place. Serious preparations were making for the march to the sea. Nothing was to be left for the use or advantage of the enemy. The sick were sent back to Chattanooga and Nashville along with every

militia now and then or with Hardee's troops made no unusual delay; and Wheeler's cavalry was soon disposed of. We were expected to make fifteen miles a day, to corduroy the roads where necessary; to destroy such property as was designated by our corps commander, and to consume everything eatable by man or beast.

Milledgeville proved to be Sherman's first objective, and both wings came within less than supporting distance in and around the capital of the State. Our colored friends, who flocked to us in embarrassing numbers, told many stories about the fear and flight of the inhabitants at the approach of Sherman.

Cock-fighting became one of the pastimes of the "Flying Column." Many fine birds were brought in by our foragers. Those found deficient in courage and skill quickly went to the stew-pan in company with the modest barn-yard fowl, but those of redoubtable valor won an honored place and name, and were to be seen riding proudly on the front seat of an artillery caisson, or carried tenderly under the arm of an infantry soldier.

Our next objective was Savannah. Hazen's capture of Fort McAllister opened the gates of that beautiful city, while Hardee managed to escape with his little army; and Sherman, in a rather facetious dispatch, presented the city to Mr. Lincoln as a Christmas gift. Flushed with the success of our march, we settled down for a rest. Our uniforms were the worse for wear, but the army was in fine condition and fully prepared for the serious work ahead.

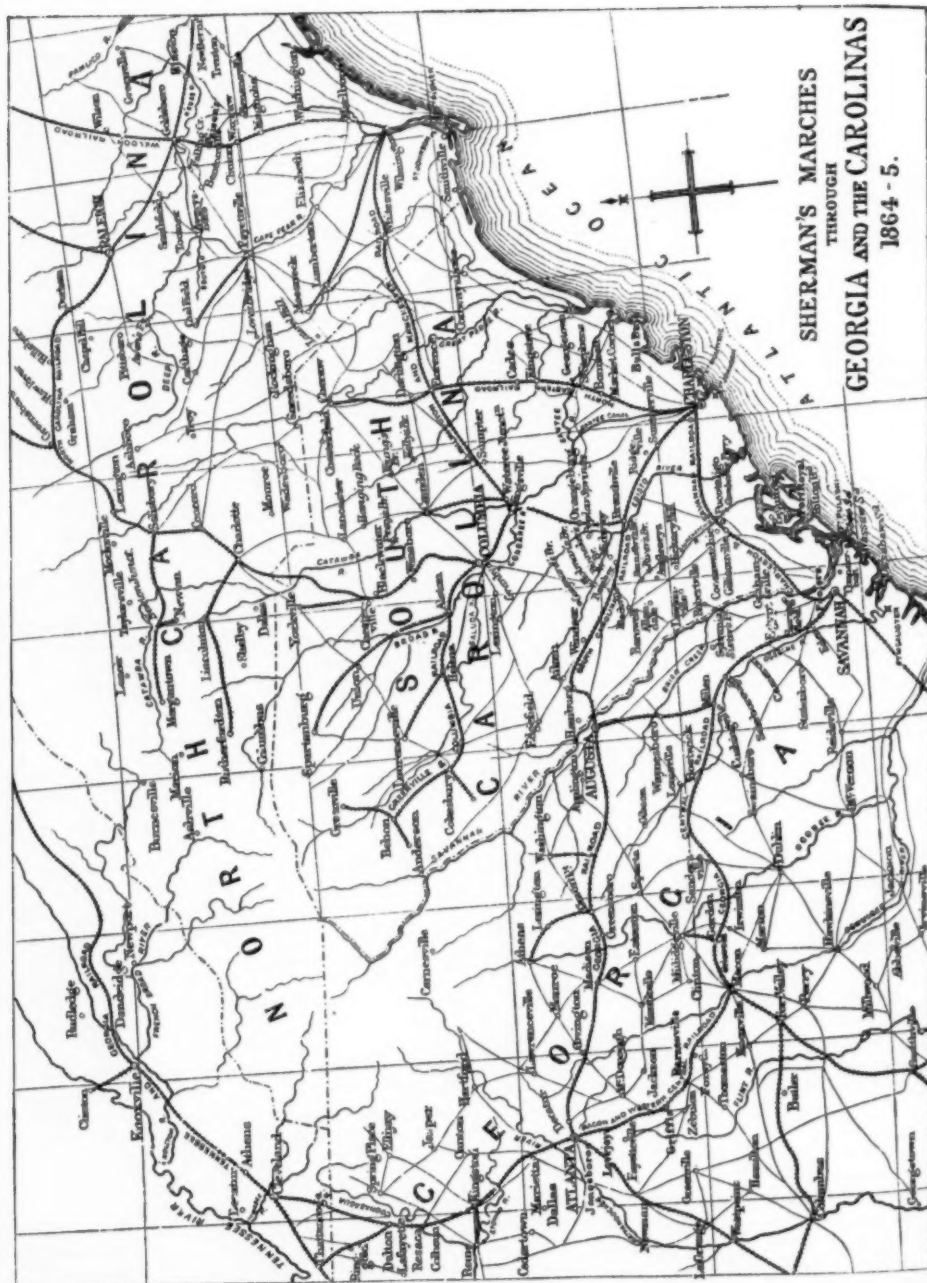
In the middle of December in the neighborhood of Savannah, after Hardee's troops had nearly exhausted the country, which was now mainly under water, there was little opportunity for the foragers to exercise their talents, and some of them returned to the ranks. The troops bivouacked here and there in comparatively dry spots, while picket duty had to be performed at many points in the water. In going from Sister's Ferry to Robertsville where my regiment was in bivouac I waded for a mile and a half in water knee-deep. At Purisburg the pickets were all afloat in boats and scows and on rafts, and the crest-fallen foragers brought in nothing but rice, which became unpalatable when served three times a day for successive weeks. At length when we left Savannah and launched cheerily into the untrodden land of South Carolina, the foragers began to assume their wonted spirit. We were proud of our foragers. They constituted a picked force from each regiment, under an officer selected for the command, and were remarkable for intelligence, spirit, and daring. Before daylight, mounted on horses captured on the plantations, they were in the saddle, and away, covering the country sometimes seven

miles in advance. Although I have said "in the saddle," many a forager had nothing better than a bit of carpet and a rope halter; yet this simplicity of equipment did not abate his power of carrying off hams and sweet-potatoes in the face of the enemy. The foragers were also important as a sort of advanced guard, for they formed virtually a curtain of mounted infantry screening us from the inquisitive eyes of parties of Wheeler's cavalry, with whom they did not hesitate to engage when it was a question of a rich plantation.

When compelled to retire, they resorted to all the tricks of infantry skirmishers, and summoned reinforcements of foragers from other regiments to help drive the "Johnnies" out. When success crowned their efforts, the plantation was promptly stripped of live stock and eatables. The natives were accustomed to bury provisions, for they feared their own soldiers quite as much as they feared ours. These subterranean stores were readily discovered by the practiced "Yankee" eye. The appearance of the ground and a little probing with a ramrod or a bayonet soon decided whether to dig. Teams were improvised; carts and vehicles of all sorts were pressed into the service and loaded with provisions. If any antiquated militia uniforms were discovered, they were promptly donned, and a comical procession escorted the valuable train of booty to the point where the brigade was expected to bivouac for the night. The regimentals of the past, even to those of revolutionary times, were often conspicuous.

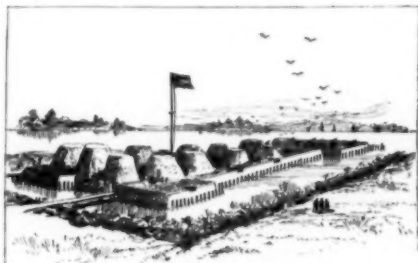
On an occasion when our brigade had the advance, several parties of foragers, consolidating themselves, captured a town from the enemy's cavalry, and occupied the neighboring plantations. Before the arrival of the main column hostilities had ceased; order had been restored, and mock arrangements were made to receive the army. Our regiment in the advance was confronted by a picket dressed in continental uniform, who waved his plumed hat in response to the gibes of the men, and galloped away on his bareback mule to apprise his comrades of our approach. We marched into the town and rested on each side of the main street. Presently a forager, in ancient militia uniform indicating high rank, debouched from a side street to do the honors of the occasion. He was mounted on a Rozinante with a bit of carpet for a saddle. His old plumed chapeau in hand, he rode with gracious dignity through the street, as if reviewing the brigade. After him came a family carriage laden with hams, sweet-potatoes, and other provisions, and drawn by two horses, a mule, and a cow, the two latter ridden by postilions.

At Fayetteville, North Carolina, the foragers



FROM GENERAL BODÉAU'S "MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT." D. APPLETON & CO.

as usual had been over the ground several hours before the heads of column arrived, and the party from my regiment had found a broken down grist-mill. Their commander, Captain Parker, an officer of great spirit and efficiency, and an expert machinist, had the old wheel hoisted into its place and put the mill in working order. Several parties from other regiments had been admitted as working mem-



PORT McALLISTER. (FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.)

bers, and teams of all sorts were busy collecting and bringing in corn and carrying away meal for distribution. This bit of enterprise was so pleasing to the troops that plenty of volunteers were ready to relieve the different gangs, and the demand was so great as to keep the mill at work all night by the light of pine-knot fires and torches.

The march through Georgia has been called a grand military promenade, all novelty and excitement. But its moral effect on friend and foe was immense. It proved our ability to lay open the heart of the Confederacy, and left the question of what we might do next a matter of doubt and terror. It served also as a preliminary training for the arduous campaign to come. Our work was incomplete while the Carolinas, except at a few points on the seacoast, had not felt the rough contact of war. But their swamps and rivers, swollen and spread into lakes by winter floods, presented obstructions almost impracticable to an invading army, if opposed by even a very inferior force.

The task before us was indeed formidable. It involved exposure and indefatigable exertion. To succeed, our forward movement had to be continuous, for even the most productive regions would soon be exhausted by our sixty thousand men and more, and thirteen thousand animals.

Although we were fully prepared, with our great trains of ammunition, to fight a pitched battle, our mission was not to fight, but to consume and destroy. Our inability to care properly for the wounded, who must necessarily be carried along painfully in jolting ambu-

lances to die on the way from exhaustion and exposure, was an additional and very serious reason for avoiding collision with the enemy. But where he could not be evaded, his very presence across our path increased the velocity of our flying column. We repelled him by a decisive blow and without losing our momentum.

The beginning of our march in South Carolina was pleasant; the weather favorable and the country productive. Sometimes at the midday halt a stray pig that had cunningly evaded the foragers would venture forth in the belief of having escaped "the cruel war," and would find his error, alas! too late, by encountering our column. Instantly an armed mob would set upon him, and his piercing shrieks would melt away in the scramble for fresh pork. But the midday sport of the main column and the happy life of the forager were sadly interrupted. The sun grew dim, and the rain came and staid. A few of our excellent foragers were reported captured by Wheeler's cavalry, while we sank deeper and deeper in the mud as we approached the Salkehatchie swamp which lay between us and the Charleston and Augusta railroad. As the heads of column came up, each command knew what it had to do. Generals Mower and G. A. Smith got their divisions across by swimming, wading, and floating, and effected lodgments in spite of the enemy's fire. An overwhelming mass of drenched and muddy veterans swept away the enemy, while the rest of our force got the trains and artillery over by corduroying, pontooning, and bridging. It seemed a grand day's work to have accomplished, as we sank down that night in our miry bivouac. The gallant General Wager Swayne lost his leg in this Salkehatchie encounter. Luckily for him and others, we were not yet too far from our friends to send the wounded back, with a strong escort, to Pocotaligo.

We destroyed about forty miles of the Charleston and Augusta railroad, and by threatening points beyond the route we intended to take, we deluded the enemy into concentrating at Augusta and other places, while we marched rapidly away, leaving him well behind, and nothing but Wade Hampton's cavalry, and the more formidable obstacle of the Saluda River and its swamps, between us and Columbia, our next objective. As the route of our column lay west of Columbia, I saw nothing of the oft described and much discussed burning of that city.

During the hasty removal of the Union prisoners from Columbia two Massachusetts officers managed to make their escape. Exhausted and almost naked, they found their way to my command. My mess begged for



ARRIVAL OF A FORAGING PARTY.

the privilege of caring for one of them. We gave him a mule to ride with a comfortable saddle, and scraped together an outfit for him, although our clothes were in the last stages. Our guest found the mess luxurious, as he sat down with us at the edge of a rubber blanket spread upon the ground for a tablecloth, and set with tin cups and platters. Stewed fighting-cock and bits of fried turkey were followed by fried corn-meal and sorghum. Then came our coffee and pipes, and we lay down by a roaring fire of pine-knots, to hear our guest's story of life in a rebel prison. Before daybreak the tramp of horses reminded us that our foragers were sallying forth. The red light from the countless camp-fires melted away as the dawn stole over the horizon, casting its wonderful gradations of light and color over the masses of sleeping soldiers, while the smoke from burning pine-knots befogged the chilly morning air. Then the bugles broke the impressive stillness, and the roll of drums was heard on all sides. Soon the scene was alive with blue coats and the hubbub of roll-calling, cooking, and running for water to the nearest spring or stream. The surgeons looked to

the sick and footsore, and weeded from the ambulances those who no longer needed to ride.

It was not uncommon to hear shots at the head of the column. The foragers would come tumbling back, and ride alongside the regiment, adding to the noisy talk their account of what they had seen, and dividing among their comrades such things as they had managed to bring away in their narrow escape from capture. A staff-officer would gallop down the roadside like a man who had forgotten something which must be recovered in a hurry. At the sound of the colonel's ringing voice, silence was instant and absolute. Sabers flashed from their scabbards, the men brought their guns to the "carry," and the battalion swung into line at the roadside; cats, fighting-cocks, and frying-pans passed to the rear rank; officers and sergeants buzzed round their companies to see that the guns were loaded and the men ready for action. The color-sergeant loosened the water-proof cover of the battle-flag, a battery of artillery flew past on its way to the front, following the returning staff-officer, and we soon heard the familiar bang of shells. Perhaps it



did not amount to much after all, and we were soon swinging into "route step" again.

At times when suffering from thirst it was hard to resist the temptation of crystal swamp water, as it rippled along the side of a causeway, a tempting sight for the weary and unwary. In spite of oft-repeated cautions, some contrived to drink it, but these were on their backs with malarial disease at the end of the campaign, if not sooner.

After passing Columbia there was a brief season of famine. The foragers worked hard, but found nothing. They made amends, however, in a day or two, bringing in the familiar corn-meal, sweet-potatoes, and bacon.

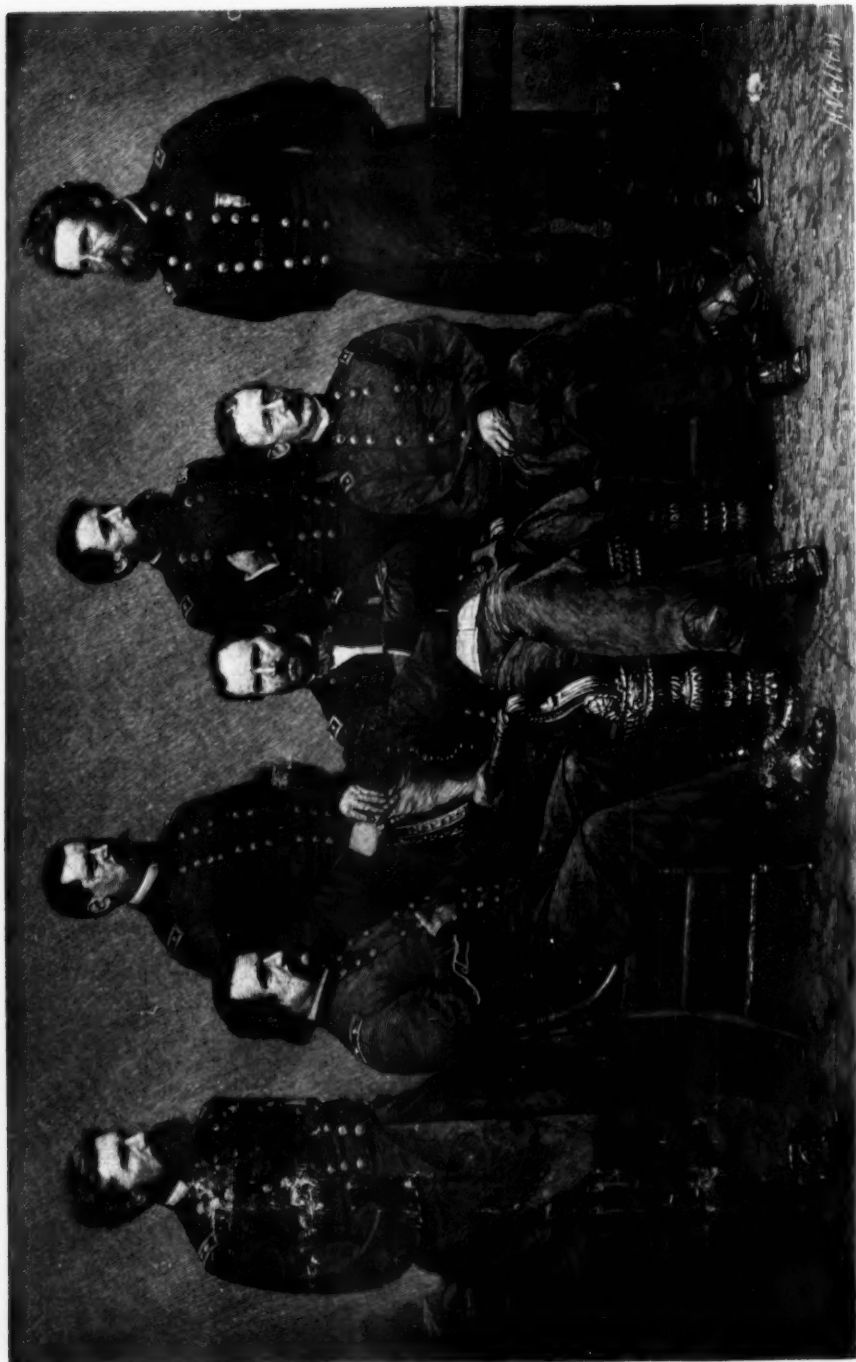
We marched into Cheraw with music and with colors flying. Stacking arms in the main street, we proceeded to supper, while the engineers laid the pontoons across the Pedee River. The railing of the town pump, and the remains of a buggy, said to belong to Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law, Dr. Todd, were quickly reduced to kindling-wood to boil the coffee. The necessary destruction of property was quickly accomplished, and on we went. A mile from the Lumber River the country, already flooded ankle-deep, was rendered still more inhospitable by a steady down-pour of rain. The bridges had been partly destroyed by the enemy, and partly swept away by the flood. An attempt to carry heavy army wagons and artillery across this dreary lake might

have seemed rather fool-hardy, but we went to work without loss of time. The engineers were promptly floated out to the river, to direct the rebuilding of bridges, and the woods all along the line of each column soon rang with the noise of axes. Trees quickly became logs, and were brought to the submerged roadway. No matter if logs disappeared in the floating mud; thousands more were coming from all sides. So, layer upon layer, the work went bravely on. Soon the artillery and wagons were jolting over our wooden causeway.

As my regiment was the rear-guard for the day, we had various offices to perform for the train, and it was midnight before we saw the last wagon over the bridge by the light of our pine torches. It seemed as if that last wagon was never to be got over. It came bouncing and bumping along, its six mules smoking and blowing in the black, misty air. The teamster, mounted on one of the wheelers, guided his team with a single rein and addressed each mule by name, reminding the animal of his faults, and accusing him of having among other peculiarities "a black military heart." Every sentence of his oath-adorned rhetoric was punctuated with a dexterous whip-lash. At last, drenched to the skin and covered with mud, I took my position on the bridge, seated in a chair which one of my men had presented to me, and waited for the command to "close up."



THE ROAD FROM McPHERSONVILLE. SHERMAN AND HIS STAFF PASSING THROUGH WATER AND MIRE.  
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.  
GENERAL WM. B. HALIEN.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.  
GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS.

GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM.  
GENERAL J. A. MOWER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



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As we passed the wagon camp, there was the deafening, indescribable chorus of mules and teamsters, besides the hoarse shouting of quartermasters, and wagonmasters plunging about on horseback through the mud, to direct the arriving teams into their places. But it all died away in the distance as we marched on to find the oozy resting-place of the brigade. The army had been in bivouac some hours, and countless camp-fires formed a vast belt of fire that spread out into the black night.

As we advanced into the wild pine regions of North Carolina the natives seemed wonderfully impressed at seeing every road filled with marching troops, artillery, and wagon trains. They looked destitute enough as they stood in blank amazement gazing upon the "Yanks" marching by. The scene before us was very striking; the resin pits were on fire, and great columns of black smoke rose high into the air, spreading and mingling together in gray clouds, and suggesting the roof and pillars of a vast temple. All traces of habitation were left behind, as we marched into that grand forest with its beautiful carpet of pine-needles. The straight trunks of the pine-trees shot up to a great height, and then spread out into a green roof, which kept us in perpetual shade. As night came on, we found that the

resinous sap in the cavities cut in the trees to receive it, had also been lighted by "bummers" in our advance. The effect of these peculiar watch fires on every side, several feet above the ground, with flames licking their way up the tall trunks, was peculiarly striking and beautiful. But it was sad to see this wanton destruction of property, which, like the firing of the resin pits, was the work of "bummers," who were marauding through the country committing every sort of outrage. There was no restraint except with the column or the regular foraging parties. We had no communications, and could have no safeguards. The country was necessarily left to take care of itself, and became a "howling waste." The "coffee-coolers" of the Army of the Potomac were archangels compared to our "bummers," who often fell to the tender mercies of Wheeler's cavalry, and were never heard of again, earning a fate which was richly deserved.

On arriving within easy distance of the Cape Fear River, where we expected to communicate with the navy, detachments were sent in rapid advance to secure Fayetteville. Our division, after a hard day of corduroying in various spots over a distance of twelve miles, went into camp for supper, and then, taking the plank-road for Fayetteville, made a moonlight march of nine miles in three hours,



THE STORMING OF THE SALKEHATCHIE RIVER.

but our friends from the right wing arrived there before us.

Hardee retired to a good position at Averysboro', where Kilpatrick found him intrenched, and too strong for the cavalry to handle unassisted. It was the turn of our brigade to do special duty, so at about 8 o'clock in the evening we were ordered to join the cavalry. We were not quite sure it rained, but everything was dripping. The men furnished themselves with pine-knots, and our weapons glistened in the torchlight, a cloud of black smoke from the torches floating back over our heads. The regimental wits were as ready as ever, and amid a flow of lively badinage we toiled on through the mud.

When the column was halted for a few minutes to give us an opportunity of drawing breath, I found Sergeant Johnson with one arm

daring leader, often resulting in exciting or amusing events.

The clear wintry dawn disclosed a long line of blue coats spread over the ground in motionless groups. This was the roaring torch-light brigade of the night before. The orders "fall in"—"forward!" in gruff tones broke upon the chilly air, and brought us shivering to our feet. We moved to the edge of the woods with the cavalry. As Kilpatrick and Hawley, our brigade commander, rode by, I heard Hawley say, "No, sir, I shall not charge until I find out what is on my flanks." The skirmish line, under Captain J. I. Grafton, had already disappeared into the opposite belt of woods, and evidently was losing no time in developing the enemy, and ascertaining his force. They were drawing his fire from all points, indicating a force more than double that of our



SHERMAN'S "BUMMERS" CAPTURING FAYETTEVILLE C. H. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

in the mud up to the elbow. He explained that he was trying to find his shoe. We floundered on for five miles, and relieved a brigade of Kilpatrick's men whom we found in some damp woods. There was a comfort in clustering round their camp-fires, while they retired into outer darkness to prepare for the morning attack. But the cavalry fireside was only a temporary refuge from the storm, for we also had to depart into the impenetrable darkness beyond, to await in wet line of battle the unforeseen. Those who were sufficiently exhausted sank down in the mud to sleep, while others speculated on the future. Something uncommon was expected from the peculiar "go" of the cavalry column under its

brigade. Dismounted cavalry were now sent forward to prolong the skirmish line. Captain J. I. Grafton was reported badly wounded in the leg, but still commanding with his usual coolness. Suddenly he appeared staggering out of the wood into the open space in our front, bareheaded, his face buried in his hands, his saber hanging by the sword-knot from his wrist, one leg bound up with a handkerchief, his uniform covered with blood; on he came, until at commanding distance from the line he dropped his hands, raised his head with the old air of command, and seemed to gaze over our heads for a moment. His face wore the look of death, and in a moment he fell towards the colors. Officers clustered about him in si-

lence, and a gloom spread through the brigade as word passed from wing to wing that Gratton was dead.

The main column was now arriving, and as the troops filed off to the right and left of the road, and the field-guns galloped into battery, we moved forward to the attack. The enemy gave us a hot reception, which we returned with a storm of lead. It was a wretched place for a fight. At some points we had to support our wounded, until they could be carried off, to prevent their falling into the swamp water in which we stood ankle-deep. Here and there a clump of thick growth in the black mud broke the line as we advanced. No ordinary troops were in our front. They would not give way until a division of Davis's corps was thrown upon their right, while we pressed them closely. As

we passed over their dead and wounded, I came upon the body of a very young officer, whose handsome refined face attracted my attention. While the line of battle swept past me, I knelt at his side for a moment. His buttons bore the arms of South Carolina. Evidently we were fighting the Charleston chivalry. I cut off a button as a memento, and rejoined the line. Sunset found us in bivouac on the Goldsboro' road, and Hardee in retreat.

As we trudged on towards Bentonville distant sounds told plainly that the head of the column was engaged. We hurried to the front and went into action, connecting with Davis's corps. Little opposition having been expected,



MARCHING BY TORCHLIGHT.

the distance between our wing and the right wing had been allowed to increase beyond supporting distance in the endeavor to find easier roads for marching as well as for transporting the wounded. The scope of this paper precludes a description of the battle of Bentonville, which was a combination of mistakes, miscarriages, and hard fighting on both sides. It ended in Johnston's retreat, leaving open the road to Goldsboro', where we arrived ragged and almost barefoot. While we were receiving letters from home, getting new clothes, and taking our regular doses of quinine, Lee and Johnston surrendered, and the great conflict came to an end.

*Daniel Oakley.*





ADVANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

## SHERMAN'S MARCH FROM SAVANNAH TO BENTONVILLE.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S army commenced its march from "Atlanta to the Sea" on the morning of November 15th, and arrived in front of the defenses of Savannah on the 10th of December, 1864. No news had been received from the North during this interval, except such as could be gleaned from Southern papers picked up by the soldiers on the line of our march. Our fleet was in Ossabaw Sound with supplies of food and clothing, and an immense mail, containing letters from home for nearly every one in the army, from the commanding general down to the private soldier. All that blocked our communication with the fleet was Fort McAllister on the Ogeechee River. This fort was captured by Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps on December 13th, and the 15th brought us our mails and an abundant supply of food and ammunition, making this one of the happiest days experienced by the men of Sherman's army. Preparations were at once commenced for assaulting the Confederate works, and were nearly completed when the Confederates evacuated Savannah. Our troops entered the city before daybreak on the 21st of December. The fall of Fort McAllister placed General Sherman in communication with

General Grant and the authorities at Washington. Prior to the capture of Savannah, the removal of the infantry of Sherman's army to City Point by sea was the plan contemplated by General Grant. On December 6th General Grant wrote to Sherman:

"My idea now is that you establish a base on the seacoast, fortify and leave all your artillery and cavalry and enough infantry to protect them, and at the same time so threaten the interior that the militia of the South will have to be kept home. With the balance of your command come here with all dispatch."

In reply, under date of December 13th, Sherman said:

"I had expected, after reducing Savannah, instantly to march to Columbia, South Carolina, thence to Raleigh, and then to report to you."

The fall of Savannah resulted in the adoption of the plan which Sherman had contemplated. In a letter dated December 24th Sherman says:

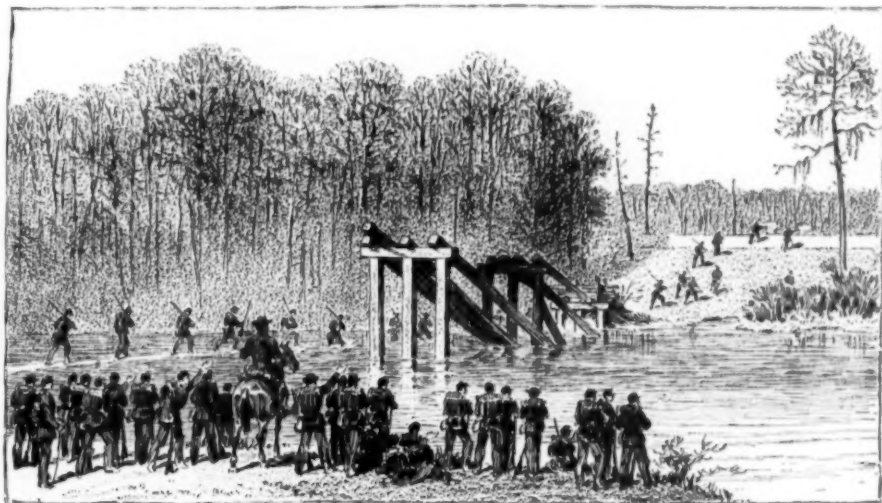
"Many and many a person in Georgia asked me why I did not go to South Carolina, and when I answered that we were *en route* for that State, the invariable reply was, 'Well, if you will make those people feel the utmost severities of war we will pardon you for your desolation of Georgia.'"

About one month was spent in Savannah in clothing the men, and filling the trains with ammunition and rations. Then commenced the movement which was to make South Carolina

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feel the severities of war.\* The right wing, with the exception of Corse's division of the Seventeenth Corps, moved *via* Hilton Head to Beaufort. The left wing with Corse's division and the cavalry moved up the west bank of the Savannah River to Sister's Ferry, distant about forty miles from Savannah. Sherman's plan was similar to that adopted on leaving Atlanta. When the army started from Atlanta, the right wing moved directly towards Macon, and the left towards Augusta. Both cities were occupied by Confederate troops. The movements of our army caused the Confederate authorities at each of these important cities to demand not only the retention of the troops at each place, but induced them to demand help from every quarter. Sherman had no

and leave both cities in our rear, with little or no force in our front. On leaving Savannah our right wing threatened Charleston and the left again threatened Augusta, the two wings being again united in the interior of South Carolina, leaving the Confederate troops at Augusta with almost a certainty that Charleston must fall without a blow from Sherman. On the arrival of the left wing at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah, instead of finding, as was anticipated, a river a few yards in width which could be easily crossed, they found a broad expanse of water which was utterly impassable. The continuous rain-fall had caused the river to overflow, so that the lowland on the South Carolina side was covered with water, extending nearly half a mile from the



SKIRMISHERS CROSSING THE NORTH EDISTO, S. C., ON A FLOATING FOOT-BRIDGE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

thought of attacking either place, and at the proper time the movements of both wings of the army were so directed as to unite them

river. We were delayed several days in vain efforts to effect a crossing, and were finally compelled to await the falling of the waters.

\* At this time General Lee addressed the following letter to the Governor of South Carolina: HEADQUARTERS ARMY N. VA., 27 January, '65. HIS EXCELLENCY A. G. MAGRATH, Governor of South Carolina, Columbia. SIR: I received to-day your letter of the 16th inst., and regret exceedingly to learn the present condition of affairs in the South. I infer from your letter that you consider me able to send an army to arrest the march of General Sherman. If such was the case I should not have waited for your application, for I lament as much as you do his past success, and see the injury that may result from his further progress. I have no troops except those within this department within which my operations are confined. According to your statement of General Sherman's force, it would require this whole army to oppose him. It is now confronted by General Grant with a far superior army. If it was transferred to South Carolina, I do not believe General Grant would remain idle on the James River. It would be as easy for him to move his army south as for General Sherman to advance north. You can judge whether the condition of affairs would be benefited by a concentration of the two large Federal armies in South Carolina, with the rest of the Confederacy stripped of defense. But should Charleston fall into the hands of the enemy, as grievous as would be the blow and as painful the result, I cannot concur in the opinion of your Excellency that

our cause would necessarily be lost. Should our whole coast fall in the possession of our enemies, with our people true, firm, and united, the war could be continued and our purpose accomplished. As long as our armies are unsubdued and sustained, the Confederacy is safe. I therefore think it bad policy to shut our troops within intrenchments, where they can be besieged with superior forces, and prefer operating in the field. I recommend this course in South Carolina, and advise that every effort be made to prevent General Sherman reaching Charleston by contesting his advance. The last return made by General Hardee of his force which I have seen, gave his entire strength 20,500 of all arms; with 5000 South Carolina militia which he expected, and 1500 Georgia troops under General G. W. Smith, he would have 27,000. This is exclusive of Connor's brigade and Butler's division sent from this army, which ought to swell his force to thirty-three thousand. But I think it might be still further increased by a general turn out of all the men in Georgia and South Carolina, and that Sherman could be resisted until General Beauregard could arrive with reinforcements from the West. I see no cause for depression or despondency, but abundant reason for renewed exertion and unyielding resistance. With great respect, your Excellency's obedient servant, R. E. LEE, General. [Printed from the MS.—EDITOR.]



RAILWAY DESTRUCTION AS A MILITARY ART.†

Our pontoon-bridge was finally constructed and the crossing commenced. Each regiment as it entered South Carolina gave three cheers. The men seemed to realize that

at last they had set foot on the State which had done more than all others to bring upon the country the horrors of civil war. In the narrow road leading from the ferry on the

† A knowledge of the art of building railroads is certainly of more value to a country than that of the best means of destroying them; but at this particular time the destruction seemed necessary, and the time may again come when such work will be necessary. Lest the most effectual and expeditious method of destroying railroad tracks should become one of the lost arts, I will here give a few rules for the guidance of officers who may in future be charged with this important duty. It should be remembered that these rules are the result of long experience and close observation. A detail of men to do the work should be made on the evening before operations are to commence. The number to be detailed being, of course, dependent upon the amount of work to be done, I estimate that one thousand men can easily destroy about five miles of track per day, and do it thoroughly. Before going out in the morning the men should be supplied with a good breakfast, for it has been discovered that soldiers are more efficient at this work, as well as on the battle-field, when their stomachs are full than when they are empty. The question as to the food to be given the men for breakfast is not important, but I suggest roast turkeys, chickens, fresh eggs, and coffee, for the reason that in an enemy's country such a breakfast will cause no unpleasantness between the commissary and the soldiers, inasmuch as the commissary will only be required to provide the coffee. In fact it has been discovered that an army moving through a hostile but fertile country, having an efficient corps of foragers (vulgarly known in our army as bummers), requires but few articles of food, such as hard-tack, coffee, salt, pepper, and sugar. Your detail should be divided into three sections of about equal numbers. I will suppose the detail to consist of three thousand men. The first thing to be done is to reverse the relative positions of the ties and

iron rails, placing the ties up and the rails under them. To do this, Section No. 1, consisting of one thousand men, is distributed along one side of the track, one man at the end of each tie. At a given signal each man seizes a tie, lifts it gently till it assumes a vertical position, and then at another signal pushes it forward so that when it falls the ties will be over the rails. Then each man loosens his tie from the rail. This done, Section No. 1 moves forward to another portion of the road, and Section No. 2 advances and is distributed along the portion of the road recently occupied by Section No. 1. The duty of the second section is to collect the ties, place them in piles of about thirty ties each—place the rails on the top of these piles, the center of each rail being over the center of the pile, and then set fire to the ties. Section No. 2 then follows No. 1. As soon as the rails are sufficiently heated Section No. 3 takes the place of No. 2, and upon this devolves the most important duty, viz., the effectual destruction of the rail. This section should be in command of an efficient officer who will see that the work is not slighted. Unless closely watched, soldiers will content themselves with simply bending the rails around trees. This should never be permitted. A rail which is simply bent can easily be restored to its original shape. No rail should be regarded as properly treated till it has assumed the shape of a doughnut; it must not only be bent but twisted. To do the twisting Poe's railroad hooks are necessary, for it has been found that the soldiers will not seize the hot iron bare-handed. This, however, is the only thing looking towards the destruction of property which I ever knew a man in Sherman's army to decline doing. With Poe's hooks a double twist can be given to a rail which precludes all hope of restoring it to its former shape except by recasting.—H. W. S.



THE RIGHT WING UNDER HOWARD CROSSING THE SALUDA RIVER. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

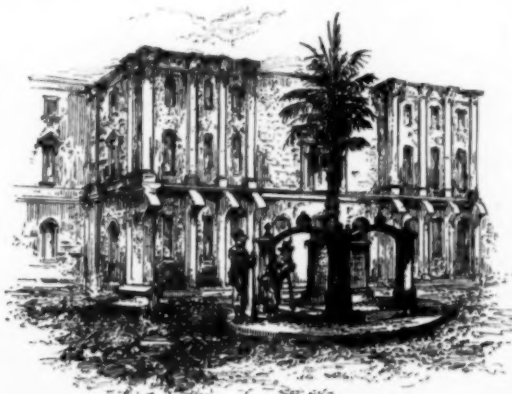
South Carolina side torpedoes had been planted, so that several of our men were killed or wounded by treading upon them. This was unfortunate for that section of the State. Planting torpedoes for the defense of a position is legitimate warfare, but our soldiers regarded the act of placing them in a highway where no contest was anticipated as something akin to poisoning a stream of water. It is not recognized as fair or legitimate warfare. If that section of South Carolina suffered more severely than any other, it was due in part to the blundering of people who were more zealous than wise.

About February 10th the two wings of the army were reunited in the vicinity of Branchville, a small village on the South Carolina Railroad at the point where the railroad from Charleston to Columbia branches off from Charleston to Augusta. Here we resumed the work which had occupied so much of our time in Georgia, viz., the destruction of railroads.

Having effectually destroyed over sixty miles of railroads in this section, the army

started for Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, each corps taking a separate road. The left wing (Slocum) arrived at a point about three miles from Columbia on the 16th, and there received orders to cross the Saluda River, at Mount Zion's Church. The Fourteenth moved to the crossing, built a bridge during the night, crossed the river next day, and was followed by the Twentieth Corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry. The right wing (Howard) moved directly to Columbia, the Fifteenth Corps moving through the city and camping outside on the Camden road. The Seventeenth Corps did not enter Columbia. During the night of February 17th the greater portion of the city of Columbia was burned. The lurid flames could easily be seen from my camp, many miles distant. Nearly all the public buildings, several churches, an orphan asylum, and many of the residences were destroyed. The city was filled with helpless women and children and invalids, many of whom were rendered houseless and homeless in a single night. No sadder scene was presented during the war. The suffering of so

many helpless and innocent persons could not but move the hardest heart. The question as to who was immediately responsible for this disaster has given rise to some controversy. I do not believe that General Sherman countenanced or was in any degree responsible for it. I believe a free use of whisky (which was supplied to the soldiers by citizens with great liberality) was the immediate cause of the disaster. Primarily the responsibility must forever rest upon those who should have been the protectors of these helpless people. For more than a quarter of a century South Carolina had, to use a common expression, been absolutely "spoiling for a fight." No statesman, however eminent, could do anything which rendered him so

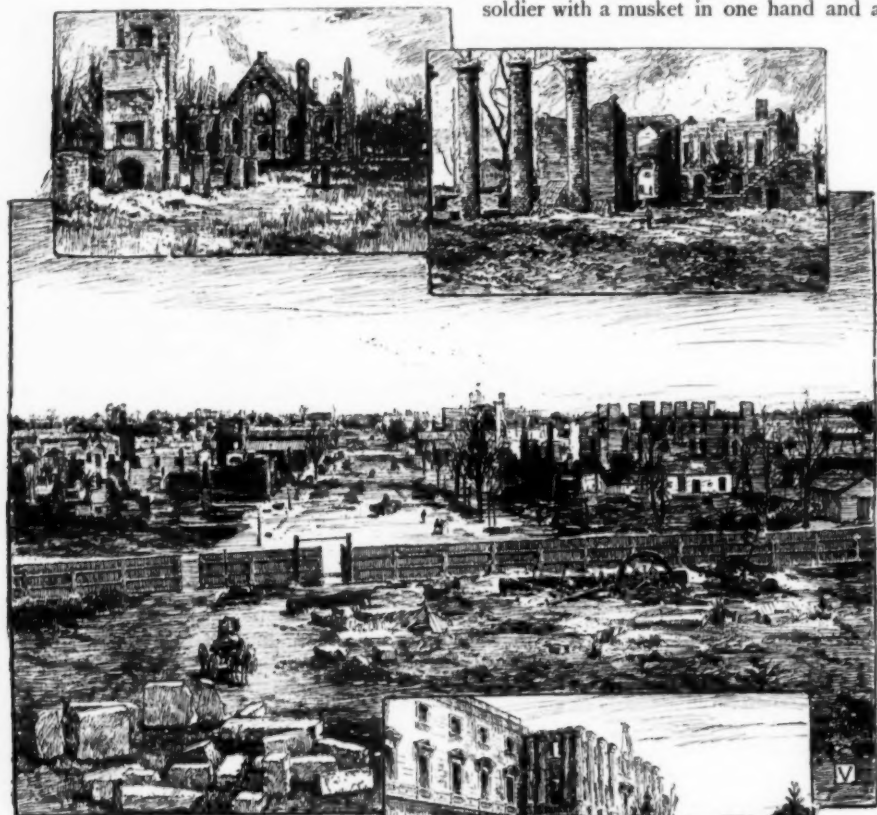


SHERMAN'S SOLDIERS GUARDING THE PALMETTO MONUMENT, COLUMBIA. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



odious to that State, as to propose compromise measures which contemplated a peaceful solution of the troubles between the two sections of our country. Clay and Webster both tried it, only to be condemned by these people. She

the war fever, they will do well to remember that while politicians can inaugurate a war they can seldom close one. While they can predict with great accuracy the vicinity in which the first battle will be fought, they can never tell where the last one is to occur. A drunken soldier with a musket in one hand and a



VIEW FROM THE UNFINISHED CAPITOL.  
VIEWS OF THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

attempted the destruction of the Union during the presidency of Jackson. Upon the election of Lincoln she could not wait to learn his policy; she could not wait even to consult with her sister States of the South,—she took the initiative. Now that the result for which she had labored so long had been accomplished, it would have been regretted by the entire North, and I think by many at the South, had the performance closed without giving her an opportunity to witness the results and feel the effects of her long-continued efforts.

If the people of any section of our country should in the future become infected with

match in the other is not a pleasant visitor to have about the house on a dark, windy night, particularly when for a series of years you have urged him to come, so that you might have an opportunity of performing a surgical operation on him.

From Columbia the army moved towards Fayetteville—the left wing crossing the Catawba River at Rocky Mount. While the rear of the Twentieth Corps was crossing, our pon-

THE UNFINISHED CAPITOL, COLUMBIA.



toon-bridge was swept away by flood-wood brought down the river, leaving the Fourteenth Corps on the south side. This caused a delay of three days, and gave rise to some emphatic instructions from General Sherman to the commander of the left wing of his army—which instructions resulted in our damming the flood-wood to some extent, but not in materially expediting the march.

We arrived at Cheraw on the 3d of March, where we found a large supply of stores sent from Charleston for safe-keeping. Among the stores was a large quantity of very old wine of the best quality, which had been kept in the cellars of Charleston many years, with no thought on the part of the owners that in its old age it would be drunk from tin cups by Yankee soldiers. Fortunately for the whole army the wine was discovered by the Seventeenth Corps and fell into the hands of the generous and chivalrous commander of that corps,—General Frank P. Blair,—who distributed it with the spirit of liberality and fairness characteristic of him. On the 6th we moved towards Fayetteville, where we arrived on the 10th. The march through South Carolina had been greatly delayed by the almost incessant rains and the swampy nature of the country. More than half the way we were compelled to corduroy the roads before our trains could be moved. To accomplish this work we had been supplied with an abundance of axes, and the country was covered with saplings well suited to the purpose.

Three or four days prior to our arrival at Fayetteville General Sherman had received



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR, COMMANDING SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

information that Wilmington was in possession of General Terry, and had sent two messengers with letters informing Terry when he would probably be at Fayetteville.\* Both messengers arrived safely at Wilmington, and on Sunday, the day after our arrival at Fayetteville, the shrill whistle of a steamboat floating the Stars and Stripes announced that we were once more in communication with our own friends. As she came up, the banks of the river were lined by our soldiers, who made the welkin ring with their cheers. The opening of communication with Wilmington not only brought us our mails and a supply of clothing, but enabled us to send to a place of safety thousands of refugees and contrabands who were following the army and seriously embarrass-



RAISING THE UNION FLAG OVER THE OLD STATE-HOUSE, COLUMBIA.  
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

\* After General Hood had been driven from Tennessee, General Schofield was ordered to bring the Twenty-third Corps, General Cox, to Washington, whence it was sent to Fort Fisher, N. C., which had been captured by General A. H. Terry's Tenth Corps, in cooperation with Admiral Porter's fleet, on January 15th, 1865. Schofield assumed command of both corps, and captured Wilmington, February 22d. Thence Cox was sent to Newbern, while the greater part of Schofield's forces advanced to Goldsboro'.—EDITOR.



CROSSING A BURNING BRIDGE AT JUNIPER CREEK, MARCH 9TH, 1865. (FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

ing it. We were dependent upon the country for our supplies of food and forage, and every one not connected with the army was a source of weakness to us. On several occasions on the march from Atlanta we had been compelled to drive thousands of colored people back, not from lack of sympathy with them, but simply as a matter of safety to the army. The refugee-train following in rear of the army was one of the most singular features of the march. Long before the war, the slaves of the South had a system of communication by which important information was transmitted from one section of the country to another. The first gun at Sumter announced to every slave of the South that a great struggle had commenced in the result of which his own fate was in some degree at stake. The advance of Sherman's army through a section never before visited by a Union soldier was known far and near many miles in advance of us. It was natural that these poor creatures, seeking a place of safety, should flee to the army, and endeavor to keep in sight of it. Every day as we marched on, we could see, on each side of our line of march, crowds of these people coming to us through roads and across the fields, bringing with them all their earthly goods, and many goods which were not theirs. Horses, mules,

cows, dogs, old family carriages, carts, and whatever they thought might be of use to them were seized upon and brought to us. They were allowed to follow in rear of our column, and at times they were almost equal in numbers to the army they were following. As singular, comical, and pitiable a spectacle was never before presented. One day a large family of slaves came through the fields to join us. The head of the family, a venerable negro, was mounted on a mule, and safely stowed away behind him in pockets or bags attached to the blanket which covered the mule were two little pickaninnies, one on each side. This gave rise to a most important invention, *i. e.*, "the best way of transporting pickaninnies." On the next day a mule appeared in column, covered by a blanket with two pockets on each side, each containing a little negro. Very soon old tent-flies or strong canvas was used instead of the blanket, and often ten or fifteen pockets were attached to each side, so that nothing of the mule was visible except the head, tail, and feet, all else being covered by the black woolly heads and bright shining eyes of the little darkies. Occasionally a cow was made to take the place of the mule; this was a decided improvement, as the cow furnished rations as well as transportation for the

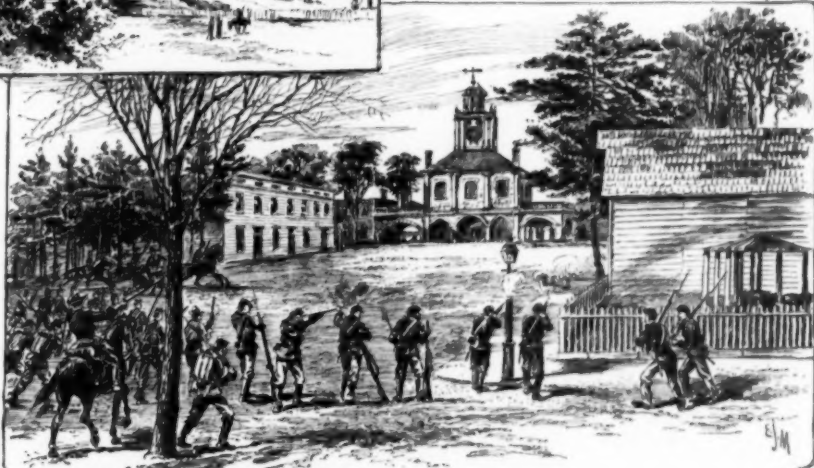
babies. Old stages, family carriages, lumber, wagons and carts filled with bedding, cooking-utensils and "traps" of all kinds, with men, women, and children loaded with bundles, made up the balance of the refugee-train which followed in our rear. As all the bridges were burned in front of us, our pontoon trains were in constant use; and the bridges could be left but a short time for the use of the refugees. A scramble for precedence in crossing the bridge always ensued. The firing of a musket or pistol in rear would bring to the refugees visions of guerrillas, and then came a panic. As our bridges were not supplied with guard-rails, occasionally a mule would be crowded off and with its precious load would float down the river.

Having thoroughly destroyed the arsenal buildings, machine shops, and foundries at Fayetteville, we crossed the Cape Fear River on the 13th and 14th and resumed our march. We were now entering upon the last stage of the great march which was to unite the Army of the West with that of the East in front of Richmond. If this march could be successfully accomplished the Confederacy was doomed. General Sherman did not hope or expect to accomplish it without a struggle. He anticipated an attack and made provision for it. He ordered me to send all my baggage trains under a strong escort by an interior road on my

right, and to keep at least four divisions with all their artillery on my left, ready at all times for an attack.

During the 15th of March, Hardee was retreating before us, having for his rear-guard a brigade composed of the troops which had garrisoned Charleston, commanded by General Alfred Rhett. Kilpatrick's cavalry was in advance of the left wing, and during the day some of the skirmishers had come suddenly upon General Rhett, accompanied by a few of his men, and had captured him. Rhett before the war had been one of the editors of the Charleston "Mercury," one of the strongest secession papers of the South. He was sent by Kilpatrick to General Sherman. Sherman while stationed in Charleston before the war had been acquainted with Rhett, and not wishing to have him under his immediate charge, he sent him to me. Rhett spent that night in my tent, and as I had also been stationed at Fort Moultrie in 1854 and '55, and had often met him, we had a long chat over old times and about common acquaintances in Charleston. The following morning Rhett was sent to the rear in charge of the cavalry. He was handsomely dressed in the Confederate uniform, with a pair of high boots beautifully stitched. He was deeply mortified at having been "gobbled up" without a chance to fight. One of my staff told me that he saw Rhett a few days later, trudging along under guard, but the beautiful boots were missing,—a soldier had exchanged a very coarse pair of army shoes for them. Rhett said that in all his troubles he had one consolation, that of knowing that no one of Sherman's men could get on those boots.

ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE.



SHERMAN'S MEN DRIVING THE ENEMY OUT OF FAYETTEVILLE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



THE FOURTEENTH CORPS ENTERING FAYETTEVILLE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

On the following morning Kilpatrick came upon the enemy behind a line of intrenchments. He moved his cavalry to the right, and Jackson's and Ward's divisions of the Twentieth Corps were deployed in front of the enemy's line. General Sherman directed me to send a brigade to the left in order to get in rear of the intrenchments, which was done, and resulted in the retreat of the enemy and in the capture of Macbeth's Charleston Battery and 217 of Rhett's men. The Confederates were found behind another line of works a short distance in rear of the first, and we went into camp in their immediate front. During the night Hardee retreated, leaving 108 dead for us to bury, and 68 wounded. We lost 12 officers and 65 men killed and 477 men wounded. This skirmish was known as the battle of Averysboro'.

Our march to this point had been toward Raleigh. We now took the road leading to Goldsboro'. General Sherman rode with me on the 18th and left me at 6 A. M. on the 19th to join General Howard, who was marching on roads several miles to our right. On leaving me General Sherman expressed the opinion that Hardee had fallen back to Raleigh, and that I could easily reach the Neuse

River on the following day. I felt confident I could accomplish the task. We moved forward at 6 A. M., and soon met the skirmishers of the enemy. The resistance to our advance became very stubborn. Carlin's division was deployed and ordered to advance. I believed that the



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, C. S. A., COMMANDING THE CAVALRY OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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force in my front consisted only of cavalry with a few pieces of artillery. Fearing that the firing would be heard by General Sherman and cause the other wing of the army to delay its march, I sent Major E. W. Guindon of my staff to General Sherman, to tell him that I had met a strong force of cavalry, but that I should not need assistance, and felt confident I should be at the Neuse at the appointed time. Soon after the bearer of the message to General Sherman had left me, word came from Carlin that he had developed a strong force of the enemy in an intrenched position.

pany and regiment. While I was talking with him one of my aides, Major William G. Tracy, rode up and at once recognized the deserter as an old acquaintance, whom he had known at Syracuse before the war. I asked how he knew General Johnston was in command and what he knew as to the strength of his force. He said General Johnston rode along the line early that morning, and that the officers had told all the men that "Old Joe" had caught one of Sherman's wings beyond the reach of support, that he intended to *smash* that wing and then go for the other. The man stated

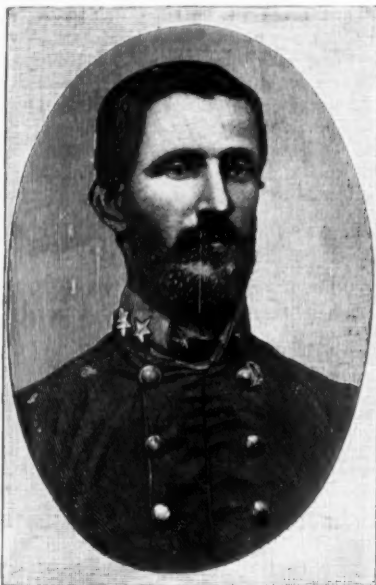


CONTRABANDS IN THE WAKE OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

About the same time one of my officers brought to me an emaciated, sickly-appearing young man about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, dressed in the Confederate gray. He had expressed great anxiety to see the commanding officer at once. I asked him what he had to say. He said he had been in the Union army, had been taken prisoner, and while sick and in prison had been induced to enlist in the Confederate service. He said he had enlisted with the intention of deserting when a good opportunity presented itself, believing he should die if he remained in prison. In reply to my questions he informed me that he formerly resided at Syracuse, New York, and had entered the service at the commencement of the war, in a company raised by Captain Butler. I had been a resident of Syracuse and knew the history of his com-

pany and regiment. While I was talking with him one of my aides, Major William G. Tracy, rode up and at once recognized the deserter as an old acquaintance, whom he had known at Syracuse before the war. I asked how he knew General Johnston was in command and what he knew as to the strength of his force. He said General Johnston rode along the line early that morning, and that the officers had told all the men that "Old Joe" had caught one of Sherman's wings beyond the reach of support, that he intended to *smash* that wing and then go for the other. The man stated





MAJOR-GENERAL R. F. HOKE, C. S. A., COMMANDING A DIVISION IN HARDEE'S CORPS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

age, but who was full of energy and activity and was always reliable. He was then the youngest member of my staff. He is now governor of Ohio—Joseph B. Foraker. His work on this day secured his promotion to the rank of captain. Some years after the close of the war Foraker wrote to me calling my attention to some errors in a published account of this battle of Bentonville, and although his letter was private, his statements are so full of interest that I feel certain I shall be pardoned for giving an extract from it:

"Firing between the men on the skirmish line commenced before Sherman had left us on the morning of the 19th, but it was supposed there was nothing but cavalry in our front. It was kept up steadily, and constantly increased in volume. Finally there was a halt in the column. You expressed some anxiety, and Major W. G. Tracy and I rode to the front to see what was going on. At the edge of open fields next to the woods in which the barricades were we found our skirmish line halted. . . . In a few minutes it moved forward again. The enemy partly reserved their fire until it got half-way or more across the field. This induced Tracy and me to think there was but little danger, and so we followed up closely, until suddenly they began again a very spirited firing in the midst of which we were sorry to find ourselves. I remember we hardly knew what to do—we could do no good by going on and none by remaining. To be killed under such circumstances would look like a waste of raw material, we thought. But the trouble was to get out. We didn't want to turn back, as we thought that would not look well. While we were thus hesitating a spent ball struck Tracy on the leg, giving him a slight but painful wound. Almost at the same moment our skirmishers charged and drove the rebels. . . . I rode back with Tracy only a very short distance, when we

met you hurrying to the front. I found you had already been informed of what had been discovered and that you had already sent orders to everybody to hurry to the front. I remember, too, that a little later Major Mosely, I think, though it may have been some other member of your staff, suggested that you ought to have the advance division charge and drive them out of the way; that it could not be possible that there was much force ahead of us, and that if we waited for the others to come up we should lose a whole day, and if it should turn out that there was nothing to justify such caution, it would look bad for the left wing; to which you replied in an earnest manner, 'I can afford to be charged with being dilatory or over-cautious, but I cannot afford the responsibility of another Ball's Bluff affair.' Do you remember it? I presume not, but I was then quite young, and such remarks made a lasting impression. It excited my confidence and admiration, and was the first moment that I began to feel that there was really serious work before us. . . . You handed me a written message to take to General Sherman. The last words you spoke to me as I started were, 'Ride well to the right so as to keep clear of the enemy's left flank, and *don't spare horse-flesh*.' I reached General Sherman just about sundown. He was on the left side of the road on a sloping hillside, where, as I understood, he had halted only a few minutes before for the night. His staff were about him. I think General Howard was there, but I do not now remember seeing him,—but on the hillside twenty yards farther up Logan was lying on a blanket. Sherman saw me approaching and walked briskly towards me, took your message, tore it open, read it, and called out, 'John Logan! where is Logan?' Just then Logan jumped up and started towards us. He too walked briskly, but before he had reached us Sherman had informed him of the situation and ordered him to turn Hazen back and have him report to you. It was not yet dark when I rode away carrying an answer to your message. It was after midnight when I got back, the ride back being so much longer in point of time because the road was full of troops, it was dark, and my 'horse-flesh' was used up."

General Carlin's division of the Fourteenth Corps had the advance, and as the enemy exhibited more than usual strength, he had deployed his division and advanced to develop the position of the enemy. Morgan's division of the same corps had been deployed on Carlin's right. Colonel H. G. Litchfield, inspector-general of the corps, had accompanied these troops. I was consulting with General Jeff. C. Davis, who commanded the Fourteenth Corps, when Colonel Litchfield rode up, and in reply to my inquiry as to what he had found in front he said, "Well, General, I have found something more than Dibrell's cavalry—I find infantry intrenched along our whole front and enough of them to give us all the amusement we shall want for the rest of the day."

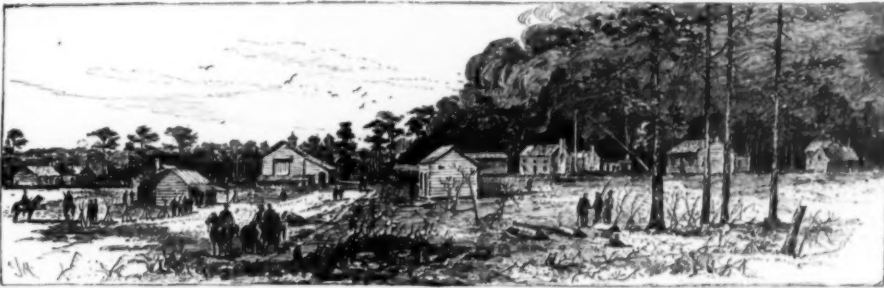
Foraker had not been gone half an hour when the enemy advanced in force, compelling Carlin's division to fall back. They were handled with skill and fell back without panic or demoralization, taking places in the line established. The Twentieth Corps held the left of our line with orders to connect with the Fourteenth. A space between the two corps had been left uncovered, and Cogswell's

brigade of the Twentieth Corps, ordered to report to General Davis, filled the gap just before the enemy reached our line.

The enemy fought bravely, but their line had become somewhat broken in advancing through the woods, and when they came up to our line, posted behind slight intrenchments, they received a fire which compelled them to fall back. The assaults were repeated over and over again until a late hour, each assault finding us better prepared for resistance. During the night Hazen reported to me and was placed on the right of the Fourteenth Corps. Early on the next morning Generals Baird and Geary, each with two brigades, arrived on the field. Baird was placed in front of our works and moved out beyond the advanced position held by us on the preceding day. The 20th was spent in strengthening our position and developing the line of the enemy. On the morning of the 21st the right wing arrived. This wing had marched

twenty miles over bad roads, skirmishing most of the way with the enemy. On the 21st General Johnston found Sherman's army united, and in position on three sides of him. On the other was Mill Creek. Our troops were pressed closely to the works of the enemy, and the entire day was spent in skirmishing. During the night of the 21st the enemy crossed Mill Creek and retreated towards Raleigh. I have not attempted to give such a description of the battle as its importance would justify. The plans of the enemy to surprise us and destroy our army in detail were well formed and well executed, and would have been more successful had not the men of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps been veterans who had passed the days when they were liable to become panic-stricken. They were soldiers who had passed through many hard-fought battles and were the equals in courage and endurance of any soldiers of this or any other country.

*H. W. Slocum.*



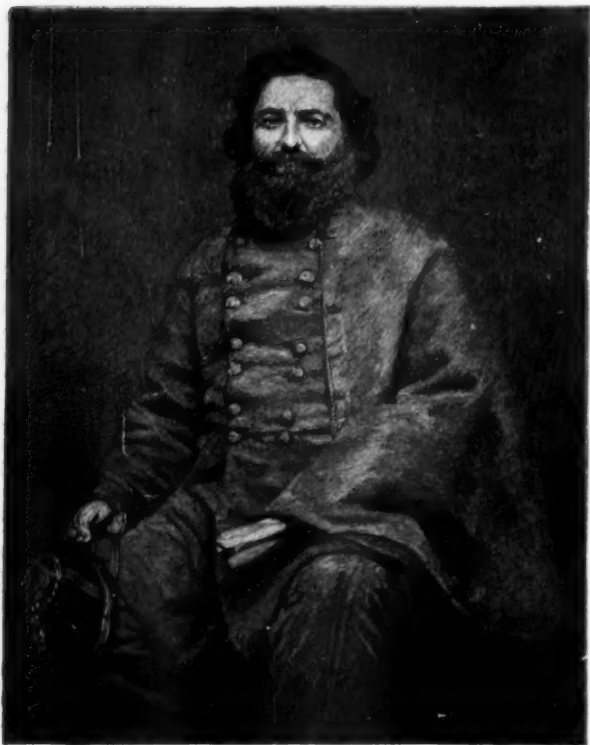
BENTONVILLE. THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE--THE SMOKE IS FROM RESIN THAT WAS FIRED BY THE CONFEDERATES. FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.

### THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

THE battle of Bentonville was in many particulars one of the most remarkable which occurred during the late Civil War, and though the report of this fight made by the commander of the Confederate forces, General Joseph E. Johnston, is clear and accurate, there may be some minor details which would be of interest to the general reader, as throwing light on this battle, which was the last important one of the war. When the disparity of the numbers engaged is taken into consideration, it must be regarded also as one of the most brilliant, and its conduct and its results added luster to the fame of the great soldier who commanded the Southern troops. In order to have a clear conception of this battle, the reader should understand the con-

dition of affairs in the South at the time it occurred and just previous to it. A few words on this point are also necessary, to give the reasons which induced General Johnston to deliver battle.

When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta, after expelling the inhabitants and burning a part of the city, it was evident to every one who had given a thought to the subject, that his objective point was a junction with General Grant's army. The Army of Tennessee, after its disastrous repulse before Franklin, was, with its shattered columns, in rear of instead of in front of Sherman's advancing forces, and thus he was allowed to make his march to Savannah a mere holiday excursion. At this latter point there was no adequate force to oppose him, and



MAJOR-GENERAL LAFAYETTE McLAWS, C. S. A., COMMANDING A DIVISION IN HARDEE'S CORPS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

when Hardee, who commanded there, withdrew, the city fell an easy prey. The situation then was as follows: Sherman had established a new base, where communication with the sea was open to him, while Hardee's line extended from the Savannah River to James Island, beyond Charleston, a distance of 115 miles. Outside of the garrison of Charleston, he had but a handful of unorganized troops to hold this long line, and our true policy then was to abandon Charleston, to concentrate every available man in front of Sherman, and to dispute the passage of the rivers and swamps which were in his line of march, and which offered most admirable positions for an inferior force to strike a superior one. The garrison of Charleston consisted, I think, of about 16,000 well-equipped, well-drilled infantry, fully supplied with excellent artillery. Stevenson's division, Army of Tennessee, consisting of 2600 men, reached Columbia before the appearance of the enemy. In addition to the troops already mentioned, there were here Wheeler's and Butler's commands of cavalry and several unattached bodies of State troops and reserves. A rapid concentration of these

forces would have put from 25,000 to 30,000 men in front of Sherman, and an attack upon one wing of his army, when separated from the other, would either have resulted in a victory to our army or would have encumbered him with so many wounded men that he would have been forced to retreat to the sea, at Charleston. The views I have here expressed were entertained at the time spoken of, for as I happened to be in Columbia then, not on duty, however, I urged upon General Beauregard, who had assumed command about that time, the abandonment of Charleston and the concentration of his whole force at the first-named city. I pressed the same views on Governor Magrath, telling him that as important as Charleston was to us, Branchville, the junction of the railroads from Columbia, Augusta, and Charleston, was far more important. In these opinions, my recollection is that General Beauregard concurred, but why the movements suggested were not made I have never known. At all events Charleston was evacuated, and its garrison was sent to Cheraw on the Pedee River, and thence by a long march to North Carolina. When the Federal army appeared before Columbia, the only troops in and around the city were Stevenson's division, Wheeler's cavalry, and a portion of Butler's division, in all about five thousand of all arms. Practically there was no force in the city, for the troops were on picket duty from a point three miles above Columbia, to one twenty miles below. Of course no defense of the place was attempted, and it was surrendered by the mayor before the enemy entered it, with the hope that, as no resistance had been offered, it would be protected from pillage and destruction.

It is not my purpose here to speak of the fate that befell it: Sherman, in his memoirs, tells what it was in these brief and suggestive words, "The army, having totally ruined Columbia, moved on towards Winnsboro'." Stevenson's division, which was above the city, was withdrawn, taking the road to Winnsboro', and I having been assigned the night previous

to the command of the cavalry, fell back in the same direction, covering the retreat of the infantry. These details, which have taken greater space than was anticipated, are given so as to present clearly the positions, numbers, and condition of our forces at the beginning of the campaign in the Carolinas. It will be seen, from what has been said, that it would scarcely have been possible to disperse a force more effectually than was done in our case. Circumstances may have caused this, but the fact was patent. Hardee was moving towards Fayetteville in North Carolina; Beauregard was directing Stevenson's march to Charlotte; Cheatham, with his division from the Army of Tennessee, had come from Augusta and was moving towards the same point as Stevenson, but on the west side of the Congaree and Broad rivers, and the cavalry kept in close observation of the enemy. Hardee's men, though good soldiers, had been kept so long on garrison duty that the long marches broke down many of them, and half of his command, or perhaps more, fell out of the ranks while going to the scene of action. It was from these widely separated forces, these *disjecta membra*, that General Johnston, who was assigned to the command of this department, February 23d, had to form the army with which he fought the battle of Bentonville, and his first task was to bring together these detached bodies of troops. Hoke's fine division from the Army of Northern Virginia also joined him before the fight, and rendered gallant and efficient service. General Johnston had united all his available infantry at Smithfield, North Carolina, and Sherman, whose progress had been entirely unobstructed, except by a spirited fight made by Hardee at Averysboro', and some affairs with our cavalry, was moving east from Fayetteville towards Goldsboro'. This being the condition of affairs, General Johnston realized that unless the advance of the enemy could be checked it would be only a question of time before Sherman would effect a junction with Grant, when their united armies would overwhelm the depleted and exhausted Army of Northern Virginia. Under these circumstances, but two alternatives were presented to the Confederate general: one was to transport his infantry by rail rapidly to Virginia, where the reinforcements he could thus bring to General Lee might enable these two great soldiers to strike a decisive blow on Grant's left flank. The other was to throw his small force on the army confronting him, with the hope of crippling that army, if he could not defeat it. As we could hope for no reinforcements from Virginia, or indeed from any quarter, my judgment was that the first-named plan held out the best promise of success, and

if my memory serves me right, I think that General Johnston mentions in his "Narrative" that he suggested it. Of this, however, I am not certain, and I cannot verify my impression, as his report is not within my reach. However the case may be, that plan was not adopted, and the general determined to resort to the other. His determination was a bold, I think a wise one; for, great as was the risk involved, it offered the only hope of success left to us. The relative position of the opposing armies being then as it has been described, the Confederate cavalry bivouacking about two miles south of the little hamlet of Bentonville, where the road from Smithfield intersected that from Fayetteville to Goldsboro', I received a dispatch from General Johnston about 12 o'clock on the night of March 17th. In this letter he asked if I could give him information as to the positions of the several corps of the Federal army; what I thought of the practicability of his attacking them; if advisable in my opinion to do so; when and where an attack could be made to most advantage; and requesting me to "give him my views." He was then, as I have said, at Smithfield, about 16 miles from Bentonville, and I replied at once, telling him that the Fourteenth Corps was in my immediate front; the Twentieth Corps was on the same road, five or six miles in the rear; while the other two corps were on a road some miles to the south, which ran parallel to the one on which we were. I suggested that the point at which I was camped was an admirable one for the attack he contemplated, and that I would delay the advance of the enemy as much as possible so as to enable our troops to concentrate there.

In a few hours a reply came from General Johnston saying that he would move at once to the position indicated, and directing me to hold it if possible. In obedience to these orders, I moved out on the morning of the 18th to meet the enemy, with whom we skirmished until the afternoon, when I was pressed back by the force of numbers to the crest of a wooded hill, which overlooked a very large field that I had selected as the proper place for the battle, which was to take place as soon as our infantry reached the ground. It was vitally important that this position should be held by us during the night, so I dismounted all my men, placing them along the edge of the woods, and at great risk of losing my guns I put my artillery some distance to the right of the road, where, though exposed, it had a commanding position. I knew that if a serious attack was made on me the guns would be lost, but I determined to run this risk in the hope of checking the Federal advance.



As an illustration of the quick perception of our private soldiers; I recall an expression of one of them, as I rode off after placing the guns in position. Turning to some of his comrades he said with a laugh, "Old Hampton is playing a bluff game, and if he don't mind Sherman will call him." He evidently understood the game of war as well as that of poker! It was nearly sunset when the enemy moved on this position, and recognizing its strength, not knowing also, I suppose, what number of troops held it, they withdrew after a rather feeble demonstration against us. We were thus left in possession of the ground chosen for the fight which we expected the next day. That night General Johnston reached Bentonville, as did a part of his command, but Hardee's troops had not been able to form a junction with the rest of our forces as the distance they had to march was greater than had been anticipated. As soon as General Johnston had established his headquarters at Bentonville, I reported to him, giving him all the information in my possession as to the position of the enemy, and the character of the ground on which we had to operate. The following extracts from the report of the general will show the nature of our conference:

"Lieutenant-General Hampton gave all necessary information that night, at Bentonville. He described the ground near the road abreast of us as favorable for our purpose. The Federal camp, however, was but five or six miles from that ground, nearer, by several miles, than Hardee's bivouac, and therefore we could not hope for the advantage of attacking the head of a deep column. . . . As soon as General Hardee's troops reached Bentonville next morning, we moved by the left flank, Hoke's division leading, to the ground selected by General Hampton, and adopted from his description."

As the general had not been able to examine the ground, I ventured to suggest such disposition of our forces as I thought would be most advantageous, and my suggestions were adopted. The plan proposed was that the cavalry should move out at daylight and occupy the position held by them on the previous evening. The infantry could then be deployed, with one corps across the main road and the other two obliquely in echelon to the right of the first. As soon as these positions were occupied, I was to fall back, with my command, through the first corps, and passing to the rear of the infantry line, I was to take position on our extreme right. These movements were carried out successfully, except that Hardee had not reached his position in the center when the enemy who were following me struck Bragg's corps, which was in line of battle across the road. This absence of Hardee left a gap between Bragg and Stewart; and in order to hold this gap until the arrival of Hardee, I had two batteries of horse artil-

lery—Captains Halsey and Earle—placed in the vacant space. The former of these batteries had constituted a part of the Hampton Legion; it served with me during all the campaigns in Virginia, making an honorable and brilliant record, and it joined me at Bentonville, just in time to render efficient service in the last battle in which we fought together. All the guns of both batteries were admirably served, and their fire held the enemy in their front until Hardee reached his allotted position. In the meantime Bragg's troops had repulsed the attack made on them, and the opportune moment had arrived when the other two corps, in accordance with the plan agreed on, should have been thrown on the flank of the retreating enemy. But unfortunately there occurred one of those incidents which so often change the fate of battles, and which broke in on the plan of this fight just at the crisis of the engagement. About the time that the head of Hardee's column appeared a very heavy attack was made on Hoke's division, and Bragg, fearing that he could not maintain his ground, applied for reinforcements. General Johnston at once determined to comply with this request, and he directed Hardee to send a portion of his force to the support of Hoke. This movement was in my judgment the only mistake committed on our part during the fight, and when the general notified me of the intended change in the plans, I advised that we should adhere to the one agreed on. It would be great presumption in me to criticise any movement directed by General Johnston, in whose skill and generalship I have always entertained implicit confidence, and I should not now venture to express an opinion as to the propriety of the order given to Hardee had not the general in his report stated that this movement was a mistake. In reference to it, he uses the following language in his "Narrative":

"The enemy attacked Hoke's division vigorously, especially its left, so vigorously that General Bragg apprehended that Hoke, although slightly entrenched, would be driven from his position. He therefore applied urgently for strong reinforcements. Lieutenant-General Hardee, the head of whose column was then near, was directed most injudiciously to send his leading division, McLaws's, to the assistance of the troops assailed," etc.

General Johnston evidently became satisfied, in the progress of the fight, that this movement was "most injudicious," for it became apparent that it was unnecessary, as Hoke repulsed the attack made on him fully and handsomely. Had Hardee been in the position originally assigned him at the time Hoke struck the enemy, and could his command and Stewart's have been thrown on the flanks of the retreating Federal forces, I think that the



Fourteenth Corps would have been driven back in disorder on the Twentieth, which was moving up to its support. This, however, is but speculation, and I refer to it only as presenting an interesting problem to the military student. Had these two corps been driven back to the west with loss, while the right wing of the Federal army was moving rapidly to the east on another road, all the subsequent operations of the campaign might have been changed. But "facts are stubborn things," and we are dealing now, as then, with them. And the fact that confronted General Johnston then was that much precious time had been lost by a delay in following up promptly the success gained by his troops in their first conflict with the enemy. His orders were that Bragg should change front to the left, which movement would have aligned him with the other corps and enabled him to attack on the flank. For some reason, not known to me, these orders were not carried out promptly, or perhaps not at all, and hence delay occurred which, while hurtful to us, was of infinite value to the enemy, for time was given to him to bring up the Twentieth Corps to the support of the broken ranks of the Fourteenth. It thus happened that though the attack of the Fourteenth Corps was repulsed early in the morning, our counter-attack was delayed until quite late in the afternoon, when we encountered a force double that met in the morning, and we found them behind breastworks. The fighting that evening was close and bloody. As General Johnston has described it far better than I could do, I quote his account:

"The Confederates passed over three hundred yards of the space between the two lines in quick time and in excellent order, and the remaining distance in double-quick, without pausing to fire until their near approach had driven the enemy from the shelter of their intrenchments, in full retreat, to their second line. After firing a few rounds, the Confederates again pressed forward, and when they were near the second intrenchment, now manned by both lines of Federal troops, Lieutenant-General Hardee, after commanding the double-quick, led the charge, and with his knightly gallantry dashed over the enemy's breastworks on horseback in front of his men. Some distance in the rear there was a very thick wood of young pines into which the Federal troops were pursued, and in which they rallied and renewed the fight. But the Confederates continued to advance, driving the enemy back slowly, notwithstanding the advantage given to the party on the defensive by the thicket, which made united action by the assailants impossible. On the extreme left, however, General Bragg's troops were held in check by the Federal right, which had the aid of breastworks and the thicket of black-jack. . . . Four pieces of artillery were taken, but as we had only spare harnessed horses enough to draw off three, one was left on the field. The impossibility of concentrating the Confederate forces in time to attack the Federal left wing, while in column on the march, made complete success also impossible, from the enemy's great numerical superiority."

Night closed upon a hard-fought field and a dearly won victory, for the losses in our handful of troops had been heavy. After dark General Johnston withdrew to the position from which he had moved to the attack, and our first line with slight modifications was resumed. No disturbance occurred that night, but early on the morning of the 20th, Brigadier-General Law, whom I had placed temporarily in command of Butler's division in the unavoidable absence of that gallant and distinguished officer, who had won his way from the rank of captain to that of major-general under my command, reported that the right wing of the Federal army, which had struck the road on which we were some miles to the east, was rapidly moving down on our rear and left flank. Hoke then held our left, and General Johnston directed him to refuse his left flank so that he could meet the attack of the approaching force. I prolonged the rear line taken by Hoke by placing Butler's and Wheeler's commands on his left, and while doing this we met and checked a sharp attack. Sherman thus had his whole army united in front of us, about 12 o'clock on the 20th, and he made repeated attacks during the day, mainly on Hoke's division. In all of them he was repulsed, and many of his wounded left in front of our lines were carried to our hospitals. Our line was a very weak one, and our position was extremely perilous, for our small force was confronted, almost surrounded, by one nearly five times as large. Our flanks rested on no natural defenses, and behind us was a deep and rapid stream over which there was but one bridge, which gave the only means of withdrawal. Our left flank — far overlapped by the enemy — was held along a small stream, which flowed into Mill Creek, and this was held only by cavalry videttes stationed at long intervals apart. On the 21st there was active skirmishing on the left of our line, and my pickets reported that the enemy seemed to be moving in force to our left on the opposite side of the small stream, along which my videttes were stationed. I immediately rode down to report this fact to General Johnston, and I told him that there was no force present able to resist an attack, and that if the enemy broke through at that point which was near the bridge across the main stream our only line of retreat would be cut off. The general directed me to return to the point indicated to ascertain the exact condition of affairs, and as I was riding back I met a courier, who informed me that the enemy in force had crossed the branch, had driven back the cavalry pickets, and were then very near the main road which led to the bridge. This attack rendered our position extremely dangerous, for if the

attacking force had been able to attain possession of the road we could not have withdrawn without very heavy loss, if we could have done so at all. Just before the courier who brought me the information of the advance of the army met me, I had passed a brigade, though its numbers were not more than sufficient to constitute a regiment, moving towards our left. This was Cumming's Georgia brigade, commanded then, I think, by Colonel Henderson, and I doubt if there were more than two hundred to two hundred and fifty in the command.

Realizing the importance of prompt action, I ordered this command to move at once to the point threatened, and I also ordered up a battery which I had passed. I then sent a courier to bring up all the mounted men he could find, and in a few minutes a portion of the 8th Texas Cavalry—60 or 80 men—responded to my call. All of these troops were hurried up to meet the enemy, who were then within a few hundred yards of the road, and just as I had put them in position General Hardee arrived on the ground. Explaining the position to him and telling him of the dispositions I had made, he at once ordered a charge and our small force was hurled against the advancing enemy. The attack was so sudden and so impetuous that it carried everything before it, and the enemy retreated hastily across the branch. This attack on our position was made by Mower's division, and it was repulsed by a force which certainly did not exceed, if it reached, three hundred men. Sherman in his "Memoirs" says that he "ordered Mower back"; but if this statement is true, the order was obeyed with wonderful promptness and alacrity. General Hardee, who assumed command when he reached the field, led this charge with his usual conspicuous gallantry; and as he returned from it successful, his face bright with the light of battle, he turned to me and exclaimed: "That was Nip and Tuck, and for a time I thought Tuck had it." A sad incident marred his triumph, for his only son, a gallant boy of sixteen, who had joined the 8th Texas Cavalry two hours before, fell in the charge led by his father. This affair practically ended the battle of Bentonville for that night. General Johnston withdrew his command safely across Mill Creek, where he camped two miles beyond the bridge. On the morning of the 22d there was a sharp skirmish at the bridge between some of Wheeler's cavalry and the advance-guard of the enemy, who tried to force a passage, but who were handsomely repulsed with some loss. I have not specified the services of the cavalry during the operations described, but they were important and were gallantly performed. The commands of Butler and

Wheeler numbered, I think, about three thousand men, and after the engagement became general nearly all of this force fought alongside of the infantry in their improvised breastworks. When Sherman moved up on our left flank, they checked his advance until our main line could be refused on the left wing, and in Mower's subsequent repulse they bore an important part, for, in addition to the gallant charge of the 8th Texas made in conjunction with the infantry, other portions of my command struck his flank as he was retreating, and contributed largely to our success. As, however, I am not attempting to write a report of this battle, but simply to give a brief sketch of its main incidents, I have not alluded to the conduct of any of the troops engaged. I proposed merely to give my reminiscences and impressions of an engagement which is memorable as the last general battle of the Civil War, and which, in my judgment, was one of the most extraordinary. Let me give my reasons briefly for this opinion. The infantry forces of General Johnston amounted to about 14,100 men, and they were composed of three separate commands which had never acted together. These were Hardee's troops, brought from Savannah and Charleston; Stewart's, from the Army of Tennessee; and Hoke's division of veterans, many of whom had served in the campaigns of Virginia. Bragg, by reason of his rank, was in command of this latter force, but it was really Hoke's division, and he directed the fighting. These troops, concentrated only recently for the first time, were stationed at and near Smithfield, eighteen miles from the field where the battle was fought, and it was from these points that General Johnston moved them, to strike a veteran army numbering about 60,000 men. This latter army had marched from Atlanta to Savannah without meeting any force to dispute its passage, and from the latter city to Bentonville unobstructed save by the useless and costly affair at Averysboro', where Hardee made a gallant stand, though at a heavy loss. No bolder movement was conceived during the war than this of General Johnston, when he threw his handful of men on the overwhelming force in front of him, and no more gallant defense was ever made than his, when he confronted and baffled this force, holding a weak line for three days against nearly five times his number. For the last two days of this fight he only held his position to secure the removal of his wounded, and when he had accomplished that he withdrew leisurely, moving in his first march only about four miles. All the Federal wounded who fell into his hands were cared for in his field-hospitals, when all of his, who could not be removed, were left. Of course General John-

ston's only object in making this fight was to cripple the enemy, and to impede his advance. And I think that if his original plan of battle could have been carried out, and if his orders had been executed promptly, he would have inflicted a very heavy, if not an irretrievable, disaster on the Fourteenth and the Twentieth corps. These two corps were opposed to him in the first day's fight, and in that of the last two days he was confronted by the whole of Sherman's army. It must be remembered, too, that General Schofield was in supporting distance of Sherman with 26,000 men. Few soldiers would have adopted the bold measure resorted to by General Johnston, and none could have carried it out more skillfully nor more successfully than he did. I believed during that fight, and my opinion has never changed, that if he could have had his plans executed promptly he would have gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war, and even under all the difficulties that confronted him he achieved a wonderful success. In this connection I may recall a conversation I had with the distinguished soldier who commanded the left wing of Sherman's army, General Slocum. We met in New York in 1868, and in speaking of this battle I asked him what would have been the result in his opin-

ion had General Johnston been able to follow up his first success. His reply was in substance, for I cannot quote his exact language, that the movement might have resulted in great disaster to his command, for he had been able to get up the Twentieth Corps only in time to meet the attack made on him in the afternoon.

The unhappy war which arrayed the two sections of our country in hostile ranks is ended; the wounds left by that conflict are healing; the animosities engendered by it are dying out; the active participants in that great struggle are passing from the stage, and nothing is left to the survivors but the memory of the heroic deeds performed. It will be the task, as it will be the duty, of the future historian to sift out the truth of this great war and to put it on record. Any contribution to the history of that war cannot be without some value; and mine, brief and imperfect as I feel it to be, is offered as a small addition to the fund of knowledge which the historian will seek to acquire. All my opinions, all my conclusions, about the battle of Bentonville may be erroneous, but I have tried to narrate the facts connected with it as they struck me then and as my subsequent reflections have confirmed them.

Wade Hampton.

## THE WILD RIDE.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,  
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;  
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing!*

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle,  
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault the weather-worn, galloping legion,  
With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is thro' dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;  
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall or entice us;  
What odds? We are knights; and our souls are but bent on the riding.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,  
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;  
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing!*

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;  
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil;  
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy troopers that follow.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

## ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.

. . . I HAVE been reading over the books of "Paradise Lost" which record the visit of Raphael to Eden. That was delightful conversation. There was no shame or suspicion in that society. Nothing could have been sweeter, fresher, or bolder. The voices of the participants rose in poetic speech with the glad freedom of their state of perfect innocence. How that charming woman listened with pleased and apprehensive countenance to the finest thoughts of the angelic guest, her hands all the while busy with those meaths and kernels and dulcet creams! No man could have done that. The angel must often have recalled the incidents of that visit. I can fancy him standing on some flowering declivity of the everlasting fields, his mind occupied with the recollections of his terrestrial friendship and the melancholy vicissitudes of the lives of our first parents, exclaiming, as he pored upon an amaranth:—"How dreadful that people should meet with such reverses!"—then, as a look of gentlemanly shame and regret disturbed his features, "But what could I do?"

. . . I am consoled for my difficulty in speaking German by a passage in St. Paul. St. Paul says that some are "discerners of spirits" and some "have the gift of tongues," as if these qualities were contrary and inconsistent or at any rate widely diverse. Let us hope that I am a "discerner of spirits." The late Lord Beaconsfield, who was certainly a discernor of spirits, was a bad linguist. A compatriot of his who met him at the Berlin conference said, "There's one thing British about him,—that is his French." I should think it likely that the steady, silent, oriental gaze of Lord Beaconsfield would not go along with that miscellaneous activity of mind we commonly see in a man who is good at learning languages.

. . . I have seen the opinion expressed lately, that there has been in modern times an advance in the beauty of women. Perhaps there has been, although I should doubt it. Pliny speaks of a young lady of his time in the following manner:—"The youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead. I have never seen a more cheerful and more lovable girl, or one who had better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said an immortal, life! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet there was in her a wisdom far beyond her years, a matronly gravity united with girlish sweetness and virgin bashfulness. With what an endearing fondness did she hang on her father's neck!

How affectionately and modestly she used to greet us, his friends! With what a tender and deferential regard she used to treat her nurses, tutors, teachers, each in their respective offices! What an eager, industrious, intelligent reader she was! . . . O melancholy and untimely loss, too truly! She was engaged to an excellent young man." This was a long time ago. The above-mentioned theory, to the contrary, notwithstanding, one may be sure that there was something pretty about this young lady; I have no doubt she suited young Pomponius Rufus, the young man to whom she was engaged. Her face and form, at any rate, had that evanescence which of itself is pretty. The lines of her countenance, her features even, the expression of her figure, were all new. She had acquired them since the preceding year. Pliny is writing perhaps in A. D. 109. Three years earlier she was still playing with dolls. Now she has a "wisdom beyond her years," "a matronly gravity," and "a virgin bashfulness." I think there is something pretty in the fondness for study of this child of the accomplished Fundanus. She was not like one of those pert daughters of literary families that I have known, who despise books and want only to know rich and smart people and to go to balls and races. I have no doubt she had a bust of Virgil in her bedroom. She probably had a birthday-book of the poets' works and made people write their names opposite their respective quotations.

. . . *Apropos* of the daughter of Fundanus, the R—s are staying here with all their children. The youngest daughter is about fifteen. Her sisters say that she is at the awkward age. She is tall for her age, and her limbs are long. Hers may be the awkward age, but there is a grace about her awkwardness which it would have been hard for more completed beauties to match. She exhibits this in walking or standing, but especially in a sitting position, for her body then falls into indolent attitudes, which are perfect in grace. Her indisposition to break up any position into which she has fallen is not so much the result of indolence as of what I believe to be an instinct, that anything so pretty should not too soon come to an end. Her figure at such times seems to have a pleasurable consciousness of repose. Her silence is perpetual; I greatly enjoy it. This beautiful mushroom has grown to its present size since I left college.

. . . W., who has come for a fortnight to

this frivolous place, is an interesting person. He is able, learned, and virtuous, but a passionate prig. He has been all his life a professor, and has a trait often to be met with in teachers: he cannot help instructing you. It is true that his tone is one of great simplicity and modesty. But it is an enforced simplicity; you perceive in him a feeling that it is a praiseworthy thing in so wise a person to be so catholic and unpretentious. I believe that he is half-conscious of this defect, and encourages and cultivates his simplicity, but he does this to little purpose; it has become a necessity of his nature that his way of thinking shall override yours. That so great a man should be the victim of such a fault seems odd. A person of the highest culture and virtue, W. would, of course, wish his conduct to be governed by reason; but what has his pride of opinion to do with the subject he may be discussing? what has Truth to do with the matter of his being up or down, great or small?

Even when W. listens to you, it is with an air of rating or marking your observations. I have noticed this peculiarity in a number of professors. Instead of hearing the remarks of another, as a normal or healthy person would do, a professor seems to say: "I should rate that observation at 7.60"; or, "That is an excellent opinion; I should put that at 9.15."

But I think that W.'s chief misfortune is that he does not see and take note of other people. He knows Sanscrit and chemistry, political economy and history; but when he meets men and women, his eyes discharge blank cartridges at them. When a human being is to be perceived, he is helpless.

. . . Some Frenchman said of Gibbon, who was short and very fat, that when he

wanted exercise it was his habit to take *trois fois le tour de Monsieur Gibbon*. Literary fame is very wonderful. Is it not remarkable that such a book as "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" should be the production of anything so temporary and ephemeral as a man; that there should arise from the little heap of corruption and gray hairs consigned to the grave such a monument!

Every one must have noticed how the parlor ornaments, the vases, and the candlesticks remain after the departure of fathers and brothers. A book has the same indestructibility. It cannot catch cold. This is true not only of the works of a Gibbon, a Johnson, or a Sterne; but you and I who can write a nice little book are not to be despised; we may be at least as immortal as an andiron.

. . . I have said that I come to Zweibak to see my compatriots. How fortunate I should be if I could live in the United States, which is a country full of Americans!

I have been too long away from that country. I am devoted to it. Indeed, I may say that I care for little else. I am fond of its people. I am proud of its history, its humor, its size, and its climates. Thy drastic sun, thy silent wildernesses, whose briers wound my fancy as I remember them, thy railroad depots in the lonely clearings on the edge of the forest, where the shunted cars bake in the sunlight, are always present with me. I am always thinking of these things. Would it not be well to return and give one's self to some such practical work as mind and body crave, and to spend one's hours of relaxation in friendly society with that pure and savage spirit which pervades our scenery.

E. S. Nadal.

## THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

DEAR angel Sleep,

Where lies thy world which yet hath not been seen  
By waking eyes, though they be charged with light  
Filched from the undying sun, and pierce the night  
With eagle gaze? The veil doth intervene  
Which hides thy mystic land. Thy noiseless wings  
Afar up-bear thee on thy distant flight

While watch we keep.

Still doth thy hand withhold, thy lips forbid,  
The strange half-parting into bliss which brings  
Some touch of solace craved by every breast,  
Till softly to the cheek the fringed lid  
By weariness or sorrow hath been pressed  
And all — save life within the heart — at rest.



## THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

Then from the airy corridors which wed  
 The shadowed halls where Death and Silence dwell,  
 With velvet foot-falls on the lonely floors,  
 Through closely bolted and unfriendly doors,  
 Thou — friend of friendless souls — with hastening tread  
 Dost come to kneel — by cot and costly bed ;  
 With juice of herbs from many a dream-land dell  
 Caught up and pressed betwixt thy soothing palms  
 To cool the eyes that weeping hath made red,  
 And plants, plucked from the fragrant earth, which shed  
 Their priceless drops for thee, and poppy balms  
 That breathe elysian airs, whose touch restores  
 Lost happier visions of sweet days, long dead,  
 To hungering hearts that feed on sorrow's bread.

Across the deep  
 Unguessed abysses of ethereal space  
 Bridged by wide arches of the glimmering stars,  
 Through darkling distances — on wind-reaped moors —  
 Beside dim rivers on whose soundless shores  
 The countless journeying years have left no trace  
 To tell Time had been there, thy friendly hand  
 Leads forth our spirits to that shrouded land  
 Beyond the vague impenetrable bars  
 Which hedge this conscious life — a world that beams  
 With other light than this — in which the soul  
 'Scapes for a little from the harsh control  
 Of tyrant circumstance, and oft it seems  
 We almost have cast off our chains and stand  
 Freed from the reach of care and earthly dole,  
 So far we wander in thy land of dreams.

But while life bides, the binding tie must hold.  
 We must return to earth. Tears that were shed  
 Before thine arms closed lovingly around us  
 Scarce have grown cold,  
 When to the scene in which thy coming found us  
 We wake ; once more recalled, once more, as when  
 We laid life down we take it up again  
 And trudge beneath our burthens as of old,  
 Thou and thy fair fantastic world being fled.

Yet, evermore in happiness or sorrow,  
 In health or sickness, trusting thy strong wing  
 To bear us to the threshold of the morrow ;  
 From Night's still unaccomplished hours we borrow  
 The comfort of new hopes which dawn may bring.

Thus safe across the dreary gulfs that sunder  
 The realm of Day we pass, by thy kind care ;  
 And if some cloud, lit by the lightning's glare,  
 Or rent in pieces by the crashing thunder,  
 Wakes the deep-slumbering Earth to trembling wonder  
 And frights thee hence, how anxiously we stare  
 Out through the gloom, aghast, not knowing where  
 Thy startled flight hath left us ; for a space,  
 Held by the lingering spell we have been under,  
 We see a world in which we have no place ;  
 As though both Life and Death by some strange blunder  
 Had fallen away and left us lonely there.

The soul thus dallying on Life's farthest edge  
 Not having stepped across Death's wavering line,  
 Leaving its house with Life as if in pledge  
 Of sure return, slips down the shimmering ledge  
 Whose yielding sands with unknown jewels shine,  
 And out upon the sea — which like a wedge  
 Divides two worlds and far out-flowing laves  
 Oblivion's shadowed coast with soundless waves.

There with thee drifting, in thy shallow boat  
 Beneath thy up-stretched wings, which fan the air  
 With fragrant downy plumes, once more we float  
 Forgetful of this life that is so fair,  
 But where each blooming path by Death is haunted,  
 And where the burning hopes so often vaunted  
 Soon smolder in the ashes of despair,  
 And if they live again, some other-where,  
 No heart, however fearless and undaunted,  
 Can surely know ; — No mortal hand may dare  
 Point out the road by which we shall come there.

But when upon thy tranquil breast reclining  
 No more we care if life hath used us ill  
 Or if for rain the summer fields be pining  
 Or if fierce winter scourge the naked hill ;  
 Nor if dark clouds have quenched the moon's fair shining  
 Nor if the heart which loved us, loves us still.

And when at last Life will no longer stay,  
 But turns aside all heedless of our calling,  
 And we can go no farther on the way,  
 Because the great abyss, deep and appalling,  
 Gapes widely in the darkness for its prey —  
 Then, whether night be come, or — slowly falling —  
 The twilight shadows of the evening gray,  
 Or some last dawn our swimming sight forestalling,  
 Or if the time be some fair summer day —  
 It hinders not thy coming nor thy care :  
 Kind first, last friend, thou wilt not leave us there.  
 Nay, lovelier seeming then, dear angel Sleep,  
 From thine abode, — where Death and Silence keep  
 Watch on thy going, — down the cloud-built stair,  
 On thy last journey thou dost softly creep :  
 Thy cup of balm clasped in thy hand, to steep  
 Our anxious spirits — as of old — in rest,  
 Once more, upon the pillows of thy breast.  
 But from his gloomy hall the black-robed king  
 Steps hastily and halts thee in thy flight.  
 And while his presence overawes thy sight :  
 The poisoned jewel drops within thy cup.  
 And when we drink, our fainting spirits yearn  
 For thy soft bosom where we fain would cling  
 To rest forever from our wandering :  
 Once more thy strong arms lift us gently up,  
 Once more the world fades out, and soon the light  
 Of worlds unknown and fabled suns that burn  
 Far off beyond the farthest star of night,  
 Breaks on the plumes of thy space-cleaving wing.  
 So we go hence and never more return.

*Robert Burns Wilson.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Soldier and Citizen.

GENERAL J. D. COX, in writing of the policy of the War Department in 1861 of retaining the old organizations of the regular army instead of assigning its officers to command volunteer regiments, has recently said:

"Less than a year afterward we changed our policy, but it was then too late to induce many of the regular officers to take regimental positions in the volunteer troops. I hesitate to declare that this was not, after all, for the best; for, although the organization of our army would have been more rapidly perfected, there are other considerations which have much weight. The army would not have been the popular thing it was, its close identification with the people's movement would have been weakened, and it perhaps would not so readily have melted again into the mass of the nation at the close of the war."

Herein is recorded one of the chief glories of the Union veteran. Like Grant, he was without any liking for war. His enlistment was for a definite purpose and as a solemn duty, its term being in most cases for "three years or during [not after] the war." He never had any doubts as to what he was fighting for, and when that object was accomplished, so far as it could be accomplished by his musket, he came home rejoicing as from exile and without resentment, and looking upon himself *not as a soldier whose duty it was to vote, but as a citizen whose duty it had been to fight.* His theory was that he came back to be part of a restored civil government, and not of a perpetual standing army. Valuing peace thus highly, it is natural that he should have become the chief of peacemakers. The distribution of the military element into the employments of ordinary life was a hardly less wonderful phenomenon than its composition from the farms, offices, and workshops of 1861. In a few months these men became again an integral part of our civil life, abreast of their fellows in the pursuits of peace. This recuperation from the ravages of war and absorption into the life of the citizen, was naturally even more noticeable in the South, which has since given not inferior evidences of forbearance and good citizenship.

Since the war the country has owed much to the Union veterans for services in many capacities—as Presidents, Governors, Senators, Representatives, and in other stations to which a grateful people has elevated them. It was natural that they should receive honor and distinction; moreover, so long as there could possibly be any doubt of the faithful acquiescence of the South in the results of the war, it was natural that, in a political point of view, they should receive special consideration and exercise special influence as a class. Individually, such will doubtless be the case for years to come, but there are distinct evidences that as a factor in the politics of the future the "soldier vote," in the mass, is likely to play a less important part. Such an event will be fortunate for their fame and for the country. The traditions of the veteran will always be held in honor, and the story of his deeds in the greatest war of modern times—one of the few moral and necessary conflicts of arms—will never cease to be a cherished part of our

literature. But it is as true as the equation of action and reaction, that the soldier vote must disappear with the conviction on the part of the veterans that their cause, the cause of national unity,—which all now clearly see to have been the cause of human progress,—is no longer in danger. Many came to this conclusion years ago; the man who does not admit it now must be deficient either in intelligence or in candor. For what sentiment of alarm can exist in the presence of the reiterated expressions of loyalty and patriotism which have been heard from all parts of the busy South within the past three years,—a sentiment which even the burning discussion of the disposal of the battle-flags has not served to diminish in the least! With some opportunity of knowing the feelings of Southern soldiers on this subject, we believe that they are expressed in the fullest measure by the speech of Colonel Aylett of Pickett's division at the memorable meeting of Union and Confederate veterans on the battle-field of Gettysburg last July. "The flags which have been won," said he, "are yours, and what is yours is ours; we have made them lustrous with American heroism. Keep them, return them, destroy them, as you will." The cordial feeling on the Union side was not less noticeable. To take a true measure of the importance of such reunions (and this is but one of scores) the reader has but to fancy how impossible their counterpart would be twenty-five years after the battle of Sedan between survivors of that memorable field. No, it would be unwise to send back the flags in a body so long as their voluntary return by the separate commands who took them thus widens the area of intersectional good feeling.

In the face of these multiplied evidences of a Union restored in sentiment as well as in fact,—and it was surely for the larger and truer Union that the Northern soldier fought,—we hold that the man who attempts to revive or trade upon the dead issues of the war should be regarded as a public enemy, to be held in deeper contempt than an ordinary disturber of the peace as his offense is more far-reaching and his motives more deliberate. There can now be no motive for sectional feeling that is not personal, partisan, or mercenary, and we believe that recent events indicate that the public is in no mood to tolerate its revival, whether exhibited in the cant of ambitious party leaders, in the public bad manners of political boycotters, or in the adroit and interested flattery of pension agents. Not the least of the reasons why the veteran should disavow this misuse of his honorable history is that the ultimate object of all such class movements is to distract public attention from the evasion by political parties of their real business and their only reason for existence,—namely, to take a definite stand on questions of the day, to the end that the public will may have through them an unmistakable expression in the guidance of the government. Any other conception of party is a farce and a delusion, under which the purposes of the party managers and not those of the voters become successful. This tergiversation of parties can measurably be reduced by the completer fusion of the soldier element, as well as of every other class,

\* Article on "War Preparations in the North," in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War."

with the great body of citizens. The endeavor to play the veteran as a pawn in the political game is one which may well excite his indignation, since it degrades that which should be his highest honor.

It would result in an enormous service to the country if the men who fought for the preservation of the Union would ask themselves whether their work is complete,—whether, unapproachable as is our system in theory,\* it is, as administered, the model which they would be satisfied to hand down to posterity. Let veterans who are properly sensitive in regard to the *emblems* be sure that also they do not fail to cherish the *substance*, of their victory. Many evils menace us—far too many for us to waste our energies in combating fancied ones. What has been preserved by the war, fundamental as it is, is merely the possibility of a continuously great and happy nation. Constitutions and laws “can only give us freedom”; it is the use we make of this freedom that will determine the value of our national life and its place in history. The Union, therefore, will have to be saved over and over again, first from one danger and then from another. Just now it needs very much the help of the best thought and energy to save it from “the mad rush for office” which has wrung despairing cries from our later Presidents. At this most critical stage of the Merit System,—the stage of partial success,—and when special efforts are making to array the veteran element against it, one may bespeak for it the thoughtful consideration of those who gave their best years that “government of the people, for the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth.” We regard the complete reform of the civil service as the cause of the people, and as the reform before all others, since it is the reform of the machinery by which other reforms are to come. So long as the personnel of the executive and legislative service is in the control of party workers, the expression of the people’s will is in the control of partisan conspiracies, backed, as they always are, by the capital of vested interests. Have our people not already suffered enough on this score? Let veterans consider whether they will lend their influence to the impairment (even, apparently, in their own favor) of a system which substitutes for the will of the party henchman an equitable test of fitness for that part of the civil service which properly has no more relation to party policy than has the regular army.

#### Personal Records of the War.

ANY one who has attempted to settle a disputed point of war history or to construct a map of an engagement knows how desirable it is to have the fullest consensus of evidence in order to establish the smallest circumstance. The official records are invaluable and in themselves compose a large part of the history of the war. But they are far from justifying the blind faith with which they are appealed to in some quarters. Who, from the unassisted reports, would be able to reconstruct the character, the *eidolon*, of Grant, or McClellan, or Hooker, or Lee, or Jackson, or Hood?—and yet, in war, the personal equation is everything. Moreover, the official records are often inconsistent with themselves, because they are not free from human imperfections and the bias and exaggerations of the moment; and they will therefore acquire a larger

\* Lord Salisbury is said to have called it recently the most conservative government in the world.

value as time goes on from comparison with the often more candid and circumstantial diaries and letters of the time and even with general recollections. In the preservation of extra-official history much has been done by the veteran organizations and historical societies—on the side of the South (where many data remain to be supplied) by the Missouri and Virginia Southern Historical Societies, among others; in the North notably by the Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Historical Society of Rhode Island and by the Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other Commanderies of the Loyal Legion. It would be well if these bodies could add the important function of editing to those of collecting and publishing historical data. This could often best be done locally, by comparing the concurrent testimony of the survivors of each regiment in the neighborhood in which it was recruited. In this way it may yet be possible, by the aid of letters from the field, to sift out errors and to establish a body of historical evidence concerning the regiment which will have authority in the verdict of the future. The regimental record is, after all, the unit of army history. Happily regimental and State pride have produced a considerable body of this writing. But no veteran should consider himself released from the service until he has made the most accurate record possible of what he saw and knew. The large number of such manuscript narratives which we have received in the past three years, and which lack of space and the topical plan of our series have made unavailable, have included many of importance as cumulative or direct evidence. This material, carefully edited, and prefaced by a schedule of the subject-matter, may well be deposited with the archives of some historical society where in years to come it will be accessible to those students who will take the trouble to examine and weigh it. We have already presented to our readers many important narratives of the military events of the great struggle, written by privates and officers on both sides. We are now about to take a broader look at the War for the Union from another point of view,—through the kindly eyes of him who wisely directed its policy, and whose principles triumphed to a fuller nationality. From the story of the man in the ranks to that of Abraham Lincoln let no true record of the contest perish and no lesson of it be lost to the new, united nation.

#### The Last Hope of the Mormon.

THERE comes a time, in pitched battle, when one of the two opposing lines begins to show those signs which, to a military eye, indicate failing energy and a readiness to give up the struggle. The charges which have hitherto been rapid, successive, and resolute are succeeded by an inexplicable pause and a wavering of the whole line; or the crowning charge, on which the eyes and hopes of the whole line have been fixed, becomes slower and slower in its advance until it halts irresolute; or the last reserves are hurried into action, without increasing the energy of the defense. It is at such an instant that Waterloos and Gettysburgs are lost and won; and the indications are that such an instant has come at last to the Mormon hierarchy.

No warfare has been more intolerable to the American people than that which its Government has been compelled to wage for years past on the so-called re-

ligious system known as Mormonism. For the warfare has never been directed against any tenet which could in fairness be called religious. The Mormon has as much constitutional right as any other American citizen to found his faith on Mormon, Moroni, Lehi, and the rest of the tribe, to look with reverence to the hill of Cumora, and to govern his practice by the revelations of any leader who pleases him. The American Government has never attempted or desired to interfere with this right. But, when the practice inculcated by the revelations is criminal by the laws of the land, equal-handed justice to the non-Mormon citizen demands that the Mormon be compelled to obey the laws, as others are compelled to obey them, or to find another land which will allow him superior privileges. Such a government is responsible to God, to history, to international public opinion, and to the opinion of those who make the laws, but not to the Mormon, any more than to any other law-breaker. The influences which admittedly control the Government's action may produce a modification or repeal of the law; but, so long as the law exists, the Mormon must obey the law of the land in which he condescends to live.

It has thus been necessary, not for religious but for political reasons, that the Government should wage active warfare upon action which Mormons have claimed to be an article of faith and practice. And as the mass of the Mormons reside in a Territory, which is under supreme control of the Congress of the United States, the penal laws have been stringent and severe. It has been possible, and in the judgment of Congress necessary, to disfranchise the whole body of Mormons, as well as to punish any detected case of bigamy or polygamy. Such a course, involving the refusal of self-government to so large a community, and the retention of Utah as a Territory instead of a State, for an indefinite time to come, is abhorrent to every political instinct of the American people; and many of them have been inclined to doubt the wisdom of the whole policy. To such, it must be reassuring to note the symptoms of yielding which mark the attempt to put Utah before the coming Congress as an applicant for admission as a State.

On the first day of July last, a constitutional convention met at Salt Lake City. The official representatives of the two national political parties in the Territory unite in declaring that the convention represented only the Mormon Church, and their assertion has never been denied. The presiding officer of the convention admitted, with general agreement, that "previous obstacles to the admission of Utah must be faced frankly"; and this is the "frank" manner in which the Mormon Church proposes to face them. Provision for the punishment of bigamy and polygamy, even without State legislation, is made a part of the State constitution, and the repeal of this provision is forever forbidden, without the present assent of Congress. This, in brief, is the Mormon solution of all the difficulties which lie in the way of the admission of Utah as a State.

The solution is not altogether novel, nor was the success of it in its most prominent application such as to give very hopeful anticipations for the present proposition. After it had been decided, by the Compromise of 1820, that Missouri should be admitted as a State, an examination of her proposed constitution showed

that she refused to free negroes the rights given to them in other States. All the excitement which the Compromise had allayed was renewed; and it was with the greatest difficulty that another Compromise was adopted, admitting Missouri, on the fundamental condition that the inchoate State should pass just such a "public and irrevocable Act" as Utah proposes, agreeing never to construe or to execute these provisions of the State constitution so as to bar free negroes from the right of entrance to the State. In June, 1821, the legislature assembled and passed the Act required, with a preamble long afterward stated by Senator Douglas as follows:

"Whereas, Congress has prescribed these terms as the only condition on which the State of Missouri can be admitted to the Union on an equal footing with the original States; and Whereas, the said terms are in palpable violation of the Constitution of the United States, and grossly insulting to the people of this State, and such as Congress had no right to pass and as the people of this State ought not to accede to; and Whereas, the people of Missouri do not intend to respect or be bound by the said conditions, or to acknowledge the right of Congress to impose them; but inasmuch as we cannot obtain our constitutional rights in any other mode than by giving our assent to the same, with the protest that we shall not respect them: Therefore, be it known that we, the people of Missouri, do declare by this fundamental and irrevocable Act," etc., etc.

The State was declared admitted, by President Monroe's proclamation of August 10th, 1821, but, remarks Douglas, the President took good care not to publish the terms of the "public and irrevocable Act" of Missouri.

If the establishment of bigamy or polygamy, as a legal relation, depended upon the positive action of a State legislature, one might see some force in the proposed "public and irrevocable Act" of Utah; but, even then, the preamble of the Missouri Act should be added to it in order to reach its full significance. But, in the Utah case, no positive action is needed; the State authorities need only take a negative position, and do nothing, in order to give the Mormon Church all that it wants; and no State constitution can bind State authorities to do anything which the mass of their constituency support them in refusing to do. It is evident, then, that the plan of a fundamental condition, worthless as it has proved in practice, would be a mere farce in the case of Utah.

But what more can Utah do? This proposition is not only the last hope of the Mormon; it is our last hope of getting anything from him, for he can do no more at present. It is true that he may repent and do works meet for repentance; but are we to keep this miniature Ireland on our hands until we are satisfied of his repentance? How many years can we afford to wait? And after all, when we become satisfied as to his repentance and admit Utah as a State, what are we to do if we find that his repentance was feigned, and he is still really unregenerate? He will then in his legislature have complete control of the subjects of marriage and divorce, and of all offenses connected therewith.

The fact is that every new development only adds force to the belief that the only solution of the question is in making bigamy and polygamy Federal, not State, offenses. When this subject of marriage is transferred to Congress, then, and not until then, will it be *safe* to admit Utah as a State. Until then, the Federal Gov-



ernment cannot solve the problem, and must keep Utah under tutelage as a Territory; until then, the Mormon himself can give us no assurances which a man of ordinary prudence would be justified in accepting. From the latter point of view, this proposition of the Mormon Convention, encouraging as it is in its indications of weakness, is even more important in its warnings of the future. The crisis of our battle has come, and it finds both parties stalemated; the successful line cannot win the battle, and it is just as impossible for the conquered to lose it. We have now come to the end of discussion, under present conditions.\*

#### The Jury System.

SCARCELY any other wheel of our political system is in such constant motion as the jury system. From the little country court-room, where a petty jury sits to decide a matter of debt or ownership of property, to the crowded city building, where a jury sits to decide on the facts in the prosecution of a great criminal for murder or fraud, or on the existence of a great corporation, juries, in all degrees of importance, are at work on every calendar day of the year. Remove this one wheel suddenly from our system, and every other wheel would run whirring to a stand-still. Even though an entire removal of it be impossible, any influence or set of influences, which tend to sap the power of the jury system, is evidently at work on all the rest of the system, and may bring with it results which are quite impossible to measure.

The English jury has gone through many and fundamental changes from its original form until the present day. Originating in the Teutonic notion that all disputes between man and man were to be decided by the popular meeting, before which each disputant brought his "suit," his following of friends and supporters, the deciding body, was gradually reduced to a definite number, selected from the citizens who made up the popular body. But this "jury" was carefully taken from the "vicinage," from the immediate neighborhood of the seat of the dispute, and was composed of men who were presumed to have complete knowledge of the circumstances, and to decide the dispute from antecedent knowledge. When this condition had become an evident failure, outside persons, the modern "witnesses," were added, with the power of imparting their knowledge to the jury, but not of taking any part in the ultimate decision. As this new feature became more firmly established the antecedent knowledge of the jury became antagonistic to the general system, and the law was slowly settled that the juror who had antecedent knowledge could only use it as a witness. This was diametrically opposite to the original notion, though the forms and purpose of the jury were generally preserved. But, from that time, whatever the law may say, the fact of antecedent knowledge has been an objection to a juror: he who knows anything of the facts of a case in advance may be a good juror, but the prejudice is against him. Counsel for one side or the other, or for both sides, regard his appearance as an intrusion if not a gross injustice; and the court is sometimes driven to bring in its whole force in order to secure as a juror a man who has knowledge and an

intelligent opinion, but can nevertheless give a verdict on the weight of evidence.

How is this feeling to be reconciled with the existence and characteristics of the modern newspaper? The reconciliation might be possible if a criminal could be caught, the legal machinery set in motion, and a jury empaneled, within twenty minutes after a crime had been committed. But, in the natural course of events, the newspaper is weeks, months, even years ahead of the law. It spreads before all the world the facts, colored and uncolored, which are to be in dispute in the coming trial. The citizen who desires to be exempted from the troublesome jury service has only to read the newspapers with assiduity, to form an opinion and to express it in good set terms when summoned as a juror, and his object accomplishes itself. Thus the system, instead of a school of instruction, has become a corrupter of citizenship. It might be made a means of teaching the citizen a lesson which would be of the highest service to the State in all his relations to it and to his fellow-citizens,—the lesson that an intelligent and reasonable man may and should hear statements of fact, and still be able to hold his final judgment so far in abeyance as to take into the balance any new evidence which may be offered. This is to be not only a good juror, but a good citizen, a good politician, and a good member of society in all its relations. The man who, when examined as a juror, states with regret that he has read the newspaper accounts of the case, and has formed an opinion which is too strong to be overcome by evidence, ought to receive a public rebuke from the court, and be sent from the court-room to read, in his newspapers of the following day, the record of this rebuke. If exemption on this ground must come, let it come in this shape, and it will be the less longed for.

But the more serious danger is in the administration of our cities. It has come to pass that more than a fourth of the American people dwell in cities; and the percentage is increasing. Inefficient, slovenly, or fraudulent methods in the preparation of the lists of citizens from which jurors are to be chosen come in with bad city administration, and they constitute an influence which, acting directly on the jury system, acts indirectly on the whole political and social system of the United States. Even a tolerably good administration in other respects could never keep pace with the increasing dangers which city life tends to array against the jury system. The conditions are no longer the same as those under which the jury was born and bred; the locality is no longer one in which everybody knows his neighbor, and can tell whether the person summoned as a juror is lying or speaking the truth; the nearest neighbors in a city may know nothing of one another, and the statement of opinion on the examination of possible jurors has been very much released from the control of public or social opinion. Under these circumstances, that part of city administration which deals with the enrollment of citizens liable to jury duty can no longer be simply tolerable: it must be the best, the most intelligent, and the cleanest feature of the city government. How far this department of American city governments answers these requisites may be learned from any city lawyer in active practice.

Lawyers, however, do not like to say anything on the subject. The lawyer who has lost a case by reason

\* See Topics of the Time, THE CENTURY for September and October, 1886.

of a jury's incompetence or faithlessness, would not wish to bear the additional odium of seeming to throw the responsibility upon the jury: it is better to say nothing. It is not safe, moreover, for one man in active practice to get the ill-will of a debased system, and he will prefer to take his chances another time. The judges alone are in a position to do the state this service. When they speak, the public listens; the newspapers direct public opinion to the exact point of the evil; and the whole system feels the influence. It is hardly possible to overestimate the weight with which the sharp words of a competent and respected judge come to the public intelligence and conscience, or the service which he thus does for the whole political system.

If these conclusions are correct, the judiciary is the key to the whole difficulty. The judge can hold the citizen to his duty as a jurymen, can hold the city authority to its duty as an enrolling power, and can direct public opinion in the punishment of any dereliction on either side. The dangers which surround the jury system in this country, then, are another lesson to impress us with the necessity of obtaining good judges. Whether they be appointed or elected, the citizen who feels that their character is no concern of his, that he never expects to go to law and has no interest in the selection of judges, and that he may allow the political prostitution of the judiciary to pass without a protest, may as well understand that he is aiding to corrupt the very springs of our social and political system. For the influence of the judges on the selection of juries is vital to more than this one feature of our governments; the distinct failure of our jury system would indicate a political degeneracy of which no man could see the end.

#### Shall Immigration be Restricted?

HARDLY any other change of feeling and expression in the American people is more significant of the entrance of a new political era than the rising and already very general demand for some restriction of immigration. From the beginning of English colonization in North America until now, the feeling has been diametrically opposite; the material gains from immigration have been paraded in books and speeches; the more sentimental influence of the country's almost unique position, as the natural refuge of the downtrodden and the oppressed of every clime, has come in to reinforce the material arguments; and the occasional outbursts of Know-nothingism have served mainly as a background, to set off and bring more plainly into view the general and fixed popular aversion to any restriction upon the right of immigration.

In this feeling, also, the future historian will probably find an explanation of a large part of the process which led up to our civil war. Immigration affected the North and West almost exclusively. There were Macs and O's, Vons and Des, both North and South, and in both armies; but there was this great difference: in the North and West they were the product of a comparatively recent immigration, while in the South they were the really native product of two centuries of a far slower immigration. Even in 1880, excluding Florida and Texas, the South had a foreign population of only about two per cent., and that, too, after slavery had ceased for fifteen years to oppose its silent but almost impregnable barrier to immigration. Between 1847

and 1861, the North and West had received an influx of foreign-born population amounting to nearly half the aggregate population of the seceding States. Whatever feeling this new Northern and Western population had was for "America": it had neither comprehension of nor sympathy with the intense loyalty to a State begotten by decades of common trials and the traditional reverence for the State's supreme power; and the influence of this new element could not but affect popular opinion and the action of public men at almost every critical point in the history of those pregnant years. The Carolinian of 1780 and 1860 were very much the same; the New Yorker of 1860 and 1780 were very different beings. The North and West were constantly changing and developing, while the South was standing still; and the result could hardly have been anything but a rupture in the end, even though it had not been forced in 1860-61.

But now it is from the North and West that this cry for restriction of immigration is coming; the South is neutral or indifferent, for it has little interest in the matter. Sectarian differences have little to do with this new phase of the demand. The very immigrants of 1847-61 are now the leaders in urging that the bars be put up, at least for a time; and the restrictions on Chinese immigration stand as a precedent and a tempting suggestion. The Protectionist, who has taken the "protection of American labor" as a conclusive argument, begins to think that "a tariff on Castle Garden" is a necessary corollary to the argument. His natural opponents, more intent on securing individual freedom than protection for the workman, see with disgust that the individual workman is subjected to a tyranny of selfish imported stupidity. The sober, work-a-day citizen, compelled to stop his work and listen to the ravings of an imported mob, whose natural platform is Drink, Dirt, and Disorder, begins to wonder whether he has really been given the providential mission of bearing with this scum. And the tax-payer begins to feel some concern when he finds his country regarded as a preordained poorhouse by every local board of magistrates from Ireland to Hungary. Protestants of every sect hurried forward to resist the tide of Native Americanism when sectarian passion was its moving force. But where are we to look for a voice which will be raised against the coming attempts to restrict immigration, impelled by the notorious happenings of the past two or three years? The system of unrestricted immigration, which was so lately the standing refuge of every Fourth of July orator of the North and West, waits only for the first shock of attack, and there will be few to do it reverence as it falls.

The restriction, when it comes, can hardly take any other shape than the requirement of a consular certificate as a prerequisite for passage to the United States, leaving the consuls to the guidance of instructions from the State Department in the performance of their duties. To the returning tourist or business man, to him whose record of previous American citizenship is clear, or to the *bona fide* farmer or workingman, whose immigration is as clear a gain to the republic as ever, the consular certificate would be almost a matter of form. To him who cannot read the consular certificate, or sign his name to the affidavit on which it is granted; to him who is merely leaving his own country for his country's good; to him who comes

not as an intending American citizen, but as a reinforcement to a hierarchy which the United States Government has proclaimed to be its enemy; to him who is the known and irreconcilable enemy of society itself,—to all such, the law may easily be so framed as to make the necessity of a consular certificate, under the instructions given to consuls, a very serious impediment to immigration. It would be impossible, no doubt, for such a filter to catch all the objectionable elements which might assail it; but the result would be at least somewhat clearer water than we have been receiving from the old continent for years past.

The desire for such a purification of immigration is no mere product of a sentimental admiration of cleanliness. Our "dangerous classes" have been increased, of late years, by the addition of a still more dangerous class, one which is amenable to none of the influences by which society has hitherto dealt with the others. Its numbers are no larger than those of our bears or panthers or other wild beasts. But it has human intelligence, superimposed upon the instincts of the wild beast; its members have the power and will to work destruction to which the mere brute is incompetent; and yet their human lineaments prevent society from dealing with them in their proper capacity until after they have wrought their evil work. They are in, though not of, the country; and their presence has only added to the responsibility of those men to whom the preservation of the public peace is intrusted. But why should their base of operations be left unattacked?

Why should they be left to draw reinforcements from abroad *ad libitum*? Such a restriction on immigration as has been suggested would cut off at least a percentage of their reinforcements; and every chief of police in the United States would feel that, difficult as his task in dealing with this class might still be, it would no longer be an absolutely hopeless one; daylight might be indefinitely in advance, but it would be daylight at least.

The hardships of the proposition lie mainly in the visions, which the imagination unconsciously conjures up, of United States marshals lining the shores of the great republic, ready to treat as criminal the desire of any immigrant to enter her jurisdiction. But the reality would be far from correspondent with any such spectacle. There would be a few cases of stowaways, whom the steamships or sailing-vessels which brought them would be compelled to carry back at their own expense; and then the mere fact of the known restriction would obtain all the good that can ever be hoped from it. Nor is there any constitutional objection to the power of Congress to enact such a restriction. The section of the Constitution, forbidding Congress to interfere with the "migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit" until the year 1808, carries with it a complete power to interfere in later years. The importation of negro slaves, of Chinese, and of contract labor has already been forbidden; are there not other classes of immigration which yearn for restriction?

## OPEN LETTERS.

## Christian Union and Baptism.

IN the July number of *THE CENTURY*, an "Open Letter" writer says: "Christian Union, both essential and organic, is greatly retarded because many Christians refuse to accept the plain teaching of God's word, and the conclusions of the highest scholarship regarding the subjects and act of baptism. Baptists hold that Christ alone can make laws for his church; and that the Bible is the only rule of faith and practice. They believe that this word teaches with unmistakable clearness that believers are the only subjects of baptism; and that baptism is the immersion of believers," etc.

Now, all the world knows that, in these matters, other Christians hold, and Presbyterians, among others, plainly declare, just what this Baptist represents as the great faith of his denomination,—namely, "That Christ alone can make laws for his church; and that the Bible is the only rule of faith and practice." Therefore, if they differ from Baptists, *why*? This writer says: They "refuse to accept the plain teaching of God's word," etc. To "refuse to accept the plain teaching of God's word," they must know that teaching. And if, as this writer charges, they believe that God's word does not teach what they practice, as to the mode and subjects of baptism, then they are all hypocrites, acting in opposition to "conviction and conscience." To brand them all the more deeply and darkly, as living in the impeni-

tent practice of known sin, he says of God's word: "More explicit are its utterances on these subjects than regarding the divinity of Christ, or any article in the orthodox creeds." That is, as he means: "*Believer's baptism*" and *immersion* — to the exclusion of all other modes and subjects — are more explicitly taught in God's word, than is the divinity of Christ, or any other doctrine! Is this true or not? All other Evangelical denominations accept the divinity of Christ as a teaching of God's word, and hold that it is heresy not to accept it. So clear is the teaching of the Bible on this subject. Now, as this writer says, the baptism of believers only, and immersion as the mode, are more explicitly taught in God's word, than this essential doctrine of the common acceptance and faith, we do utterly and emphatically deny the statement. We affirm that there is not one verse in the Bible proving immersion as the only mode of baptism or the only baptism, and not one verse in the Bible proving that only believers are to be baptized, and not one verse in the Bible proving beyond doubt or controversy — that is, in express words — that any one was ever immersed in being baptized.

But this writer claims that "all men, always and in all places, accept immersion as baptism; not to accept it, is not to accept baptism."

And we ask: Why is it *recognized* as baptism? (We do not say it is *accepted*,—for that would not be true.) Simply because, thereby we wish to recognize Baptists as an Evangelical denomination, and be-

cause we wish to *respect every brother's conscience in all things doubtful, or not essential.* This, God's word commands.

Good and wise men differ as to the Bible-teachings touching the mode and subjects of baptism. Since these differences are not about "things essential," ought we not to show Christian charity? If it be said that we are disobedient to a plain command of Christ's own giving, we must deny it. We believe that baptism is commanded; and we believe we obey the command in our mode and subjects. We believe this more firmly than we believe that the "Baptists" are right! And, certainly, in the Presbyterian Church (South, at least, if not North also) we do not accept nor practice immersion. Some cases of immersion there were, formerly; but, because of our great doubt as to the Scripturalness of this mode, it is now disapproved among us, in practice. Notwithstanding all that this Baptist writer says, we do not "agree on immersion as baptism" for ourselves; and we cannot be immersed "without doing violence either to conviction or conscience."

As to the "highest scholarship," etc., we have good reason to know and say that when writers and others are *fairly and fully represented or quoted*, their "Concessions" to Baptists are worthless, and in many cases merely imaginary. But were it otherwise, we cannot depart from our law, "that Christ alone can make laws for his church; and that the Bible is the only rule of faith and practice." The baptism given in the example of Christ is found in Acts ii. *It is the only case in the Bible where mode cannot be argued at all. It came from above, was "poured" (v. 18) upon the heads of those receiving it.* Not one case of immersion is mentioned in all the Book! This is not the place to argue the meaning of the original word, as used before Christ adopted it. Suffice it to say that neither classic Greek, nor any other, justifies immersion as the one mode; and *the Bible does not justify it at all, in our view!*

We must not conclude without remarking upon the very strange assertion that "the so-called 'Teaching of the Apostles' does not call anything baptism but immersion"; that "it gives directions for baptism, and then, when the conditions for baptism are wanting, . . . it gives permission for something else, not called baptism." In the directions about baptism in that document, *immersion is not once mentioned, nor even hinted at!* Two kinds of water are mentioned; "Living," that is, fresh, or running water, is preferred. "But if thou hast not both (kinds), pour water (the kind thou hast) upon the head," etc. *And this is called baptism, afterwards!* "πρὸς τὸν βαπτισμὸν." No one can read that document, then say truly, "Baptists alone live up to it."

His further claim that "all are agreed on immersion as baptism . . . All can be baptized (immersed) without doing violence either to conviction or conscience," we object to, most emphatically. We have explained why we *recognize* immersion. But for ourselves we cannot conscientiously accept it, nor administer it to others.

Herbert H. Hawer,

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#### Christian Union and Pending Public Questions.

THE discussion which has been maintained of late, in THE CENTURY and elsewhere, on the subject of Christian Union, has thus far established at least these three propositions:

*First.* That there is a strong and a growing desire for such union—a desire discovering itself among some of the leading ministers of several distinct denominations.

*Second.* That the Christian union so desired is not only nearer and more harmonious relations between different and still separate churches, but, certainly by some, *an effective organic unity*; not the general absorption of all others by any one, but reunion based on reconciliation of differences or on the discovery of mutually satisfactory terms upon which those distinctive differences can be coördinated.

But, *Third*, that in none of the churches is there felt, as yet, any great motive power pressing them on with sufficient force to overcome either the general inertia or the many and serious practical difficulties and obstacles which arrest actual progress in that direction.

In other words, while many Christian thinkers greatly *desire*, the churches clearly do not, as yet, feel the *necessity* of Christian unity.

Meanwhile, however, it is evident that a question is beginning to present itself, as perhaps worthy of serious consideration, which is nearly allied to this, and which must practically involve this very issue of Christian unity.

From no principle of English social and political life did the revolution separate our fathers more effectively and more thoroughly than from that which recognized an established religion of the State. That the new nation should have, as such, no religion, was assumed to be one of the corner-stone principles on which rested the guaranty of our liberties. So far has this assumption been carried, so widely and continuously has it entered, ever since, into all our writing, speaking, and thinking upon matters of public interest, that it has come to be accepted as a virtual axiom of American social and political philosophy, that religion is concerned only with a personal and private life of the individual; and that it has no natural, much less necessary, relation with social problems and political issues.

This experiment of relegating Christianity to the individual and to private life,—the attempt to conduct business, to develop social interests, to work out an American economic science, and, above all, to administer the affairs of the nation without reference to Christian laws or to Christian principles,—on the ground, that is, that these laws and principles do not apply to the affairs of this life, has, in consequence been tried thoroughly; and there are not a few who are now beginning to look around them, to consider the utter disorganization of our accepted economic system; to analyze and search for the causes of the labor troubles and of the inchoate anarchy of the last few years, of the confessed moral failure of our boasted public-school system, and of the corruption of our politics,—and to ask how far these are the outcome of that experiment.

Without attempting to anticipate the results of such inquiries, it may, at least, be said that they open up before us some of the most serious questions ever pro-



posed to American thinkers and students. They remind us of the plain, direct language of Isaiah: "The nation and kingdom which will not serve thee shall perish," and they constrain us to consider whether those words be not deserving of a larger and a more modern application than we have been wont to give them.

But this inquiry also brings us face to face with another grave question. If we should be led, eventually, to admit that Christianity is a necessary factor in the settlement of our labor troubles, in the solution of the most perplexing problems which now present themselves in sociology and even in public politics, how is it possible to bring this factor into effective action, so long as Christianity presents itself to the public embodied only in a number of wholly distinct and at least supposedly antagonistic sects and churches? Even were the community to be persuaded of the necessity of taking counsel, in its extremity, of the church of Christ,—who shall or who can decide for the community, from which one of all these several Christian bodies, each claiming to be at least the nearest approximation to the ideal of that church and most faithfully to teach Christian doctrine?—society is to ask and receive instruction in the oracles of God. Even were the business community ready to accept a new Christian social economy or the nation to conform its public policy to Christian principles, is not Christian reunion a condition precedent of the power of the Church to give such guidance or to teach such principles?

National Christianity, where it still exists, has come down from a period which antedates these divisions among Christians. In a pure monarchy, so long as the ruling family—in an aristocracy; so long as the ruling class, continues to be identified with one organic form of Christianity, so long can that national Christianity be maintained, even after Christian unity, among the people, had been broken up. But, in proportion, as the actual power of government passes into the hands of those who are themselves divided on organic religious issues, in that proportion must such divisions prove fatal to anything like a national Christianity. The exclusion of Christianity from all but purely personal and private interests is, therefore, the inevitable corollary of Christian divisions in a democracy.

Conversely, then, among us, must the restoration of such a lost Christian unity precede all hope of anything like a real social or economic or national recognition of Christianity; and any one who honestly believes that a non-Christian social economy and a non-Christian political philosophy have been failures; every one who is convinced that the great issues which have been raised by the conflicting interests of labor and capital can only be adjusted stably on Christian principles; every one who is now ready to confess that a public-school system, in accordance with which the intellect only is educated, while the conscience is left undisciplined, is worse than a failure; every one who believes that the attempt to ignore the laws of Christ in national politics is fatal to all national prosperity and stability;—all these must, of necessity, therefore, whatever their personal or private religious convictions or character, sooner or later seek the restoration of some effective Christian unity.

That the social disturbances of these times and the present state of party politics have brought many to

consider these questions as never before, is not to be denied. That they will awaken and stimulate discussion, in the drawing-room and at the table, in the religious press, the magazine and the review, on the platform and in the pulpit, is equally beyond a doubt.

In the presence of such considerations and questions the wide distinction, heretofore so generally accepted and so steadily maintained on both sides,—between the domain of public interests and duties and that of private and personal Christianity,—fades away and utterly disappears. The Christian finds himself called upon to consider his relations, as such, to every social question and to every political issue of his times. The economist, the publicist, and the statesman find themselves equally called upon to ask what Christianity has to say upon the question in hand, and what modifications are introduced into the problems of the hour, by that which, at all events potentially, if not in actuality, is the overruling factor—the law of Christ.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

ST. JAMES' RECTORY, BEDFORD, PA.

#### Secret Societies in College.

THE time has arrived again when the classes are gathering in our various institutions of learning over the land, and many young men are just beginning the new and strange life embraced within those eventful four years which mold and in a great measure fix their after career among scholars and professional associates in the real world outside.

I should like to say a few words about one matter concerning the societies which have place, rightly or wrongly, in most colleges. The process of what used to be called "electioneering" commences almost at once when the freshmen come on. The secret and the anti-secret associations alike select their members; and so most of the new students are compelled to take sides on a question which grows more and more intricate as they advance in years, and are able to mark the workings of an experience thoroughly unique and prodigiously influential, upon themselves and upon others. The least that can be said at the beginning, and the least that can be urged to the end, is that men should be conscientious at the beginning and consistent to the end of their course.

Let me tell an old true story: When I was in college, it was an admitted custom for the secret-society students to attend at pleasure the regular meetings of the anti-secret association, then called there the Social Fraternity. On one occasion the news went around that the delegates of a number of affiliated institutions had assembled in some central city during the vacation, and formed a *quasi* national consociation, embracing all the local ones, which hereafter were to be understood to have become auxiliaries. Curiosity was at its height, and the assembly convened to accept the report was visited by a large number of outsiders also, and the small chapel was nearly full. Even the "neutrals" doffed their dignity in order to witness the novelty.

The committee proceeded to read their preamble and constitution for a formal adoption. It was in the regular form. It began by saying that the name of the new organization should be the "Anti-Secret Society



of the United States." It then rehearsed the purposes, the aims, and the hopes of the members in thus banding themselves together. The officers were fixed, their duties prescribed, and all that. By and by an article was reached which specified and described, somewhat particularly, the way in which it should be known. Of course I am not going even to try to quote anything more than the substance of the language. It was like this: "The badge of this Society shall consist of a bosom-pin about six-tenths of an inch in diameter, circular, a black disk of jet surrounded by a wreath of gold, bearing in the center the initials of the Society's name in raised letters of gold in the enamel."

Thereupon there was an instant explosion of laughter from one of the visitors—the unfortunate writer of this article. He meant no derision, and indeed was as innocent in his indiscretion as he was mortified by such a disclosure of it. The usual shout, with all its precipitation of student-wrath, was started for his comfort: "Put him out!" He replied with the usual Greek: "Strike, but hear!" Then the ordinary amount of intellect was invoked to perceive that really there was some incongruity in such noble and scholarly men wearing on their bosoms the great golden letters "A S S" before all the college. Anger gave place to fun; and ultimately the convention did their work better by changing the name of the society to Anti-Secret Confederation; and through the rest of our course members were labeled "A S C."

Such a discomfiture would have been fatal in most cases, and inevitably would have given a most unphilosophical advantage to the other side of the question. But the fact was, those men were the chiefs of the college. They had among them some of the maturest and best the classes loved to honor. They managed the rest of the meeting skillfully. Before we retired, they forced in a splendid chance for an appeal to all that was decent and generous in our minds; they stood up in the power of real manhood, and told us the meanness of cliques and the injustice of exclusiveness, and the wickedness of oaths. Some of the Social Fraternity men of that year have done magnificent work in this old world since then; and I speak simple justice when I own they shook many of us that night with their arguments and their truths.

For one, I like conscience when I see it; I always did; and more than that, I like outspoken words for what is right and good and true. But I like consis-

tency also; and now I must tell the rest of my story. On the day we graduated, sobered and thoughtful, gentle and pensive in the backward look and the forward dread, a new secret society, running through all the four classes, "swung out" before the eyes of us all in complete organization. Among themen who spoke their commencement orations in our class were three or four wearing the badge of that association. They were the men who argued and pleaded two years previous to that day in the small chapel. They repudiated their principles and defied their former record, when it was too late for an apology or for an explanation. The Social Fraternity was wounded and betrayed by its leaders in the whole four classes; the secret-society men were not inclined to feel complimented; and the conversation was worried and perplexed, when the young fellows asked and wondered what it meant. Some said that these men had always been shamming because they had not for themselves been taken, and so were spiteful instead of conscientious.

Simply and earnestly I say again, as I close the tale, let those who take ground on this unsettled question of secret societies in college put conscience and consistency together. If any one changes his mind, because of fresh convictions, let him own it frankly, and take a clear stand early enough to retain the respect of those who have loved and trusted him in the days gone by. For I soberly declare that it is my pain to this day to recall how my confidence was broken then.

Charles S. Robinson.

#### Henry Clay, the Slashes, and Ashland again.

HENRY CLAY was born within three miles of Hanover Court House, south, and some four or five miles eastward of the present pretty little summer town of Ashland. His birthplace was known locally as "The old Clay place," or "The place where Henry Clay was born," and as long ago as 1832, and many years earlier, I believe, had passed into other hands.

The first name of the railway station where Ashland stands was called, in 1836, "Tayler's Sawmill"; then the name was appropriately changed to "Slash Cottage," being in the heart of the Slashes of Hanover. That name held till after 1850, when Mr. Edwin Robinson, of Richmond City, conceived the project of building a town at "Slash Cottage," and formally christened it "Ashland," after Mr. Clay's residence in Kentucky.

W. A. W.





ART AND NATURE.

YOUNG Briggs has received his first medal for the effort of his life, a 36x24, "In the Meadow." His rich uncle has come to consider buying it. "Wall, now, I guess we can make a dicker on that picter, providin' you kin fat up them cows and turn 'em sideways. Then take them trees out and put a couple of ranche buildin's in place of 'em, and with the name of our ranche in big red letters across the sky, she'll be a bully ad."

#### Aphorisms from the Quarter.

WHEN some folks start out preachin', 'tis sort o' like playin' a hymn on de banjer.

DE water-miloin vine need a taller fence dan de rose-bush.

DE man in de moon don't git much 'tention on 'lection day.

DE runnin' vine in de grass kin fling you harder 'n de stump in de open road.

MULE keeps his 'ligion in his front en'.

RACCOON couldn't take his tracks off wid him.

DE sto'-keeper's long pra'r's ain't no sign of a long yard-stick.

When de pea-vine git too proud to lean on a stick, 'tain't much service in de garden.

ONE rascal talkin' 'bout 'nuther one is like a deaf man thumpin' a water-miloin.

'TAIN'T fa'r to medjer de dep' ob a snow by de drifts in de fence-corner.

CLAPPER in de cow-bell shine in de dark.

DE apple in de rabbit-trap is rank pisen.

J. A. Macon.

## Ballade of the Romantic Poet.

AH, Poet, you are out of date!  
 You "sing" and live in "faery-land";  
 You warble love; a laureled pate  
 Is all the profit you'd command:  
 But vain! — a reader's vex'd, unmanned  
 At cantos all of "lute" and "lance": —  
 None heed to-day, though perfect-planned,  
 The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

These analyze for hint of fate:  
 The Age, the Life on every hand;  
 Make ditties out of real estate  
 And verse on geologic sand.  
 What though of Roncesvalles' band  
 One blew a ballad over France? —  
 This age progresses: — dead! who scanned  
 The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

Leave Roland at the Tower gate;  
 Write odes to Autumn fruitage — canned;  
 With Locomotive sonnets sate  
 "The heavy Spring and Fall demand."  
 Ah, Poet, once were ladies bland,  
 And woods enringed with Satyr dance —  
 We learn too much to understand  
 The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

## ENVOY.

But hearken! though the time be fanned  
 With torrid airs of change and chance;  
*Some* love the shade, the magic-wand,  
 The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

Harrison S. Morris.

## Revision.

I WROTE some lines, from end to end  
 In praise of dearest May.  
 I showed them to a critic friend,  
 To see what he would say.  
 "They're crude," said he, "and so are you."  
 (He was a grouchy fellow!)  
 "Just let them lie a year or two,  
 To ripen and grow mellow.  
 "Go over them from time to time,  
 And polish bit by bit;  
 Perfect the meter and the rhyme,  
 And sharpen up the wit:  
 "In half a year, but for the theme,  
 And for the lady's name,  
 They'll be so changed you'll hardly dream  
 The lines could be the same."  
 I let them lie, I worked them o'er, —  
 Changed epithet and rhyme.  
 I hardly knew them any more,  
 They'd mellowed so by time.  
 "Black eyes" had mellowed into "blue,"  
 And "ringlets" into "strands";  
 "One dimple," ripened into "two";  
 "Small," grown to "shapely" hands.  
 And what was once "*nez retroussé*"  
 Was now a "Grecian" nose;  
 In fact, the very name of "May"  
 Had mellowed into "*Rose*."

Esther B. Tiffany.

## An Old-fashioned Girl.

OLD-FASHIONED? Yes, I must confess  
 The antique pattern of her dress,  
 The ancient frills and furbelows,  
 The faded ribbons and the bows.  
 Why she should show those shrunken charms,  
 That wrinkled neck, those tawny arms,  
 I cannot guess; her russet gown  
 Round her spare form hangs loosely down;  
 Her voice is thin and cracked; her eye  
 And smile have lost their witchery.  
 By those faint jests, that flagging wit,  
 By each attenuated curl,  
 She surely is, I must admit,  
 An odd, old-fashioned girl.

'Tis long, long since she had a beau,  
 And now with those who sit a-row  
 Along the wall she takes her place,  
 With something of the old-time grace.  
 She yearns to join the mazy waltz,  
 And slyly sniffs her smelling-salts.  
 Ah, many an angel in disguise  
 May walk before our human eyes!  
 Where'er the fever-smitten lie  
 In grimy haunts of poverty,  
 Along the dark and squalid street,  
 'Mid drunken jests of boor and churl,  
 She goes with swift and pitying cheer,  
 This same old-fashioned girl.

James B. Kenyon.

## The Missing Glove.

CLARINDA's ball is almost o'er;  
 Her long gloves hang upon her arm;  
 Perchance her shapely hands are warm  
 While still she lingers at the door,

Speaking to one whose dark eye burns  
 Too deep, I fear, into her soul.  
 (I pray she keep her fancy whole.)  
 The moments fly; at last she turns,

And soon among her parting guests  
 "I've lost my glove," she starting cries:  
 To find it first each gallant vies.  
 The maiden, blushing, now requests

The search be stopped — "'Tis no account;  
 'Twill soon be found!" They take their leave.  
 Clarinda is not one to grieve  
 O'er ills past help; she turns to mount

The stair and gains at last her room.  
 Ah! how a maiden's fancy flies!  
 She has, I fear, some sweet surmise  
 About her glove, for through the gloom,

Gazing where glowing embers die  
 Upon the hearth, she faintly smiles.  
 See! dreaming, she undoes the wiles  
 Of her silk draperies, and they lie

Fallen at her feet; still gazing down,  
 She lets her loosed hair to her knee  
 Slide heavily; then stoops to see  
 What lies entangled in her gown.

Ah! luckless glove, that that quick fire  
 Should prove at last thy funeral pyre!

Winifred Howells.

